

"NINON" by MARGARET PETERSON
Starts in this Number

The Quiver

April
1922

1[¢] net





Stepping Stones to Joy.

BOYS and Girls come out to play,
 Sir Kreemy Knut will show the way ;
 He always brings you lots of joy,
 The heart's desire of girl and boy ;
 The finest sweet the world has seen,
 Delicious, wholesome Super-Kreem.

**SHARP'S
 SUPER-KREEM
 TOFFEE**

8d. per $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb.

**F. SHARP & SONS, LIMITED,
 MAIDSTONE.**



ROD. LIB.
MAY 1912
OXFORD.

Cheat Your Mirror of Its Malice

IN the revelation of your daily toilette you know yourself for the woman you are. The morning light streams in upon your face; you lose heart. The truth is torn from you—you are "getting on."

The beauty cream falls short. The powder leaves the blemishes still there. You pull your hair more kindly round your face, but you cannot soften those tell-tale lines.

"I'll need to go a different way to work. My age is more apparent than I dreamed. . . . I can't be well," you say.

That's just the point. Instead of "getting on," you're simply getting out of condition; and no woman, whatever her age, should let herself do that.

KEEP WELL, and you will look well for many a day to come. Look yourself in the face. Acknowledge this:

You need toning up all through.
Your digestion is all wrong.
You are sleeping none too well.
You get depressed for nothing.
Your nerves are all on edge.

Now, take yourself in hand. Take care. Take Kruschen Salts!

Have you a Lucky Sixpence?

The lady who wrote the following letter to us felt just as you feel now. She thought Kruschen Salts a man's drink, and the taste of any salts appalled her.

But she got over her difficulty. So can you.

Read what this lady says:

"It is only fair to let you know what a discovery I have made in Kruschen Salts. Taken in a cup of tea—as much Kruschen, that is, as you can get upon a sixpence—it is impossible to taste the salts at all.

"I have always hated any salts in a glass, and an occasional heavy dose would never suit me. For the last month, however, I have, on my doctor's advice, taken a pinch of Kruschen in my first morning cup of tea, and I am a different woman. I eat better, I sleep better, feel mistress of myself, and don't even WANT to worry. My head is clear, my limbs are supple, and only yesterday three people said, 'You're looking younger every day.'"

Kruschen Salts

Good health for a farthing a day



Tasteless in Tea

The dose of a sixpenceful taken every morning is found in practice just the right amount for a most invigorating daily tonic. The medicinal dose for persons suffering from pains of rheumatism and gout, or habitual constipation, with inactive liver, etc., is that given on the label of the bottle viz, half to one teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water before breakfast.

ECONOMY.—A bottle of Kruschen Salts costs 19. and lasts three months. Health and spirits for less than a farthing a day. Get a bottle at your chemist's to-day and start to-morrow.

"To Let."

"This house to let" is a sign seldom seen nowadays. Therefore make the old home like new, at small cost, by re-decorating with

Hall's Distemper

The change from dingy, faded wall-papers to the brightness, cleanliness and good cheer, which always goes with Hall's Distemper decoration, is "like a change to a new home."

This decoration makes rooms appear larger and lighter. Its flat, velvety surface is the best background for pictures, and shows furniture to greatest advantage. Hall's Distemper is truly washable; your walls will come up like new if gently sponged with clean cold water.

Your decorator can quickly change your paper-covered walls at little cost.



By Appointment
to H.M. The King.

Hall's Distemper is used and recommended by all leading Decorators. It is sold in this by Builders' Merchants, Decorators, Oil and Colour Stores, Ironmongers, etc., every where.

Sole Manufacturers:

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd. — HULL
and 190 Boro' High St., London, E.C.1,
and 105 Bath St., Glasgow.

RHEUMATISM

**DOLS FLANNEL
VOLATILISE**

The most wonderful thing in the world, High Radio Activity, penetrating through the skin to the lower layers and organs. Will give speedy relief in all cases of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, Chest Troubles, Sore Throat and Kidney Troubles. Made up in every article for where the pain is in any part of the body.

Sold in dainty boxes at 1/3 and 3/-. by all Chemists and Druggists, Pharmacists and Stores. Also sold by the yard—in any lengths.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Dols Flannel, please apply direct to the Manufacturers:

DOLS LTD., HUDDERSFIELD

Write for booklet, which gives full particulars of the uses of this highly medicated flannel.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

HAPPY FACE

A clear, soft, and velvety complexion secured by the regular use of **M.F.T. SOCIETY SKIN FOOD**. It refines away wrinkles and gives the bloom of youth. It prevents hair on face. Jars, 2/- and 4/6. Post 3d.



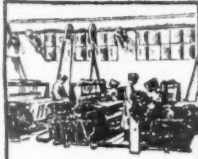
HAPPY FEET

THOMPSON'S FOOT JOY CORN PLASTER quickly cures Corns, Bunions and Swollen Joints. Large Sheet, post free, 1/4.



M. F. THOMPSON,
11 Gordon Street, Glasgow.
*Homeopathic Chemist and
Perfumery and Toilet Expert.*

DIRECT
FROM
WITNEY



Our Blanket Looms Working



Our Blanket Finishing Dept.

FROM
LOOMS
TO
HOME

MANUFACTURERS' SALE OF WITNEY BLANKETS

AT LESS THAN HALF LAST YEAR'S PRICES

Beautiful all-wool goods made on our own looms at pre-war value. Every lady should take the opportunity of securing these blankets, as, with the revival of Trade which will surely take place soon, the demand for raw wools will increase and blankets will be dearer.

The World's Best and Warmest Blankets at Bargain Prices.

Unprecedented Chance for Genuine Witney Blanket Bargains direct from the Makers. See before you buy. Thousands of bundles of free samples (miniature blankets) are waiting to be addressed, and these show a splendid selection of the various grades and prices all clearly marked and giving you the great bargain choice in your own home.

Pass your hand over one of the real Witney Blankets, and notice how exquisitely soft it is. Press your hand down and notice the thick, springy pile.

That is the secret of the wonderful cosy warmth of a Witney Blanket. The Witney Blankets that you

buy to-day will be keeping you snug and warm in ten years' time.

A World-Famous Firm Selling World-Famous Goods.

Don't wait, but secure your chance by FILLING IN COUPON NOW FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLES. It is so simple to just post this coupon to The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., Manufacturers, Witney, Oxfordshire, that there is no need to hesitate a moment. Simply fill in your name and address. The samples will come per return.

WITNEY BLANKETS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW

No Blankets made elsewhere can be called Witney Blankets. The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., deal only direct with the Public. Therefore your orders should be sent to The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., direct, who have no agents.

The Patterns charm and interest all who see them, and call forth expressions of delight from every lady on seeing the exquisite miniature blankets in their woolly, fleecy thickness with their pretty borders, which are true reproductions of the large blankets. The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., want EVERY HOME IN THE LAND TO SHARE IN THIS GREAT BLANKET OFFER, and expect an enormous response for patterns, SO POST YOUR COUPON QUICKLY.



POST THIS SALE COUPON TO-DAY

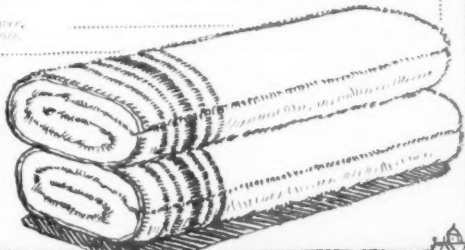
FOR FREE PATTERNS AND PARTICULARS OF WITNEY BLANKETS DIRECT FROM WITNEY
To The WITNEY BLANKET Co., Ltd., Manufacturers, Witney, Oxfordshire

Please send me post free Miniature Blankets as pattern of Sale Price Blankets direct from the Factory (which I will return within FOUR DAYS).

NAME

ADDRESS

*The Quiver,
April, 1906.*



A Dainty Selection of
Witney Blanket patterns
sent **FREE**



THE WITNEY BLANKET CO. LIMITED. WITNEY.



THE QUIVER

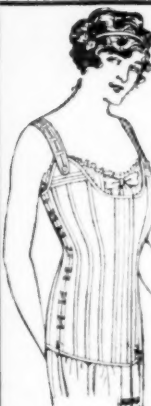
STANWORTH'S "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS.

Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA

in paper, tie to a board or stick, and post to us to-day with P.O. for 10/-. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our "Defiance" Union and securely packed.

Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra. A post card will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for recovering umbrellas from 8/- upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



Healthy Women

especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

The CORSET of HEALTH

The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.
8/11 pair POST FREE

Complete with Special Detachable Suspensers.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspensers detachable for washing purposes. It is laced at the sides with elastic Lacing to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.

It has a short 5 in. bust in front which ensures a perfect shape & is fastened at the top & bottom with non-rusting Hooks & Eyes. It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those engaged in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

Write your Postal Order, and make payable to—
HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.



"Kleenoff" COOKER CLEANING JELLY For Removing Grease from Gas Ovens, etc.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stock, send 2/- for 2 tins, post free, to—

THE MANAGER, THE KLEENOFF CO., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.

1/-
per tin

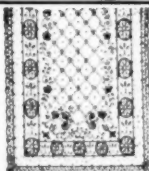
Imperial HOTEL

Russell Square London
Central. 1000 Rooms.
Orchestra Daily.
Finest Turkish Baths.

National HOTEL

Upper Bedford Place London
Russell Square
500 Rooms with hot and cold water, Bath, and Attendance. **NOT TIPS**

5/-



PEACHS CURTAINS

Curtains that are just right for every style of House, every type of Window and scheme of decoration.

Send now for Catalogue to find the right Curtains of your Windows.

122 New Values. Direct from the Looms. Nottingham Web Curtains, Imperial Room Curtains, Cordine Cornets, Caumont Curtains. "The Weave that Wears." Net, Muslin, Cretonnes, Linens, Hosiery, Laces.

S. PEACH & SONS, 120 THE LOOM, NOTTINGHAM.

'Rimlets' SHOE GRIP

SOFT Rubber Cushions, encased in Velvet, easily fixed into any shoe. Protects stocking heel from wear.

A PERFECT CURE FOR SHOES LOOSE IN THE HEEL

From all Bootmakers.

6d. Black, White, Brown, or Grey per pair.



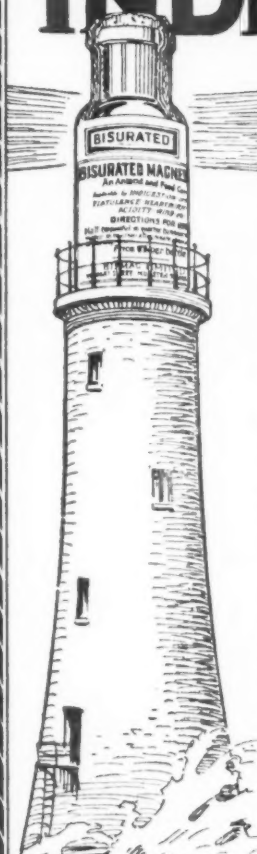
Hindes HAIR TINT For Grey or Faded Hair.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not turn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers. 2/6 the bottle. To test the superlative title will be mailed for 10d. post free on application to



HINDES, Ltd., 1 Tabernacle Street, City, London.

To safeguard *you* from INDIGESTION



BISURATED MAGNESIA

The lighthouse is a national safeguard, the value of which has long been recognized. But there are perils other than those of stormy seas and rocks; and no less real because more insidious. Indigestion for instance! Who will deny the danger of this trouble? It spoils the lives of millions; and it shortens the lives of millions more. To these people Bisurated Magnesia is what the lighthouse is to the seaman—a very real safeguard indeed!

Almost all illness starts in the stomach. In the case of such disorders as indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and flatulence, the lining of the stomach is actually attacked by vicious acids which burn, irritate, inflame and set up fermentation. How can a stomach-sufferer's food do him good under such conditions? It cannot; but what a difference the moment Bisurated Magnesia is taken! The harmful acid is neutralized *instantly*; the inflamed stomach-lining is soothed and the fermentation ceases to exist. The nourishment in one's food is then readily absorbed by both body and brain, and the result is a far higher standard of health altogether.

Try Bisurated Magnesia yourself; it cannot possibly disagree with you and the chances are it will so alter your health for the better that you will feel something like ten years younger! Bisurated Magnesia costs little

and is obtainable at all reliable chemists. Be sure, when buying, that you see the word "Bisurated" boldly displayed on the wrapper as this ensures your getting the one remedy that positively *must* do you good.

OF ALL
Chemists



POWDER
or TABLETS

BISMAG LTD.

LONDON, N.W.1

THE QUIVER



DURO

TRADE MARK

FABRICS

DURABLE & FADELESS

THERE is always economy as well as added pleasure in making a DURO your choice.

Confident of long wear and absolute fadelessness you will find enjoyment in the planning and making of the garment—and a very real satisfaction in wear.

The Pattern Folder, containing just a selection, will show you that there is a DURO for every purpose. Always look for the DURO Selvedge mark—or garment tab. DURO fabrics are sold with the guarantee of the dyers and manufacturers, Burgess, Ledward & Co. Ltd.—

"GARMENT REPLACED IF COLOUR FADES."

DURO Cambric	40in. 3/6
DURO Zephyr	40in. 3/6
DURO Piqué	40in. 4/11
DURO Gingham	38/39in. 2/11
DURO Frotté	40in. 5/11

DURO Shirts for Men—in all weights and styles.

Patterns—and names of drapers who can supply—may be had on application to the DURO Advertising Office, Room 33, Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

DIYERS AND MANUFACTURERS
BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO. LTD.



Look Smart

on all occasions and remember ANZORA is one of the greatest aids. Applied to the hair in the morning will keep it smart, and in position all through the day.

Anzora Cream for greasy scalps and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc. In 1/0 and 2/0 (double quantity) bottles.

Firmly refuse all Substitutes.

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD.,
Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.

The Aged and their Diet

The sluggish circulation of aged persons is due to thickened or over-charged arteries, brought about by heavy, indigestible foods. Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food is light, dainty, and wonderfully sustaining, and because of the Scientific elimination of all harmful elements, it promotes an easy flow of invigorated blood through the system. Every person past middle life should make AT LEAST one meal per day of

RIDGE'S FOOD

60 YEARS' TEST
STILL THE BEST

Obtainable at all branches of Boots, Parke's, Lewis and Burrows, Timothy White, Taylors, and at over 15,000 other chemists and grocers. Insist on having Dr. Ridge's Food and accept no other.

Tins 9d., 1/6, 3/- and 6/-

ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.16.

FINE SHOES AT FACTORY PRICES

Order by post from Barratts and get 30/- quality for 18/6

Ladies! why let the totally unnecessary middleman's profits compel you to choose shoes of inferior cut and quality when you can buy as stylish a shoe as any lady need wish for at one-third less than shop charges? Barratts' fine footwear equals any sold in first-class establishments, but as it is sold through the post direct from the factory to the wearer you pay one modest factory profit only.



Direct by Post.

18/6

Post Free, Postage Overseas Extra.

In Brown
Calf. 21/-
State Style 2477.

SHOES FULLY GUARANTEED
if returned unsold money refunded.

Order now from **W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd., 76 "Footshape," Northampton, Eng.**

Write for Barratts' 115-page Illustrated Catalogue for 1922 (postage 3d.)

Read these facts about this High-grade Shoe.

Notice the graceful rise of the arch up over the Cuban heel. It rises from the wide part of the sole, which is correctly placed immediately under the big toe joint. That ensures a glove-like fitting from under the arch up over the instep. The neat, ornamental punching is smart-looking, and the leather stiffened heel grip stops the heel rising and keeps the golph tight against the ankle. The patent leather blocked toe is the correct fashionable model. The material and making leave nothing to be desired. The uppers are fine quality polished glaze kid; the soles are best English sole leather, stitched to welts by hand-sewn principle, and solid leather insoles give firm, easy tread and inside smoothness. Write for this shoe—you will be as delighted with its smartness as you are pleased with **Style 2558.**

Send your order now—this way—

Give usual size worn. Sizes stocked are 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, and 8 (size 8 1½ extra). If uncertain of size, send "footshape," got by running pencil round stockinged foot which rests (with normal pressure) on paper. State style. Enclose cheque or money order for 18/6 for home orders and overseas orders where C.O.D. is not used. Postage extra overseas. Send 10/- deposit only with Cash on Delivery orders.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

J. Goddard & Son, Station Street, Leicester.

OAK STAIR RODS & EYES



TO ALL THOUGHTFUL READERS

In these arduous times of sickness and suffering, all realize the need of first aid to remove pain and weakness, and still further to restore a Health. Nature's great and never ceasing agency for Health and vigour in every living creature is

Electro-Dynamic Power

It has been proved in our great Hospitals that the Heart, restoring the life-giving blood among the most depressed and dying organs of the body

"Electro-Dynamic Power"

applied in YOUR OWN HOME from the E.D. Appliances gives HEALTH, VIGOUR, BEAUTY. Neu. alia, Neurasthenia, Rheumatism, Nervous Collapse, are rapidly relieved and permanently cured. Approved by the medical profession. Leave Physicians and try a really scientific remedy. Send our Booklet, "HEALTH, VIGOUR, BEAUTY," cost free—cost on nothing—ask particulars of these wonderful inventions; all of which you can use yourself, your children, or friends, at a trifling outlay. Write

"SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCES"

(Dept. M), 11 and 29 Sicilian Avenue, London, E.C.1.



Foots' Bath Cabinet

THE health value of Thermal (Hot Air or Vapour) Bathing is an established fact. Nothing else is so effective in preventing sickness, or for the cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Blood, Skin, Liver, and Kidney Complaints. It eliminates the poisonous matters from the system, increases the flow of blood—the life current—freed from its impurities, cleanses the skin, recuperates and revitalises the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength, insures perfect cleanliness, and is helpful in every way.

Every form of Hot Air, Vapour, or Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately at home with our Patent Safety Cabinet. When not in use it folds into a small, compact space.

Complete, with **SAFETY OUTSIDE HEATER, &c.**

Write for Bath Book, B 24, Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON Ltd. (Dept. B24), 171 New Bond St., London, W.1.

DOCTORS AND ANALYSTS
RECOMMEND
DELICIOUS

M AZAWATTEE TEA

MANY DYSPPTICS WHO ARE OBLIGED
TO AVOID ORDINARY TEA FIND THEY
CAN DRINK THIS WITH GREAT RELISH

SOLD BY
ALL
GROCCRS



THE GIFT OF SLEEP

is the title of a little book dealing exhaustively with a sane and proved treatment for Sleeplessness—without drugs or medicine—which, in a natural, simply explained manner brings blessed sleep. This book contains an offer of sleep to the Sleepless, and a promise of Healthy Repose. Its contents are as follows: What is Sleep? The Causes of Insomnia. The Cure of Insomnia. Nervous Diseases. Neurasthenia. Nerve Strength, etc., etc. The valuable FORTY-FOUR PAGE Book "THE GIFT OF SLEEP," POST FREE.

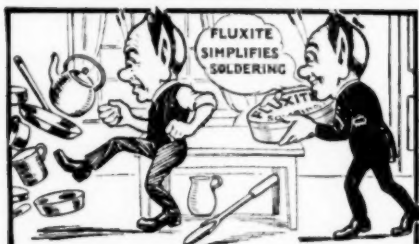
Address all applications to—B. Copson Garratt, 9 Magnetair Rooms, 10 Finsbury Sq., London, E.C. **FREE**



The New Patent SOUND DISCS

completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

THE R. A. WALES CO., 171 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.



TEMPER WILL NOT MEND MATTERS

but a little patience and
FLUXITE WILL

Try your hand at soldering them—no trouble—no fuss—no mess—just FLUXITE and the job is simple. All mechanics WILL have

FLUXITE

because it
SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

At Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1s. 4 and 2s.

BUY A TIN TO-DAY.

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little
FLUXITE SOLDERING SET.

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Porter Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 10s. Sample Set, post paid, United King. Ins.

FLUXITE, LTD., 226 Bevington St., Barmindsey, England.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wool, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, etc. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Illustrated Price Lists (post free) **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or monthly Instalments. Special attention given to export orders. *Established 25 years.*

CHARLES RILEY (Desk 17), Moor St., Birmingham.

Please mention THE QUIVER when writing for lists.

MENDINE

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY
Mends CHINA, GLASS, WOODWORK, ETC.
DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR BROKEN VALUABLES

MENDINE MENDS THEM

Obtainable from Stores and Oilmen or from
MENDINE CO., 8 Arthur St. London Bridge, E.C.
TUBES from 2d.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds
to 7s. 6d. At all Chemists, 4s. 6d. a box

Coupon.

DOLL-DRESSING COMPETITION.

I certify that the amount spent on this doll and its clothes does not exceed 5s.

Name { Mrs. }
{ Miss }

Address

No other Saline in the World

EVER RECEIVED SUCH ENDORSEMENT AS

Alkia Saltrates

Unrivalled for **LIVER, KIDNEY, STOMACH & BLOOD DISORDERS**
Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Catarrhal Affections, Skin Diseases, Etc.
Thoroughly cleanses
sweetens and
purifies the
entire diges-
tive tract.

Quickly dissolves and
eliminates from
the body acid-
ulous or other
impurities and
poisons.

**THE RING OF TRUTH
TESTIMONY
THAT MUST CONVINCE**

<p>A. F. (Peggy) BETTINSON, EUGENE CORRI, JIMMY WILDE, GEORGES CARPENTIER, JOE BECKETT, BILLY WELLS, ERNEST BARRY, JACK DONALDSON, ALFRED SHRUBB, E. C. HORTON, PETER LATHAM, W. J. BAILEY,</p>	<p>Founder and Mgr. Nat. Spg. Club. The Famous Referee. World's Champion Boxer. European Champion. English Heavyweight Champion. Famous English Heavyweight. Sculler, World's Champion. Sprinter, World's Champion. Runner, 9 World's Records. Walker, 11 World's Records. World's Tennis Champion, (retired) Cyclist, World's Champion.</p>
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**THEY ALL USE &
HIGHLY RECOMMEND
ALKIA SALTRATES**

Thousands of
Commendatory
Letters on file
open to examin-
ation by anyone.

A quick,
sure, plea-
sant and
perfectly
natural cure

All chemists have ALKIA SALTRATES in stock. Price 3/3 a large bottle. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back without a word. A liberal trial supply will be sent post paid on receipt of sixpence in stamps by
SALTRATES LIMITED (Dept. 186F), Euston Buildings, LONDON, N.W.1.

Come and help Mother polish the Tiles.

WHENEVER there is work to be done, Vimmy is on the spot. For sheer zest and willingness there is no one to equal Vimmy—he has no fixed “business hours,” but is always to the fore when there's work on hand.

VIM gives tilework a brilliant lustre, cleans pots, pans, cutlery, crockery, glassware, earthenware, windows, oilcloth and linoleum, floors and kitchen tables, plain and painted woodwork. VIM cleans the house from cellar to attic. Don't apply the VIM dry.

*When things are dim
Just give 'em VIM.*

IN PACKETS AND SPRINKLER-TOP CANISTERS

*Of all Grocers, Stores,
Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.*



Write NOW for post-free patterns of ALLEN'S FADELESS Durobelle

THE ORIGINAL PERMANENT DYE

REPLACED FREE IF COLOURS FADE

The unrivalled beauty, efficiency and economy of Durobelle fabrics have won world-wide recognition. They can be used fearlessly in the sunniest places, without the slightest risk of fading or discoloration.

YOU can have Durobelle casements, curtains or coverings in cool blues, restful greens, delicate mauves or warm rose tints, and be certain that your colour scheme will stay true despite tropical sunshine, sea air or repeated laundering.

Send to-day for patterns, loaned post free, and choose in your own home. The genuine Durobelle is sold only by Allens of Bournemouth.

L. Allen

Department N.
BOURNEMOUTH.



TYPICAL DUROBELLE TEXTURES

Plain Casement Cloths in Cream, Tussock and a number of exquisite art shades. 31ins. wide, from 1.9d. yds.; 50 ins. wide, from 2.2.
Bolton Sheetings in Cream and nice beautiful colours. 50ins. from 3/11d.
Coloured Mullins Mullins. Cream ground with lovely floral designs in natural colours, also stained glass and Oriental effects. 50ins. from 2/11d. to 4/11d.
Beautiful self-patterned Damasks, striped Satins, interwoven Poplins and Here, substantial Mattings, Canvases, and Corded Cloths, exquisite Artificial Silks, rich Woven Tapestries, etc., etc.
The 1922 edition of "My Lady's Home," Allen's famous 116-page colour-book of beautiful fabrics, will be ready shortly, and free copies will be reserved for all who send in applications or enquiries for patterns now.

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ENGLISH HAND MADE LACE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Collars, Handkerchiefs, Tea Cloths, Edgings, Motifs, D'oyley, Yard Laces and Insertions, etc. Hand-sewn Linen and Blouses of beautiful design and workmanship. Illustrations free.

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WASHING WON'T HURT JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

THE MARKS GROW BLACKER WITH TIME.
FOR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING
(WHICHEVER METHOD IS PREFERRED).

Of all Stationers, Chemists & Stores. 6d. & 1s.

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Washing Won't Hurt

Treasure Cot Co. Ltd.

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The Cot is Dainty and Cosy.
Light to carry. Folds up.
Hammock slides off for washing.

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Canopy Drapery extra.
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Laddering and Damage to
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Suspenders are entirely
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HOSEGUARDS

The suspenders are attached to the
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Hoseguards keep Stockings tight and
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Hoseguards are adjusted and removed in
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adjustable, bands do not press tightly into
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Hoseguards are dainty, comfortable in
wear, the knee is free, and all strain is
removed from the stocking fabric, its life
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Hoseguards save their cost with the first
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Grade 1. Fancy Frilled Elastic.
Per Pair 2/11d.
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Black, White, Sky, Pink.
Please give second choice.

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NO MORE GAS or COAL will ever be required FOR COOKING

When You Get a "British Queen" Fuel-less Cooker in Your Home.

Absolutely wonderful!



After a simple "send off" with Applied Heat, costing the merest nothing compared with cooking by a coal, gas or electric range, a "BRITISH QUEEN" FUEL-LESS COOKER cooks right through from start to finish, without supervision, yet absolutely reliable and "to a turn."

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Cakes, Pies, Bread, etc., turn out more evenly browned than in ordinary ovens, and even though forgotten and left in over time, there is no charring or burning.

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Steaks or Chops grilled in a "British Queen" Fuel-less Cooker are deliciously tender and juicy, surpassing the efforts of the most capable chef.

All there is to do is to prepare the food, place it in the Cooker—RAW—and leave it absolutely alone until you wish to serve it up.

HERE IS THE SECRET OF THIS SEEMING MAGIC!

When you cook by Fire or Gas, half the heat escapes and the food is losing by evaporation. But, when a "British Queen" Fuel-less Cooker is used every particle of the heat (which is very simply applied) is imprisoned in airtight insulated compartments, the full cooking energy utilized, and all juices and nutriment retained.

The initial outlay of a few pounds need not be considered an EXPENDITURE, as the Fuel-less Cooker SAVES its entire cost in a few months.

Supplied to the Air Ministry, the Middlesex Hospital and more than 6,000 Homes, Hotels and Institutions.

FREE TRIAL OFFER You can test this Cooker in your own home for **14 DAYS**, and in the unlikely event of your then wishing to return it, the full purchase price will be cheerfully refunded immediately.

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FREE TO ALL from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.

Full particulars will be sent Post Free to those who are unable to attend the demonstrations.

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Four doors from Oxford Street, W.1.

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Banishes the worst headache in a few minutes. Thousands of sufferers have been cured in the most wonderful way. Unlike many ordinary headache powders "CEPHOS" does not contain any poison, and cannot therefore affect the heart.

Obtainable from Boots The Chemists, Tailors' Drug Stores, and all other chemists at 1/3 and 2/- per box.

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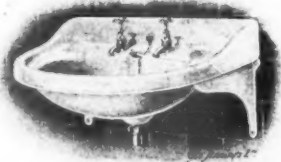
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**Flavoured with
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Guaranteed Absolutely Pure



**Delicious
Wholesome
Refreshing**

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**This is constantly achieved by those who are using
HEATH & HEATHER'S SMOKING MIXTURE.**

It is habitually used by thousands of smokers in all parts of the world. After a few pipes it is as enjoyable as tobacco to the most inveterate smoker. Unlike tobacco it is non-injurious, even beneficial. Many of those who have suffered through excessive smoking have regained perfect health through smoking this mixture. It contains no poisonous drugs and no narcotics whatever. **1/6 per package, post free.**

A package is in bulk equal to six ounces of tobacco. If you are suffering from the Tobacco Habit, alternate with this mixture, and you will bless the name of "Heath & Heather."

HERBAL CIGARETTES

of the finest quality made by hand by skilful young ladies from this remarkable mixture. They rival in appearance the finest hand-made Tobacco Cigarettes and are quite free from poisonous drugs, cubels tarakia, and nicotine. Many habitual Cigarette Smokers carry a few of these in their case to alternate with their ordinary brand. They in this way moderate the harmful effects of excessive cigarette smoking, and at the same time have something of interest to show their friends. They are now used regularly by Officers of the Army and Navy, by Dignitaries of the Church, and by Ladies and Gentlemen in the highest ranks of Society.

20 for 10d., 50 for 2/-, 100 for 3/9, 1,000 for 35/-, post free. Packed in dainty boxes, and the 50's and 100's especially are very suitable for presents to friends.

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HEATH & HEATHER, LTD. (Dept. Q.), Herb Specialists, ST. ALBANS.



THE QUIVER

THE MANSION HOUSE,
LONDON, E.C.4.

March, 1922.

Dear Reader,

I am presiding at a Luncheon at the Mansion House on May 18th in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, the last special appeal for which was made in 1920 by the Duke of York.

Following in His Royal Highness's footsteps I now ask your support for this great and good work.

The Hospital needs £10,000. Will you help me to get it?

Money could not be better spent than in promoting the health of the future citizens, and I hope you will be generously disposed to send or promise a contribution for my list.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BADDELEY,

Lord Mayor.

Ask your Draper or write direct for a copy of the Chilprufe Price List. It is beautifully illustrated, and forms a complete guide to the selection of children's undergarments

CHILPRUFE^{REGD.} for CHILDREN

The lusty vigour of Chilprufe children, their sturdy hold on health, lay firmly the finest of foundations . . . for robust manhood and womanhood . . .



Chilprufe makes the children free of the open air, with its wonderful benefits to body and mind. It affords a natural healthful protection from every risk due to weather and temperature changes, from just those illnesses that set other children back.

Chilprufe undergarments are made from the purest of wool only, and finished by a secret process which renders the wool the finest natural protective covering in the world, absolutely impervious to all conditions of cold and damp.

If unable to obtain Chilprufe, write direct for address of nearest Agent.

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.
(JOHN A. BOLTON, *Proprietor*), LEICESTER.

The Dream House Stove

No Black-leading

No Servant Required

Make your kitchen attractive and comfortable by installing the Double Oven "INTEROVEN" (Pascall's Patent), which fulfils all the requirements of an up-to-date range at a low cost. It is instantly convertible from a Cooking Stove to an Open Grate, transforming the kitchen into a sitting-room, and practically adding another room to the house.

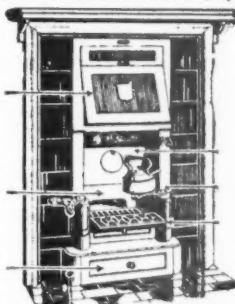
It saves a vast amount of coal and labour, quickly repaying its cost.

TWO OVENS.

Oven cooks for 8 or 9 Persons and will also bake bread and pastry.

Boiler will give ample supply of Hot Bath Water. Will work Cylinder or Tank up to 35 gallon capacity.

Hot Closet or Underoven for cooking and plate warming.



BATH BOILER.

Hot-plate raised for open fire as shown. When cooking, hot-plate is shut down over fire, providing room for several saucepans, etc.

Revolving Trivet.

Fall Bar lowered for open fire.

Over 50,000 in use. Efficiency guaranteed.

PRICE from 210/- (Boiler and Hot Closet under stove extra).

Illustrated List and full particulars on application:

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., LTD.
(Dept. 23) 156 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

Makers of the "SAFETY" Expanding Barless Fire Bricks for underpinning Sillings and Bathroom Grates

Customers are wanted to see the Trade Mark "INTEROVEN" cast on stoves they buy.

B.A.A.



Wonderful Testimony to the value of Drummer Dyes

from several of our leading actresses

From Miss Gertie Gitana, Miss Marie Blanche, Miss Phyllis Monkman, Mlle. Yvonne Arnaud, Miss Dorothy Dickson, and the inimitable Dolly Sisters we have received enthusiastic appreciation of the Economy and Simplicity, the Convenience and Success of Drummer-Dyeing.

Miss Dorothy Dickson says—

"Drummer Dyes are beautiful enough for the most subtly artistic woman and practical enough for the most efficient.

"Each of their 26 shades I have tested has been absolutely true to colour. Drummer Dyeing is simplicity itself: boil 5 minutes—steep 20 minutes—that's all. And if you use Drummer Dyes boiling can't hurt the sheerest silk.

"On tour, when one wants a particular shade quickly and there is little convenience Drummer Dyes are a heaven-sent blessing."

Dorothy Dickson

If these popular actresses with their particularly exacting dress requirements find Drummer Dyes of practical help in keeping their wardrobes fresh and dainty, is it not obvious that Drummer Dyes would prove a very real economy in your home and in your wardrobe?



26 Beautiful Colours

Sold by all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen and Chemists.

No Salt, no Vinegar, etc., needed to fix the Drummer colours: nothing required but hot or boiling water.

Know more about Drummer Dyeing →

4d. EACH COMPLETE
**DRUMMER
DYES**

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Advertising Dept.,
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Drummer Dye Works, Bolton.

Please send me free and post free your booklet on Drummer-Dyeing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Please write plainly.

NOTE. If this coupon is sent in an open envelope only 1d. stamp is required.



Be More Careful of your teeth—combat the film

If you are brushing your teeth in a wrong way, learn what this new way means.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

Make this ten-day test and let the results show you what really clean teeth mean.

That dingy film

Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolour and decay because the old ways of

brushing do not effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and remains. That is what discolours—not the teeth.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by

careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth-paste—called Pepsodent—for daily application.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which may cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-Day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons in our book. The test may lead to life-long benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, the application of which brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

S. African Distributors:
Verrinder, Ltd., 106, Adderley Street, Cape Town,
to whom S.A. readers may send coupon.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,

(Dept. 163), 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name.....

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

The Quiver
April

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ENABLES US TO
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THE LARGEST ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS IN THE TRADE.

22/6—Special Price for Norwell's Famed Real Scotch Brogues

The two models shown here are splendid shoes—typical of the highest Norwell quality : they are being offered to the readers of *The Quiver* at 22/6 merely because we have over-

Norwell's Perth Brogues

"Direct from Scotland"

Style 203



Style 4M.
Reduced from
40/-

is a superb design in full Scotch brogue style. Uppers cut from selected skins of Black Box Calf or dark Brown Calfskin, stout welted soles, smart fitting lasts.

Style 4M is a beautiful model built to stand hard usage. Uppers cut from selected skins, plump and mellow, in Black, Brown, or Tony Red Calfskin (hand sewn principle). Designed to grip the ankle, perfectly made.



Style 203.
Reduced from
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POST FREE.

Also a limited number of Ladies' real White Buckskin Brogue Shoes and a few in Grey and Brown of the same design as 4M—reduced from 55/- to 22/6.

Send pencil outline of foot when ordering—perfect fit assured.

A single shoe is gladly sent on approval, anywhere in the British Isles on receipt of 9d. postage.

Postage abroad extra; foreign orders receive special attention.

Write for free illustrated Catalogue,

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REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

THE BATH PREPARATION PAR EXCELLENCE

**Cures Corns or
Callouses &
All Foot
Troubles**

**Stops Rheumatic
Aches & Pains
Within Ten
Minutes**

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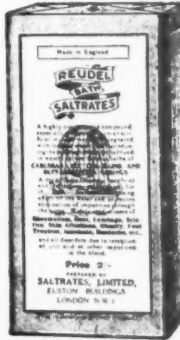
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Chilblains, Eczema,
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**Unrivalled
for Gout
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Price 2/- & 3/3 (DOUBLE SIZE)

Obtainable at All Chemists.

THEY ALL USE & HIGHLY RECOMMEND

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

as also do EUGENE CORRI, J. B. HOBBS, ERNEST BARRY, ABE MITCHELL, GEO. CARPENTIER, T. DESCAMPS, BILLY WELLS, JIMMY WILDE, JOE BECKETT, ALFRED SHRUBB, TOM PAYNE, and hundreds of other prominent people.

To produce a pain-relieving and refreshing medicated and oxygenated bath or foot bath having wonderful curative powers, merely dissolve Reudel Bath Saltrates powder in plain water.

This saltrates compound exactly reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the well-known medicinal bathing waters of Carlsbad, Aix les Bains, and Buffalo Lithia Springs.

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For Strenuous Workers

HOVIS supplies building material which nourishes both brain and body.

HOVIS

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is far superior to ordinary brown or white bread—it is enriched with large quantities of added wheat germ.

That is what makes HOVIS a complete and perfectly balanced food.

Your Baker Bakes it.



PARKINSON'S
CELEBRATED ROYAL
DONCASTER
BUTTER-SCOTCH.

As supplied by permission to the
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QUEEN & ROYAL FAMILY
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RHEUMATISM
IN THE FEET,
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try the

SALMON ODY

WONDERFUL SPIRAL SPRING ARCH SUPPORT

Recommended by eminent medical men all over the world.

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Pair **7 NEW OXFORD STREET,**
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Particulars of the famous Salmon Ody Ball and Socket
Trusses free on application.



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A Clean Sweep

Bissell sweeping is the cleanest sweeping. Raises no dust. See that you get a "Bissell." The name is on the sweeper. There is no other "just as good."



With Ball Bearings and Rubber Corner Buffers.

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HAD PILES 40 YEARS. NOW PERMANENTLY CURED. NO OPERATION EITHER.

Perth man tells how he cured himself. During the next ten days a supply of Nemolin will be sent post paid and **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST**. Simply send a postcard to address below.

"One touch of Nemolin and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*," writes this former sufferer who *never* expected to be cured. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Based on a radically different principle from any other treatment. Ask your chemist about it, or send a postcard to address below and receive, post paid, in plain sealed wrapping, a large free supply, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases; also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical. Just send a postcard to Research Laboratories (Dept. 123), 22 Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.



How Doctors avoid Colds

"A great Physician said he never had a Cold although constantly in the way of infection, simply because he **KEPT HIS NOSE IN ORDER**. Another prescribed inhaling antiseptics."

—Daily Mail, Oct. 18th, 1919.

To avoid Colds and Influenza, use
**Dr. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING BOTTLE.**

Of all Chemists and Stores 2/-, or post free in U.K. for 2/3 (stamps), from Mackenzie's Laboratories, Ltd., Reading.

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Reduced Prices

NEARLY all the "Mascot" Glace Kid Styles are now reduced to 21/-, while the Patent Styles are 24/- and 25/- and Suede Shoes 27/6 per pair. At these prices and in the splendid "Mascot" quality they are without doubt the least expensive good shoes obtainable.

As an example of value we illustrate a delightful spring style at 19/11.

Booklet of Styles and Name of Nearest Agent Post Free from

NORVIC SHOE CO.
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M200
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In Patent
24/-

Carpets AND Rugs

REVERSIBLE WESTMINSTER CARPETS

20/-

CARR. PAID

Real seamless, woven, bordered, reversible Westminster Carpets are offered to you direct from the Looms at less than wholesale prices. All beautifully bordered in 30 different fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings. These beautiful Carpets are suitable for the drawing-room, dining-room or bedroom; will cover any ordinary-sized room, and each one is dispatched with our World-renowned Guarantee that unless you are completely satisfied we will return your money immediately.

FREE RUGS To every reader of *The Quiver* purchasing one of these charming carpets we will enclose **FREE**, as a gift, a Splendid Westminster Rug. Please enclose this advertisement when ordering.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO-DAY enclosing P.O. for 20/- to

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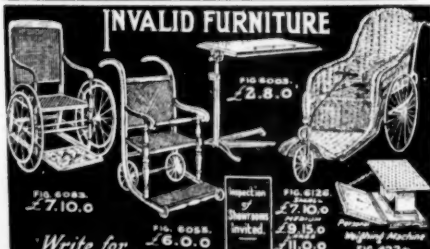


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FIG. 508B £6.0.0

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The Editor's Announcement Page

THE TRUTH ABOUT PROHIBITION

Very contradictory reports have appeared in British papers about the effects of Prohibition in America. On the one hand, Prohibitionists claim a lessened prison population; on the other hand, reports appearing from time to time suggest that (1) Prohibition is a farce: drink can still be obtained in the U.S.A. without much trouble; (2) Prohibition has caused actual evil instead of good—increased drug consumption, etc.

What is the truth?

We recently sent a trained woman journalist to the U.S.A. to get an insight into the conditions of home life in that great country, and we asked her whilst there to gain an unbiased opinion on the home side of Prohibition. We did *not* ask for information in support of or opposed to any particular view—simply an impartial statement of facts. This our observer has secured, and the result will appear in my next issue.

The Editor

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To Make an Ottoman Chair from an Old Cask
To Paper a Room
To Add a Hood to a Mail Cart or Perambulator
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The Quiver

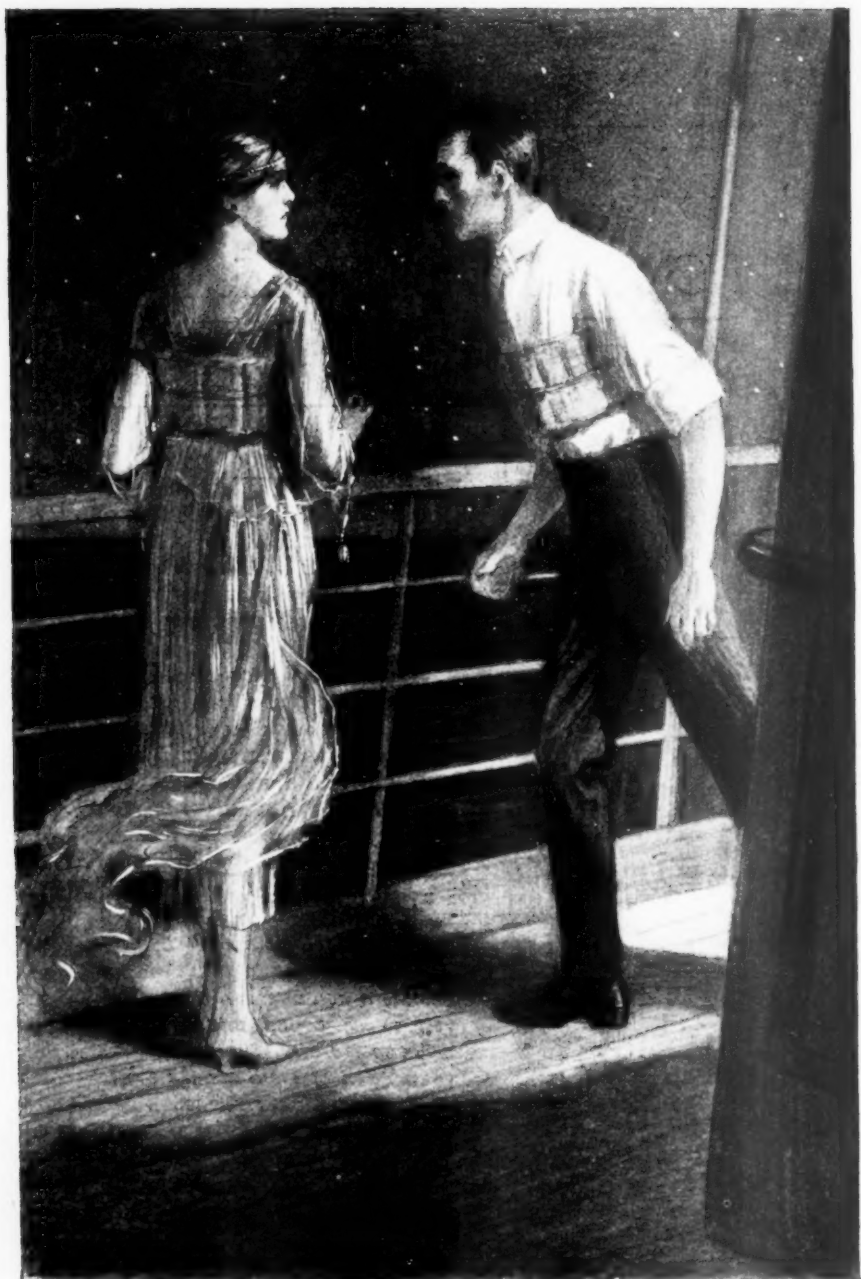
HOME-MAKERS' NUMBER

Home

Home should be a place of industry, restfulness — beauty. To surround ourselves with ugly, ill-assorted, inappropriate things is a sin against ourselves, our loved ones, our neighbours.

Our home is—or should be—the expression of our desires, the reflection of our soul: its quiet refinement, its wise economy, its tasteful simplicity should lend breadth and depth to our lives. A useless ornament, a jarring picture, a clumsy piece of furniture destroys the harmony of things, invites discord, disquietude, mental unrest.

We cannot always be striving, fighting against the world. Make your home a house of refuge, a place of rest to body and mind, of inspiration to the soul. The home is the foundation of the State, the solace and stand-by of its citizens. Aim, therefore, to make your home brighter, simpler, more beautiful, more unpretentious—and it shall be counted unto you for righteousness.



"Miss Dobson," he said quickly. "You should not be up here. They are filling the boats as quickly as they can"—2 155

*Drawn by
P. B. H. King*

Ninon

by
Margaret Peterson.

*"Ninon, Ninon, que fais tu de la vie,
Toi, qui n'a pas d'amour?"*

CHAPTER I Love's Gamble

*"Death bows to life.
The waves have quit their play.
What shall we make of it,
This strange, new day!"*

ALL her life Ninon had posed. For the benefit of herself, for the benefit of other people. Now she stood, for the moment, faced by the stark reality of Death, and people might excusably have been surprised at the fortitude she was capable of displaying.

For Ninon's pose had always been one of superb frivolity. She had adopted it first to annoy her maiden Aunt Susan, with whom Ninon had spent her childhood. Aunt Susan had not been able to approve of Ninon, and it may truthfully be said that posing had first come to the child as an armour of defence against disapproval. For to be loved and admired had been as needful to Ninon as sun and rain are to any flower.

Slight and slim was Ninon, with delicate, scornful face and blue eyes that hid their truth under a covering veil of dark lashes. The hair that swept back from the smooth white forehead was neither gold nor brown nor red. It could catch gold lights in the sun; there were strands of it that deepened to red-flamed copper, and Aunt Susan had always been able to allude to it as "mud-coloured." But as this was merely asserted and held to in an attempt to check what Aunt Susan considered "most un-childlike conceit," it can be dismissed as an unjust criticism. Ninon's hair was beautiful, the

least friendly of Ninon's friends had to admit that.

Indeed, the girl's whole being was beautiful. You thought of her as of some finished, perfect picture. The pose of her head, the lines of her young neck, the curve of lips and chin and throat, were all beautiful. But it was a beauty that lacked soul. There was no more warmth or passion or capacity for devotion in it than one would look for in a perfect, flawless statue.

Yet there must at least be courage behind the perfection, Dick Sutley decided, as he fought his way out of the tumult that thronged the lower deck of the steamer and found Ninon standing beside the rails on the farther side. He had not known the girl during their fortnight at sea. He had not even been drawn by any desire to know her. She had always seemed to him to be a very beautiful picture marred by the life that scarce animated it. He had hated the set she travelled with, the women with loud voices and bold eyes, the men who haunted the bar and smoking saloon. They were theatricals, he had been told, for most of the other men on board had been at some pains to find out stories about the beautiful girl—whose name it appeared was Ninon Dobson. Ninon! A fanciful, silly name to come before so commonplace a surname as Dobson. And the first time he had heard it Dick had hummed over to himself the old French song:

*"Ninon, Ninon, que fais tu de la vie,
Toi, qui n'a pas d'amour!"*

That was what the girl lacked. The

THE QUIVER

power, the capacity to give or receive love. For he could not imagine any man actually falling in love with her. With her beauty—yes. That was another matter. And for that reason he had more or less shunned her. Dick knew his weaknesses, and he hated to be made a fool of through his senses.

Well, there had been that fortnight at sea; lazy, crowded days; friends to talk to or argue with; meals to eat; games to play. There had been days of hot sunshine, with a blue sea slipping away on either side of the boat, untouched, unmarred by flicker of foam or crest of wave. There had been long, still nights of silver splendour, with a wonderful moon slung in a sky of dazzling stars. The s.s. *Goodman* was one of the giant liners making their way to England from the Cape of Good Hope. There were, so it had been laughingly calculated one day in the saloon at dinner, something like four hundred souls on board. There had been flirtations and scandals and pleasant everyday happenings; and now this had come. Like some stern edict of a revengeful God upon a city that proved itself too laughing-loving and forgetful of His presence.

No one knew what it was—no one had had time to know. A floating mine, relic of the grim war that had for so many years tortured the world—a sunken ship, new risen from its bondage, or some uncharted rock. It had risen out of the deeps and hit at their security with all-powerful, merciless spite.

To the passengers, at least, the awfulness of the calamity had not at first been apparent. There had been a dance in progress on the first-class deck, a concert in the steerage. There had been music and laughter and singing floating out over the restless waves. For just to-night—some had said it was on purpose to spite the dancers—the wind had risen, and, playing with sky and cloud and sea, had raised a storm sufficient to set the *Goodman*, heavily laden though she might be, rolling in a steady swell. The first hint of disaster had been a sudden jerking bump that had thrown the singer in the steerage off the hastily erected stage and sent the first-class dancers, with much laughter and make-believe wails of woe, hurtling into the scuppers. Dick Sutley had been sitting at the entrance to the smoking saloon talking to the first officer, and the jerk had thrown their two chairs together.

"Some wave!" Dick had said and

laughed, and his laughter had broken off short as it does sometimes when we realize we have laughed in the wrong place and hurt someone's feelings.

The first officer had sprung to his feet. You could not say that his face had gone white; short and rubicund and thickly bearded, he was not the type of man who would blanch easily. But just for a second there was fear in his eyes, and Dick thought he heard him mutter something about four hundred under his breath. Then he looked down at Dick.

"That wasn't a wave," he said. "You may need to keep your head steady, young man. You look the sort that can be relied on."

And with that he had gone, and Dick had turned to watch the dancers extricate themselves from the scuppers amid loud laughter and apologies. He had noticed Ninon Dobson among the rest. She was always foremost in the dances. She danced, so he had heard men say, divinely. To-night she looked ethereal. Her dress, of green gauze threaded with gold, held on to her young, slender shoulders by straps of gold, floating above her small gold shoes in little waves and ripples of colour and lightness. She always did her hair rather startlingly. Dick had never quite liked it. It was a part of her super-fashionable pose. It was brushed straight back, leaving her delicate ears exposed, allowing no wave or curl to stray; and, holding it in place, passing straight across the whiteness of her forehead, she had placed a thin thread of small jade beads. It was very ugly, Dick thought. If the girl's face had not been in itself so beautiful the effect would have been hideous.

So for a second he had seen her—tightly held by her partner, swung free from the surrounding couples and dancing again. For the band, unperturbed by shock or tumult, still played on. And, after that, he had lost sight of her, he had, indeed, forgotten her. There had been a strange, indescribable scene. It had held him spell-bound. Carelessness and laughter had merged into apprehension; apprehension had grown from whispered fears to loud-cried terror! A swarm of people had prayed and wept and laughed and sang, and gathered their courage together from God alone knew what source.

The ship's officers, the sailors, the stewards, worked among it all with

patience, with, perhaps, the calm knowledge of despair in their hearts. Boats were lowered, life-belts provided. The women and children were passed over first, and men with set faces and with a courage which comes, thank God, from love, held their women to them and strove to say good-bye with laughing promises of there being no danger and of how all would undoubtedly be saved.

There was no need for any onlooker to have been ashamed of the human race. Tumult there had to be! Wild shrieks and sobs of women facing, for the first time in well sheltered lives, the awfulness of terror and disaster. But there was also sublime courage and a carelessness of personal safety that made individuals draw aside and hold back in order that others might have their chance at the boats.

"They'll not get all the boats off in time," some man said hoarsely to Dick. "She's listing badly now. You and I and fellows like us can take our chance in jumping. But heaven help the women. Are you a good swimmer?"

"Yes," Dick nodded. To what end, he wondered. All round them, as far as eye could see, the dark waves heaved and muttered and broke under a grey-black sky. "Yes; I can swim as well as most men, I expect."

"Well, make your way for'ard," the man said. "Keep on the lifting side of the ship. When she turns, jump as clear and as far as you can. There's just a chance." He wetted dry lips with a tongue that shook and trembled. "The tide is to the land now, so one of the officers was telling me. You may keep alive till you get there."

"What land?" asked Dick. "How far do they reckon it to be?"

"England, I suppose," the man answered. "As to distance—" He shrugged his shoulders. "It's better not to know, isn't it?" he asked. "The boats hope to arrive before morning."

He moved away, and Dick followed. It was, after all, the best advice that had come his way. He could lay no claim to a chance of safety in the boats. He had neither wife nor child that needed him or would mourn for him. He had really no one, only a sister who had always been very fond of him and whom he had not seen for seven years. But he did not want to die. He would fight for life, he knew, if it came to the end. There was young blood

pulsing in his veins; there was so much of his life still un-lived; there was all the love of his heart as yet un-given and un-proved.

Out in the sea he could fight for life, wrestle with each wave that caught and tossed him; pant for the breath his life needed; struggle, with every beat of his heart, to win a race against Death. And it was better to do that than to wait here with this crowd of agony and die in the end, perhaps clutching unknowingly at another human hand that could have no power to save. He would make his way to the lifting side of the ship and jump as clear and as far as he could.

It was just then that he saw Ninon standing by the rails, holding on to them with two slim hands, the wind buffeting her green gauze draperies about her figure. Her head was a little thrown back, her eyes a little wide and startled, but there was no agony of fear about her face and person. Indeed, her very calm—was it, he wondered, indifference?—seemed out of place with her personality: with that string of jade beads, for instance, that marred the line of forehead and hair. He could have imagined her down there with the others, crouched in an attitude of despair, weeping, face hidden on her hands; or being carried, half fainting, as many of the women had been carried, to be lowered into the boats. That she should be here amazed him, shook the purpose of his own presence out of his mind. He moved to beside her.

"Miss Dobson," he said quickly, urgently. "You should not be up here, all by yourself. They are filling the boats as quickly as they can. There may not be very many more minutes—"

She turned a little to look at him. "I hadn't much use for the boats," she said. "They—well, they frightened me. I felt I would rather die by myself."

"You mean you are going to try and swim for it?" he asked.

She shook a quick head, almost, it seemed to him, smiling. "No," she answered. "I can't do anything half as useful as swim." She looked down at the life-belt that sat grotesquely above her evening finery. "I thought this would help me."

Dick moved a little nearer to her, he was touched by the sudden instinct common to big, strong men, to save a life weaker and more helpless than his own. "Will you

THE QUIVER

"trust yourself to me?" he asked brusquely. "I can swim, if you'll hold on. Jump with me—try and do exactly as I tell you afterwards."

"You are giving up your chance of safety," Ninon said. Some of her pose was coming back to her in the face of what she took to be a man's admiration. "I'm not worth that."

"That's not the point," he answered. "Will you?"

And with that the ship gave a great shiver, shaking her huge frame and settling a little deeper into the sea so eager and willing to engulf her.

Dick never heard Ninon's answer. The list of the ship threw her against him, his arms went round her. The sudden contact of her body against his was warm and vivid and sweet; even in that second it amazed him how sweet it was.

"You will have to jump alone," he whispered. "Hold my hand tight, shut your eyes. Try not to be afraid when the waters first touch us. If you struggle I shall have to knock you silly, you know that."

"Yes," she answered. The affectation had gone out of her voice; it was quiet and steady. "I know. I'll try to remember."

And then Dick jumped. Clear and far he tried to make it, but her weight, he knew, held him back. They landed in the water too near to the suction of the great boat, and immediately a wave seized and dragged them down, down, down! Tons of water, it seemed to him, weighed down his body, strove to tear the body of the girl—for at the first touch of the water she had turned and clung to him—out of his arms. Down, down! The blood beat against his eyeballs! The heart in his chest clamoured and thundered like a live thing struggling to be free. Air! He must have air! And the body of the girl lay against him, seeming to push him still farther under. It is probable that, being in that last gasp, no longer human, but just beast life fighting for its right to live, he would have pushed the girl from him and won free himself. In after days he often remembered, with a sick shudder of horror, how his hands fought against hers, striving to thrust her away. But her hands held fast and he could not free himself.

In the end, the whole ghastly battle could have lasted but three seconds, the wave seemed to take and hurl him into the air

again, the breath rushed to his lungs, the stars danced to his eyes, and her hands had fallen away of themselves. She was either dead or stunned. He had no time to pause and see; already his limbs were striking out in great, desperate strokes of swimming.

She floated beside him, face upward, the life-belt supporting her. The jade beads had slipped away, her hair had shaken itself free. Now and again a strand of it, wet and sticky, would float against his face, his lips. It was too dark to see her face, but he touched it with his fingers from time to time and comforted himself to think her lips were warm to his touch. He hated to think that perhaps he had killed her, down there, under the water, in that wild brief fight for life.

Swimming was easier than he had thought it would be. The waves seemed to lift and urge him forward from crest to crest. The wind had dropped. He heard no sound all round him; he did not glance behind. The *Goodman*, with her four hundred or so souls, must have sunk in that moment when he himself had been sucked down. There must be other swimmers, he supposed, fighting, even as he fought. He had no time, no thought, to bestow on them. He would swim till he was tired, and then he would have to float while his limbs rested. The sea was just faintly warm—there was that much in his favour. And he would have to go where the waves took him; he had no method of directing his course.

For how long he swam he did not know; he had no count of time. It seemed to him that he moved on and on through endless, tireless waters. His limbs grew heavy and stiff. Movement awakened, at odd moments, strange agonies of pain. Then it seemed he grew numb, unbelievably light. He floated as if on air, and he knew that he was losing consciousness. It was in one of his last coherent efforts to think and act that he dragged at the tapes of the girl's life-belt and knotted them to his own. He had a strange, wilful desire not to lose her, not to let her go.

"I should have loved her if we had lived," was the last clearly vivid thought of which he was conscious. And then the numbness crept up and up his body, stilled his heart, hushed the clamour of his laboured breath. He floated as she floated, stray wreckage of the sea that the waves tossed amongst each other and covered with spray, drenched with great leaping waters.

And so tied and so floating, the waves presently landed them on the shingle and sand of a sloping beach, played round and about them for a little, and then crept away with little sighing sounds of weariness and regret for this thing which they had wrought out of their careless strength.

CHAPTER II The Child Ninon

*"I stand at life's gate
With my days untold,
With my pride of youth,
With my hidden gold.
Now who shall take and squander my
treasure
Or give me it guerdon, measure for
measure?"*

EVEN as a child, in the days of short frocks and hair that curled and waved down her back, Ninon had posed. It had always been a source of infinite annoyance to her maiden aunt, with whom she lived and who was—in so far as the word can apply such a thing to the present-day girl—responsible for Ninon's mind, upbringing, and morals. Miss Susan Dobson, a grim, silent member of the great sisterhood of spinsters that has grown up in England during the last century, disapproved of Ninon even where she tried most conscientiously to love her.

Miss Dobson felt, very sternly, that one's only duty in the world was to be useful. A most estimable feeling, but one in which youth and beauty will not always share.

Ninon felt that she was ornamental, and shrewdly suspected that her aunt could never have been accused of such a soft impeachment. She was also clever, and genius, so it had appeared to her, need never be useful. Its light flames abroad over the world in a far more stimulating and startling way. Their differences started, thus precisely defined, at an early age, when Ninon was ten and old enough, so Miss Dobson felt, to be of some use in the house.

Ninon and her aunt lived together in those days in a small house standing, with many other houses, in a shady side street in the suburb of Wimbledon. A small house, whose small strip of front garden boasted a lilac tree, so that when the windows were open in summer the scent of the lilac flowers floated in and filled all the rooms with fragrance. That was what Ninon would call it, her head tilted on one side, her eyes glinting mischief at Miss

Dobson. And Miss Dobson would sniff and flick a duster at the drawing-room mantel piece, or smooth down the coverlet of the bed she was making.

"When I was your age," she would say, "I did not go about talking rubbish. I helped in the housework. It is quite time, Ninon, that you made your own bed and helped the maids darn the stockings. You are nearly grown up."

"I never mean to grow up," Ninon had answered on one such occasion. "I am a girl Peter Pan. I don't ever mean to grow old or useful."

"While you are in my house, Ninon," Miss Dobson had said, "you will do as I tell you. You will make your bed every day and you will darn your stockings. I am afraid the world has very little use for absolutely useless people. It would have been better for you never to have been born than for you to grow up like that."

"I think you often feel it was a pity I was born," Ninon had retorted, waking, in Miss Dobson, a wretched sense of compunction. For, like most grimly silent, elderly and perfectly blameless spinsters, Miss Dobson was blessed with a very acute conscience.

"Good gracious me, no, child. I am sure I don't," she had said hastily. "Only I think you are inclined to be affected, which seems a pity. One cannot be like Peter Pan. I have always thought it a silly story, however much one wants to be."

Like Peter Pan, however, Ninon chose to remain. It was the pose of the moment, and it lasted her for the next six years. At sixteen, to outward appearances, she was still a child, playing with childish things. She had a doll's house, a thing which roused in poor Miss Dobson's heart the same passion of rage as that produced in the one-time suffragettes by the Houses of Parliament. She had a selection of carefully chosen, much-played-with dolls. And if she made her bed or darned her socks, it was always with the unwilling haste and the affected pout of childhood.

Was the girl lacking in brain matter? Harassed Miss Dobson gave the idea much consideration. She would not have been altogether surprised if her brother's only child had proved mentally deficient. He had shown himself so sadly lacking in sense over his marriage and what had followed.

John Dobson had married a chorus girl out of some travelling company. Miss Dobson had only met her once, and the meeting

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had remained in the spinster's mind as a thing redolent with tragedy. For the Dobsons had always—for no particular reason—prided themselves on "family"! In the little stuff dining-room of Miss Dobson's home there were old, very large portraits of grandfathers Dobson—grim of face, stern, and steady of eye. Like Miss Dobson, but hopelessly unlike in their solid worth to Ninon and the beauty that lurked in Ninon's hair and danced in her eyes. In the old days, long before the war, the Dobsons had been very well off, but "In the last century money has passed from the aristocracy to the working class." That was one of Miss Dobson's favourite sayings.

She had said very little to John about his marriage, either at the time or afterwards, when he had arrived at her house one day with baby Ninon in a nurse's arms behind him.

"Grace has left me," he had said. "Will you take the child, Susan? My life is finished, but she is young, she has got to go on."

Of course, Miss Dobson had taken the child. She had, in her frugal, narrow-minded way, given it love. She had taken unending pains over Ninon's food and her clothes and her manners. It was not Miss Dobson's fault that she could always see, behind the baby's face, in every turn and movement of its small head covered with red curls, that other face and flaunting hair that had one day struck such horror to her soul! John's wife and Ninon's mother! A giggling girl, under-dressed, Miss Dobson had felt, over-noisy and sure of herself! Miss Dobson had never asked or attempted to find out what had happened to Ninon's mother. Twelve years after that evening upon which John had brought the baby home the whole of Europe had, as it were, caught fire. The Great War had swept up and submerged many other people as well as John Dobson; had brought tragedy and poverty and heart-break to many other houses in that side street of Wimbledon. But Miss Dobson had held her head high through those years. She was able to be proud once more of John. That helped in some manner to assuage the heartache for his loss. She had been fonder of John than of anyone else in her life; his great mistake had hurt her pride and her heart more than anything else could have done. And with John laid away with so many other splendid memories in the fighting fields of

Flanders, Miss Dobson could look upon Ninon as an orphan and entirely hers, to guard and shield and love.

If she had only been able to feel that a little sooner it might have altered the whole of Ninon's life. But by that time Ninon was sixteen; she had been formed and moulded into her pose. She was never true to her own self; it is small wonder that Miss Dobson failed to understand her or, in any way, win to a love for her.

And then one day, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, Ninon's mother came back. Floating into the little quiet house, bringing with her a perfume that entirely murdered the scent of the lilacs, though they were so bravely in bloom in the front strip of garden.

Ninon had been in the drawing-room by herself when the maid opened the door and, without announcing anyone, ushered in this strange exotic vision. It was not a very beautiful vision—Ninon summed that up in a glance—and it certainly could not be a friend of Aunt Susan's. The woman stood rather nervously, thin hands in long suede gloves clutched together, thick fur coat thrown aside, revealing too much bare throat on which a necklace glinted and shone. She was common to look at; her finery tawdry. Despite her pose of childhood, Ninon carried a very shrewd scale of value in her head. She had been brought up in a pleasant, discriminating school. Nevertheless, it being an attitude which she had proved could annoy Aunt Susan, Ninon advanced on the visitor with an exaggerated air of welcome, one slim hand high in the air.

"How do you do?" she said. "Won't you sit down? My aunt will be here in a moment."

"My!" said the woman. It seemed as though her painted lips quivered. A shiver of something that had tears in it shook her. "My! you are prettier far than ever I was, Ninon!"

And at that the door opened and Miss Dobson came into the room.

You could feel in a second the current of antagonism that ran between the two women! Ninon almost stood on tiptoe for the next adventure! And then Aunt Susan swept round on her.

"Leave the room at once, please, Ninon," Aunt Susan said. "I have often told you that it is not your place to receive callers."

The red had flamed, even behind the



"If you want to take me with you, I want—oh, I want to come"—p. 490

Drawn by
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paint, to the waiting woman's cheeks. She spoke nervously, quickly.

"And I am not a caller. Do you think I imagine that I should have been let in if I were? I am your mother, Ninon. I don't suppose she—the feathers nodded in Aunt Susan's direction—"has ever told you, but I am your mother, none the less."

The announcement was a distinct shock to Ninon's pride. She had had her own, carefully hidden, dreams as to her parentage. She had long ago realized that Aunt Susan condemned and deplored her mother, and if she had never been knowingly hungry for the love she might have expected a mother to bestow on her, it is none the less true that the lack of this ingredient in her daily nourishment had helped to bend and thwart Ninon's nature. She would have been eager to respond to love. It might have moulded her on far different lines and made of her heart something finer and softer.

As it was, she hesitated, just for that

second, and it was only the sight of Aunt Susan's rigidly set face that drove her into a mood of gay defiance.

"Oh!" she said. "How wonderful! My mother!"

The insincerity of the tone hurt the woman. She drew back; her eyes sought Aunt Susan's.

"I ought not to have come," she murmured. "Don't know what took me." She threw back her head. "John's dead," she said. "After all, he was my husband, and the child"—her eyes wavered back to Ninon—"is ours."

"Quite so," said Miss Dobson. It seemed as though she had to force her lips to speak. "It has taken you some time to come to that conclusion, hasn't it? And you will agree, I suppose, that there is no reason, in the meantime, why Ninon should stay in the room. What we have to say to each other should be said in private."

"Yes, that's so," the woman agreed. Her fingers twisted aimlessly, her eyes stayed on

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Ninon's face. There was something pathetic in her hesitation. "I guess you ought to go, Ninon."

Again it was the spirit of bravado that prompted Ninon's reply; she was quite untouched by the pathos.

"I'll stay," she said cheerfully. "What you have got to say must be my business. Aunt Susan is always wanting me to grow up. I am seventeen, you know."

"Yes," said the woman, an odd smile stirring her mouth. "I know. I had been six years on the stage at your age, and married a matter of six months."

So she had been only sixteen when John had married her! Miss Dobson looked from the painted face, under its array of feathers, to Ninon's fresh, clear beauty. A little shiver of fear shook her. The child was dearer to her than she had realized, had grown dearer with every year that had passed since John's death. Yet she could trace such horrible, hurting resemblance between the woman and the girl. Only sixteen! She must have been younger than Ninon, then, on the day when Miss Dobson had first met her. Somehow Miss Dobson had never thought of her as young. She had thought of her as evil and soul destroying, and it was John's soul that had been in question. Ninon's age! And here was Ninon, hair tied back with the bow of childhood, short skirts, and a still-played-with doll's house! At any rate, Ninon was still child enough to obey. Miss Dobson gathered all her severity about her.

"Please do as you are told, Ninon," she said. "Leave the room at once. Anything that is necessary for you to know I shall tell you afterwards."

The defiance in Ninon's heart flamed into flaunting resistance. Aunt Susan had never liked her, never approved, or admired, or petted. She was tired of being reprovved and silenced and snubbed.

"I'll go," she said; "but I'd like you to understand"—she swept round to the woman who had called herself her mother—"that if you want to take me with you, I want—oh, I want to come. If I am yours, you can do as you like about that, can't you?"

With which she flung from the room, leaving behind her the amazement of utter surprise in two hearts.

It was the woman who spoke first. She had received neither pity nor sympathy from Miss Dobson, yet she gave both freely, striving to heal, with nervous haste, the

wound which she knew Ninon's words must have caused.

"She doesn't mean it," she said. "She's impetuous and silly. I always was. That was why John and I fought. He was like you, strict and quiet. I used to rub him up the wrong way, and I always knew that he thought me vulgar and silly. It used to make me worse. I was that kind. But I loved him right enough. I kept away all this time, remembering that."

If Miss Dobson could only have met the sympathy, the pity, half way. But when you have reached the discreet spinsterhood of fifty-two, it is almost impossible for you to lift yourself out of your casing of convictions. Miss Dobson froze under the woman's familiarity. She called it that instinctively.

"Ninon has never been understandable to me," she said. "Perhaps, as you say, she did not mean it. The point is—what do you propose to do?"

There was no ignoring the cold dislike—it touched on what Grace had called her impetuosity. "If you feel like that," she flared out, "if you have never understood the child, it is because you have never loved her. She had better come away with me."

"You would take her away?" said Miss Dobson quietly, sternly. "You are old enough to realize what your kind of life will mean to a girl of Ninon's age and character. You can see what she has been accustomed to, what I have tried to train her to expect from life?"

The woman hesitated. It had not been her intention to make any claim to the child. It was not motherhood that had driven her. Until she had been faced with Ninon she had not even been aware that it was in her heart. But something had stirred and cried within her at the sight of the child's youth and beauty. They were, in a measure, hers. She stretched out her hands to them. She knew now that her life had always been bitterly empty since the day when she had left John and the baby.

"I shall give her love," she said at last. "You never know; perhaps she might come to love me. After all, I'm her mother. You wouldn't know what that means."

Miss Dobson ignored the thrust. "I cannot stoop to fight you in this matter," she said. "After what Ninon has said, there is nothing upon which I could make my stand. She was nine months old when you left her and John brought her to me. For all these years I have stinted nothing in what I gave

her, but what I did I did for John's sake. I do not look for gratitude from either you or Ninon. Only, because you have said you loved John, I would ask you to think very carefully before you do this thing."

"I know what you mean," put in the woman eagerly. "That I ain't good enough for Ninon. Perhaps you think I'm living queer, but I'm not. My Bill married me as soon as we heard of John's death. He's a good sort, Bill, and we aren't badly off. I've left the stage, but he still carries on. Heavy parts, you know."

Miss Dobson winced. "Is all this necessary?" she asked.

"No," said the woman quickly. "No." She drew her fur about her. "I forgot it wouldn't interest you, naturally. I'll go now. Perhaps we might arrange something. Ninon could come on a visit—we'd see how she liked our ways. You may have made her too fine—"

Miss Dobson interrupted. "If Ninon goes to you," she said, "she can never come back to me. I may sound unreasonable, but I am too old to change, I'm afraid."

That roused anger—anger that was always a quick enough flame waiting behind Grace's placidity. "Very well, then," she said hotly, "have it your own way. You are a hard old woman and narrow-minded. The child shall come with me. At least I can love her. I don't believe you could even love a cat!"

CHAPTER III

"Que fais tu de la vie?"

*"Youth, foolish youth,
That throws love's image down,
And dreams in selfishness
To find life's crown."*

SO Ninon went to live with her mother. She said good-bye to the little house, with its narrow garden, its lilac trees, and its definite withdrawn air of respectability. She said good-bye to Aunt Susan and the two maids who had been with Aunt Susan ever since Ninon could remember. There had been no fuss, no scenes. Aunt Susan's stern supervision had prevented that. She would show nothing of the regret that clamoured for expression in her old heart. She was more forbidding than Ninon had ever known her. She packed Ninon's possessions with cold precision; she took away Ninon's dolls and doll's house. To the very last she

stood grim and unsmiling on the doorstep, and watched the things being piled up on the cab that was to take Ninon away. And then, when it was all over, she had gone grimly back into her own house and into her own room, shutting the door against any interruption. She had stood very upright by the open window with the scent of the lilacs blowing against her face. She was more than ever like those portraits of dead and gone Dobsons who reigned in the little dining-room downstairs.

"It was true that I never understood her," she said to herself; "but it was not true that I did not love. I loved John and I loved Ninon, and now there is nothing left in life!"

Youth is always a little sweeping in its assertions, in its judgment on others, yet it is more than a little difficult to judge youth. And the older we get—that is, provided we keep our minds open, become in no sense bigoted—the harder and harder it becomes to judge. There is no need for God to be merciful, He has only to be just. Just, with the knowledge which sees behind all failure to the things that went to warp and vex our natures. Ninon had not been particularly happy as a child, and this through no direct fault of Aunt Susan's. For Aunt Susan herself had had scant happiness to share with others. Aunt Susan's heart had been broken by her brother's marriage, by the disgrace which she felt had followed that misguided step. Sometimes hearts break, and in breaking let loose a pent-up flood of human understanding and love. So, poets will tell you, the world is made richer by sorrow and agony and tears; but, on the other hand, sometimes hearts break and their owners hasten to mend them with the hard cement of common sense. And then, in the place of love, is left something as hard and cold as a stone. That was what in reality had happened to Miss Dobson. It was not all her own fault. She had had little joy or love or sunshine in her own life. To give forth these things it is necessary that the giver should have first imbibed them. Miss Dobson was only just learning to love again—the cement of common sense was cracking under the warmth—when Ninon was taken away from her. And for Ninon! Well, there was all that sunshine and love, which should have been hers as a child, lacking in her heart. In judging her I would have you remember that.

Instinctively Ninon drew back with an

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outraged sense of pride from the surroundings of her mother's life, from the companionship which her mother's circle offered her. Something of Aunt Susan's teaching remained there, some inheritance from those grim Dobsons to whom she was outwardly so unlike. Her childish pose, though it had been adopted to annoy Aunt Susan, had yet unavoidably kept the girl very much of a child. And Aunt Susan's training and supervision had kept the child mind very ignorant—very, if the word can be used in that sense, pure. Not to be clean in her person, not to wash her teeth morning and evening, not to be surrounded by neatness and tidiness and cleanliness, these things filled Ninon with horror. It is no exaggeration to say this. She had carried this passion for clean beauty to such an excess that Miss Dobson had characterized it as "finicky," yet she herself was responsible for it. Nothing that could be described as the dirt of life had been allowed to come near the child Ninon. A little wholesome dirt makes a child grow, was a precept never admitted by Miss Dobson. So now Ninon stood sick and shaken on the outskirts of a life which she was quite wise enough to admit she had deliberately chosen and from which, however much her pride disliked it, it was yet impossible for her pride to permit her to withdraw.

Mrs. Samuelson, for that was Grace's new name, lived in a small flat on the borders of Hammersmith Broadway. The noises and dust, the incessant rattle of trams, the heavy rumbling of motor buses, swirled up from the street and blew in at the dust-grimed windows. Street barrows lined the pavements at night, and public-houses pervaded the air with the faint sickly stench of old spilt beer and spirits. Drunken people were too common a sight for anyone to feel surprise at them. They filled Ninon with unutterable terror. Many of the things in her new life filled her with that sense. She was terrified as well as repelled. Cows, the most timid of creatures, will yet, if really terrified, attack the thing that has frightened them. Fright hardened Ninon's nature, drove her soul to take still further covering behind the outward pose of her mind. Within the first week of her self-instigated removal she would have liked to have gone back to Aunt Susan, to the two trim maids, to the spotless house and the quiet side street where lilacs could flourish and throw their scent abroad. She would have liked

to; she had to stiffen her pride not to admit to that fact, and she stiffened it by hardening it.

"Stuck-up piece of goods," was Mr. Samuelson's description of her. He was, himself, a stout, cheerful gentleman, decidedly comic on the stage and off it. Mr. Samuelson lived in an atmosphere of jokes and beer. He was not always very particular as to what his jokes were about; his friends said he was distinctly funnier when he had had really quite a lot of beer. Ninon found him repulsively grotesque. In his most cheery moments he filled her with shuddering fear. He would come stumbling up the stone steps that led to their flat, and he would stand outside the door, half singing, half hiccupping, fumbling with an elusive keyhole that escaped his key. And then he would lurch in and stand just inside laughing at Gracie, his Old Dutch—he was always very affectionate when not quite sober—or he would retail for her benefit the joke that had gone down best in his evening's entertainment.

Gracie took it all very philosophically. She would change his shoes for him if it had been wet outside, she would laugh at his jokes and accept his caresses. If he were very unsteady she would help him to their own room and undress him and get him to bed. It never occurred to her to keep anything of all this from her daughter's eyes. She did not see the horror, though sometimes she was vaguely aware of the scorn in Ninon's attitude towards her stepfather. That Gracie could attribute to the hardness of Miss Dobson's teaching—and, as she was always having to remind herself, Ninon was, after all, a Dobson.

"Bill ain't like what your father was, dear," she would say to Ninon. "I don't ever recollect seeing John merry. Sometimes I used to be afraid of him, he was so solemn, and I knew all along that I was getting on his nerves. Not to begin with," she reflected. "He was fair crazy about me at the start. I was pretty, Ninon, though not a quarter as pretty as you."

"Not that I have any grumbles against Bill," she would add as an afterthought. "He's been a good pal to me—Bill. He may seem a bit rough like—not quite Aunt Susan's style, eh?"

She studied her daughter with perplexed eyes. She was very warm and human, careless and untidy in herself; she was very willing to throw open all her private life,

her thoughts, her worries, her memories to a receptive daughter, but Ninon was not receptive. By no stretch of imagination could Gracie describe her as that. She did not appear to want the love that Gracie had been so eager to pour out at her feet.

"A stuck-up piece of goods," as Bill remarked in one of his more sober moments. "What to goodness are you going to do with her, my dear?"

feel of his hands as he had pulled her down on his knees. But, drunk or sober, Bill Samuelson was never fool enough or blind enough not to see and know what was happening round him. From the first he had felt both the horror and the scorn. One cannot live comfortably with a person—however young and beautiful that person may be—if she both hates and despises you.

Therefore: "What to goodness are you going to do with her?" was his summing up of the situation.

"I don't know," Gracie answered quite truthfully. "She seemed so to want to come to me, Bill, and yet——"



"She ran eagerly to the piano and, striking a few notes, she began to sing"—p. 494

Drawn by
P. B. Wickling

Not that Bill grudged the extra mouth to feed. He was the last person to grudge anything to anyone. He had loved Gracie in the early days before Gracie's marriage to John; he had been very glad to take her and keep her when she had come to him from John; he had married her the moment the law permitted him to do this. He had been quite prepared to welcome Ninon. Indeed, her first evening in her mother's home remained to Ninon as one long tortured memory of his kisses, his bluff affection, the

"Humph!" grunted Bill. "Now she is here, she don't like it or our little ways. That's the long and the short of it."

"I can't turn her out, Bill," Grace felt and looked a little tearful. "After all, she's my own flesh and blood."

"Who wants you to turn her out, bless your dear heart?" A good squeeze round the waist, a chuck under the chin was Bill's method of dispelling tears. "It's a pity you ever remembered her, though—ain't it now, Gracie? We were comfortable enough

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before, and she's very much a stuck-up piece of goods."

"She's pretty enough," he tried a month or two later. "Shall we see if she's any use at your parts? Can she sing, dance—anything?"

"I might teach her." The passion of a laid aside art shone in Gracie's eyes. "She's ten times prettier than ever I was."

"She'll never have your style, though," affirmed Bill, and turned over on his side to go to sleep.

Mrs. Samuelson got up the next morning aflame with the idea. "It's your step-father's notion, Ninon," she said. "He's cute, Bill. He knows what he's talking about. Would you like to do something of the sort?"

"I can sing," Ninon admitted. It seemed, once you touched on the personal side of things, that you could rouse her from her listless attitude. "Oh, mother, if I could do something like that."

She ran eagerly to the piano—a piano was one of the luxuries which Bill never denied himself—and, striking a few notes, she began to sing:

"Ah no, money is cold.

Oh fie! Money is old.

Sunshine and rain—fairies and flowers,

Money can't buy you golden hours."

Grace sat enraptured. It was her own youth coming back to her. She, too, had sung like that eighteen years ago, before Ninon had been thought of. She was not really an old woman now, but it was many years since she had sung—since she had looked young and beautiful, as beautiful as Ninon looked.

"My dear," she whispered when the song was finished. "Of course, it's the very thing. You mustn't waste any more time. I had done all I was going to do at your age." She, too, went over to the piano and stood with one finger idly picking out some old tune. "You've been a little disappointed with us, and this, haven't you, Ninon? It was different from what you were used to—different from what you expected?"

Had she been in Ninon's place she would have turned impetuously to sweep aside any such doubts from a waiting mother's heart. She had credited Ninon with impetuosity. It was rather pathetic the way she waited for this warm and charitable vice to display itself.

"I don't know about disappointed," said Ninon coldly; "but I should certainly love

to go on the stage. Do you think I shall be able to, mother?"

"Why, of course, dear." Mrs. Samuelson sighed and smothered back the longing. "Bill shall take you round to-morrow."

"As a matter of fact, I've got the chance of a lifetime for you," said Bill that evening, thawing into affability at the thought of being able to do the "stuck-up piece of goods" a favour. "That South African tour is coming off, mother—I've got the job. The usual stunt, you know—the heavy humours. Bullock is looking for girls for the chorus—he'll take Ninon on her looks and your name alone."

Perhaps Ninon hoped to find some escape in the theatre from the things in her mother's life that she had found so terrible. Certainly, she found in it distraction, and it encouraged her pose of utter selfishness; but it is to be doubted whether any of the new knowledge that she gained during those months of training for the stage coincided with, or even bore out, Aunt Susan's teaching.

Ninon learnt to worship her beauty; she learnt to rate very cheaply the other things in life which Aunt Susan had always been so very certain about. The view of life that seemed to be held by most of her companions was that existence consisted of a ladder that led ultimately—so they all fondly hoped—to fame, but in the meanwhile the ladder was excessively narrow, the rungs perilous. You watched and waited your chance, and if the creature above you slipped or fell aside, you were quick to step over her. If you were a girl, your beauty, your youth, the freedom of your caresses, or your maddening unattainability helped you in that struggle upwards. Men would fight for you, push you upwards. Instinctively Ninon was unattainable. She shrank, presumably because of Miss Dobson's training, from the love—or at least from the force that masqueraded in love's garb—which the other girls were always so ready to talk of, to boast about, to laugh at. Some called her a prude, others contented themselves by alluding to her as Bill Samuelson had done, as "a stuck-up piece of goods." But her very unattainableness drove the men mad about her. There was little of the purity or freshness of her mind left by the time she had completed six months with the company into which Bill Samuelson had introduced her, but it was known that she stood aloof, that she was as hard as a stone

and as cold as a diamond. And she was undoubtedly an actress. She lived in those hours of pretence. How can one judge or guess what her dreams were?

The company sailed for South Africa during that summer. They took out several popular musical comedies, and where these appeared to fail to attract, special people were brought forward and a music-hall programme was arranged. Ninon was always among those selected. She sang risky, hopelessly vulgar songs in a voice of singular childlike sweetness. She dressed beautifully. Her appearance on the stage, so calm, so cold, so frigidly arrayed, and with such songs coming from childish lips, never failed to create a stir. She was, before the company had half completed their tour, the acknowledged star, and she could have told you with scornful precision just exactly what man's love was. Not that she hesitated or scorned to make use of it. To serve her own ends Ninon would stoop to rouse the lowest passion in man. It was one of her methods of fighting up the ladder, whose top reached, she had once felt so sure, to the stars.

There were moments, none the less, when she half doubted the usefulness of the ladder upon which her feet were set; days when a great despondency would hold her, when she would realize, one can only suppose, how amazingly sordid were the ways by which she strove to reach the stars; hours when she doubted even the stars themselves.

One of these moods of depression had held her when the company turned their back on South Africa and took ship on the *Goodman* to sail for England. For one thing, the last fortnight of their stay had been harrowed by the death of Ninon's mother. Mrs. Samuelson had insisted upon accompanying her husband and daughter on their tour, and though she had certainly reached to no closer understanding of Ninon, she had at least extracted a great deal of pleasure out of her daughter's swift success. Yet, in the end, doubt too had seized on Mrs. Samuelson. She had lain in the narrow bed in the large, scrupulously clean ward of the hospital to which they had taken her, and, dismissing Bill from her side—Bill hopelessly noisy and blubbery now that he had been told the end was near—she had put out weak hands and drawn Ninon down beside her. The girl's whole being shivered away from the contact. She had found no love in her heart for the mother she had come to

know when childhood was past. The approach of death to this bed, shaded by its red screens, with the whispering nurses that came and went, with Bill's heaving, huddled figure at the farther side, was not dignified or wonderful; it was grotesque and ugly. She shrank from it—yet she knelt on there, stiffly erect, her hands holding the fluttering fingers of the dying woman, and then Gracie whispered her doubt.

"I did wrong to take you, Ninon," she sighed. "Maybe now, if you went back? She was stiff and hard to me—but perhaps to you—" The fluttering fingers clenched on the young hand. Truth leapt to sudden firmness in Grace's soul. "This ain't no life for you," she cried out. "It's killing your heart. Life's no use when your heart's dead, Ninon."

And with that her lips fell open—an ugly, gurgling sound came from her throat, her fingers loosened. The nurse pushed between Ninon and the bed; Bill's great bulk flung itself with a despairing cry against a still, dead form.

"You took her from me in the end," he said fiercely to Ninon afterwards. From that moment he seemed to hate the girl; he had never in any way liked her. "Your heart! She could think of that, she couldn't credit anyone with being without one. But you—you ain't ever had a heart. You are bad, rotten right through. Do you think I haven't had eyes—that I haven't seen? A girl like you—you're a—"

He threw some swear word at her and flung away—to drink. It was his method of trying to find forgetfulness. They had to carry him on board, keep him in his cabin. The men of the company took it in turns to mount guard over him. You could hear his voice shrieking out, blaspheming, as you walked up and down the deck.

Ninon had not let it affect her. Her calm pose was unalterable. She made no pretence of mourning. She danced and sang and flirted and moved through the crowd of men prepared to make violent love to her on the least excuse, with seeming indifference. Yet—when she jumped into the water hand in hand with the man who had come strangely to her out of the heaving, shrieking tumult of people, there was one thought uppermost in her mind. The ladder did not lead to the stars, there were no stars anywhere in all the world. She was glad to be going out of it, leaping into the unknown.

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That struggle for life afterwards had been instinctive. She had no memory of it. She had wanted to die. Only the waves and the fates had planned differently—that was all.

CHAPTER IV Man's Love

*"Life is most splendid when,
Leaving the common sense of narrow men,
It flames into the great bright fire of love!"*

TO come out of the blackness of death, out of the heaving tumult of harsh waters, and find yourself lying in a cool, dark room between the softness of white sheets—this is wonderful! Dick woke slowly, luxuriously. He stretched himself, felt the warmth of the bedclothes, the cool ease of the pillow, and then he let his mind slip back to memory. Last night! What had he been doing last night? The waltz tune that the band had been playing haunted his ears. He shut his eyes, and a troubled vision swept up in front of them. He could see the dancers. His memory concentrated on the girl in the floating green dress. He saw again the string of green jades that had annoyed him. And then came sudden, startling recollection. The disaster! The leap into the sea! The fighting waves, her hands that clung, her still, cold, floating face!

Was it all a nightmare? He pushed the things from him and sat up with a jerk. He was lying in a wide bed in a room whose low roof, seamed with black rafters, was almost within his reach. The room was very simply furnished. Crude coloured prints hung on the walls; a grim-faced portrait of Gladstone stared at him from just over his bed rail. The curtains were drawn back from the little, low diamond-paned window, and against the faint light of early morning he could see the girl's figure sitting. He knew it was she, without stopping to wonder how he could recognize her in that light. She had on some long white garment, and her hair lay about her shoulders almost, he thought, like a shawl.

She turned as he moved, and came swiftly towards him, throwing back her hair with a quick movement of her head.

"Oh," she said, "you are awake? You're all right. There's a kettle on the fire; I was to make you tea as soon as you woke."

He sat staring at her. He was very conscious of the fact that they were alone in this quaint, dimly-lit room. It came to him

that she must have slept in the big bed beside him. The clothes were thrown aside; the pillow bore the impress of her head.

"Where are we?" he said. "What has happened?"

"You saved us, you know," she answered. "You must be a very strong swimmer. Or perhaps we were not as far from land as we thought. I have been watching." She turned towards the window. "They have been bringing the boats in and some of the bodies that have been found."

"But you and I—" he said. The awkwardness of the question crept upon him; he flushed. "I mean—"

She moved over to the fireplace; her figure was illuminated for a moment by the dancing flames. She stooped to lift something, and her hair fell about her face.

"You were to have some tea to drink," she repeated. She came back to him, carrying the cup. "They found us," she added. "They brought us up here. It's a farm, I think. They tell me they knew there had been a shipwreck; they heard the explosion. All the village was out looking along the sands. We were the first they found."

Dick sipped his tea and struggled with the amazement of his thoughts.

"But," he began, hesitated, and plunged for frankness. "Why have they put us here? I mean you and I? Didn't you tell them? I feel it's so awkward for you."

Again she turned to the window. He could feel the hesitation in her answer; it struck him that there was something suddenly sad in her posed figure.

"I don't know," she spoke slowly. The words were almost a whisper. "They tell me we were tied together. They spoke of you as my husband. They thought that. I—I let them think it. You see I wore this ring." She touched the third finger of her left hand.

"Good heavens, why?" said Dick. The extreme rudeness of his surprise smote him with remorse. "I mean, it's rather silly, isn't it? How are we going to explain?"

And then—memory will play us these tricks—his own past thought rose up to mock him: "I should have loved her if we had lived."

"It will be very difficult to explain," he repeated awkwardly.

"I am sorry," said Ninon. It seemed as though something hard and defiant had entered into her voice. "I don't know why I did it. I suppose I was silly, dazed. I



"We have got to come to some understanding," he said.
"Will you let me ask you some questions?"—p. 500

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just let them think what they liked, and, anyway, it doesn't matter. I haven't got a reputation that can be hurt." She crossed over to the door. "I'll go," she said. "I can hear them moving about. The woman was going to lend me some clothes this morning. I'll tell them you are awake, explain what a silly mistake I made."

She laughed. Dick hated the sound of her laughter—it jarred on him as her green jade beads had always jarred.

"Wait," he said quickly, "please wait. We've got to think this out. Do you think I'm going to let you face things like that? If anyone is going to explain it's going to be me."

She swept back her hair to look at him. The room was lighter now; he could see the beauty of her chin and throat, the colour of her shadowed eyes.

"It will sound worse if you explain it than if I do," she said. "After all, I can pretend I found out my mistake while you were still asleep. Au revoir, my rescuer, whose Christian name I do not even know."

Some imperative need clamoured in Dick's senses. That last thought of his was very insistent in his mind. He remembered the sudden sweet contact of her body against his when the ship had thrown them together.

"You mustn't do that," he said eagerly. "There'll be some way out. We'll surely think of one. Please promise that you will leave things to me."

And with her hair thrown back against the door, Ninon laughed at him again. "It sounds almost like a proposal," she said; "I will give it my serious consideration."

And on that she went swiftly from the room. Dick swallowed the rest of his tea and lay back. His body, now he came to think of it, was one persistent ache. He was bone and muscle weary, and yet the excitement of his thoughts drove him. The excitement of his thoughts and something else. He was eager to see her again. He wanted to watch her, hear her voice, catch the turn of her head, the lift of her chin, to study the long dark lashes to those unreadable eyes. By Jove! what lashes the girl had! "I am being a silly fool," argued Dick with himself. "I have been on board ship with her for two weeks, and I've been at some pains not to fall in love—and yet here I am, five minutes' talk and I am getting uncomfortably near it." Half shyly his hand touched the pillow where her head had lain—touched and lingered. "Why not?"

whispered Dick's thoughts. "What's to stop you? You are thirty-three, and you have never really let yourself fall in love. Why not do it now? Life is empty without it."

*"Que fais tu de la vie,
Toi qui n'as pas d'amour?"*

"If I could make her love me," his thoughts flashed hot along the trail. "I believe I could."

Love! Pages and pages, books upon books could be written, have been written, about love, and we are no nearer understanding it. It is the madness of youth, say some. It is the crying out of unborn generations, say others. It is a temptation from the devil; a gift from God! It is at least the most disturbing element of our work-a-day world. It can upset kings and kingdoms, turn men into beasts or heroes; all youth stands waiting for it on tiptoe with expectancy; and all old age carries the burden of regretful or splendid memories to lay upon its shrine. Only once in a lifetime does it come to a man or woman. Sometimes to light the whole of their lives with a tender steady glow that will last even after love itself has flown away; sometimes like a great devouring flame that will leave in its wake only the tortured ashes of regret. But don't attempt to hold or bind love, or dream that you can close the door of your life against him. If he comes, if he knocks, open wide. Taste of the brief sweet ecstasy of man while you live—for in hell love has no place, in heaven love has grown so purified and calm that there is no ecstasy about it, for in heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage.

To Dick there presently came in a stout elderly man with a cheerful red face, ushering behind him another man, lean of countenance, austere of garb.

"Well, sir," said the stout man, "here's the doctor come in to see you. But it appears as how you are almost yourself this morning. Leastways, so your lady says."

"Oh, I'm all right," Dick answered. He sat up, pushing his thoughts back into orderly array. "Just bone weary, feel as if I had had a very severe pummelling."

"And so you have had," said the doctor. He came forward, laying his bag on the bed. "A truly remarkable escape, Mr.—" He hesitated, and Dick supplied the "Sutley" for him.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Sutley," the doctor went on. "Truly marvellous. And what a tragedy:

out of four hundred odd souls, so far we have been able to account for fifty. Mrs. Sutley and yourself, a boat-load that was fortunate enough to get away before the ship turned turtle, and a few poor bodies. For the rest——" He raised his shoulders, and the fat man sighed heavily.

"A bad affair," he agreed, "a ciuel bad affair."

"And now for yourself," the doctor continued, "just a little sounding, eh? I should like to satisfy myself that your heart has not been strained after what must have been tremendous exertion. Mrs. Sutley, now, has made a wonderful recovery. She has a splendid untouched constitution. She has been telling me that for herself she cannot swim a stroke. You did everything. Fortunately the warmth of the water must have helped you."

"Tied together you were," put in the fat man. "Prettiest picture as ever I've seen. Your arms round her, her head on your shoulder. We brought you back here and warmed you up and popped you into bed, the two of you. Seems you just fell sound asleep. Doctor here looked at you and said, 'Let him be—exhausted nature, must have rest.' But your wife, now, she was awake as soon as the brandy stung her. Couldn't lie quiet—it seemed."

"Over-excitement," the doctor admitted—he was gravely and solemnly sounding Dick's chest. "I even feared for hysteria. But, for your sake, she managed to quieten herself."

"Where is she now?" asked Dick. He did not attempt to keep the eagerness out of his voice. It made the fat man smile again.

"I have ordered absolute quiet and a chair in the sunshine," said the doctor. "As soon as you can travel you must take her away, Mr. Sutley. She must not be allowed to brood or think over the horrors that the sea may hide. You were no doubt travelling by yourselves. You will have people in England, you can go to them."

"Yes—I don't know—of course we have," answered Dick hurriedly. He was seized by the knowledge that he must see her as soon as possible. He must know about things. He had heard there had been a father on board. People had told him about it with sarcastic smiles. A great coarse brute who was drinking himself to death. His mind beat against the thought that he knew nothing about her—nothing. Perhaps

she was even married to someone else. There was that ring on her finger. But that thought his mind rejected as impossible. She was so nearly his she could not belong to anyone else. Anyway, he must see her—he must—he must! That is how love shakes one. Hurling common sense from its throne of wisdom in a man's mind.

"I can get up now," he said. "I am perfectly fit to travel. I, too, would like to get away."

"Quite so, quite so," agreed the doctor; "yet I don't advise rashness. A day of rest, and then to-morrow, perhaps—I see no reason why you should not do as you like to-morrow."

"No, to-day," Dick shook his head. "I am going to get up to-day, anyway. Even if we don't travel."

"You take a chair by the wife in the garden, sir," put in the fat man. "Doctor here has promised you some clothes. Mine would hardly fit."

The doctor smiled. "So you see, Mr. Sutley," he said, "I might enforce my advice by withholding the clothes. But I won't. I expect your mind feels troubled, restless. It shall be a chair in the sunshine, as Gibbs suggests. But mind—no energetic measures. Leave everything alone for to-day."

As if he could do that. While he dressed in the clothes sent across for him from the doctor's, Dick at least did some very energetic thinking. He could realize that his feet were set on a perilous road. He knew that he was allowing his senses to hold sway, and for the greater part of his life he had been at some pains to keep those senses in subjection to his will. As a boy he had been very hot-headed, very romantic, and the very impulsiveness of his nature had ruined what would otherwise have been a steady and profitable career. His father would have liked him to have gone into the business, an old-established firm of silk merchants in the city. But Dick had kicked against that. In those days he had hated steady, well-established businesses. College had been his ambition, and Mr. Sutley senior had given in, hiding much bitterness of soul behind good-natured acquiescence. For Dick was his only son, and the creature he loved above everything else in the world. Dick had made a mess of things at college; he had given rein to his senses and they had brought him to the verge of disaster. He had realized that afterwards, when it was too late to mend the worst tragedy. For

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the affair had broken his father's pride, and through his pride his heart; and, though people will tell you that you cannot die of a broken heart, it apparently succeeded in killing old Mr. Sutley.

The news had been brought to Dick just as he was sitting down to a supper party with some of his most riotous friends. It was a party to commemorate the fact of his having been sent down, and the lady who had caused all the trouble was the principal guest and the toast of the evening. The slip of paper pulled out of its brick-pink envelope crumpled in Dick's hand, the colour and laughter and riotous mirth went from his face. He sat staring before him, and everyone at the supper table was conscious of a little shiver of discomfort, watching his face.

"What's the matter, Dickie?" one of his friends asked. "Come into a fortune?"

"Yes," said Dick slowly, meaninglessly.

"Yes; the governor is dead."

And then he smoothed out the paper and read the words aloud.

"Father died this afternoon. Can you come at once?"—ALICE.

They bundled him into his coat, hailed a taxi, and sent him off. It is to be presumed that they returned to their interrupted feast and were as jovial as possible. Dick took his own ghost away with him. The ghost of a grey-haired upright man, whose eyes smiled at him, whose lips were ever ready to forgive and condone. He had killed his father. He did not need to be told that. Now, as never before, he felt the strong bond of love that had been between them.

"He called for you two or three times before he died," Alice, his sister, told him. "The doctor says it was a heart stroke. He did not seem to recognize anyone else or to want anyone but you. I think he had fretted over what had happened, Dick."

"I know," Dick answered, and grimly and with great determination he had made his vow, standing beside the bed on which his father lay. He would never let his senses get the upper hand again. He would run straight, eschewing anything that might attract or beckon him from the dull round of duty.

And he had kept his vow. He had kept straight. He had lived and thought and been clean. The battle—for, to begin with, it had been no easy fight—had strengthened

his face, brought firmer lines to his mouth and chin. It was a strong face that looked back at him from the glass: steady brown eyes under well-marked brows, lips that shut firmly above a clean-cut chin. And for the last twelve years of his life he had lived in East Africa cutting and shaping his life out there as he had cut and shaped the land he had bought. Making good, as his neighbours said of him. That showed, too, in the browned colour of his face, in the grey that had crept in among the blackness of his hair, in his firm, strong hands and quick-moving body. Then had come the war, and for four years he had served with the native troops that struggled against such stupendous odds in G.E.A., so that in all these twelve years of his life women had had no sort of share.

Perhaps he had all his life instinctively been waiting for love. Some men will wait like that through all their lives and then squander everything in one moment's passion.

He found Ninon sitting out in the garden, as the fat man had said he would find her. She had on an old print frock, and she had rolled her gold-brown hair up quite simply, if rather untidily, into a knot at the back of her neck. Her face was a little colourless, the blue eyes underlined with the dark shadows of fatigue. She looked very young, tragic, and a little forlorn. Was her heart mourning for something? Had the sea taken away from her someone that she had loved, who had loved her? The thought stung Dick intolerably. When he spoke to her he realized that his voice sounded angry, grim.

"We have got to come to some understanding," he said. "Will you let me ask you some questions?"

Ninon looked up at him. She could not say what had prompted her to act as she had acted last night. To be untruthful had grown to be almost second nature to her, and instinctively she always desired to be in the limelight. The story, as the dear old farmer people had evolved it, was romantic, pleasing. A young husband and wife, his struggle to save her. They had been found tied together, and hand against hand, her head pillowed on his heart. She had just let herself stay in the picture, that was all. But the romance, the prettiness of it, could have as little to do with her real life as this garden, old-fashioned, fragrant with old-fashioned flowers, could have to

do with Hammersmith Broadway. Aunt Susan, now, would be in place here. Aunt Susan and her lilacs and her cleanliness. Not Ninon Dobson, with her heavy-scented powders, her green jade beads, and her improper songs. So she looked up at Dick Sutley, and just for a second this shiver of passing regret showed in her eyes.

"What is it you want to know?" she said. "Won't you sit down? Look, Mrs. Gibbs has provided another chair for you—cushions, I'll tell you what I can."

Dick sat down. He tried very hard to keep in hand a most absurd desire to touch her. "I don't want to hurt you," he said. "But there are one or two things I must know. Was there anyone on the boat whom you cared for? Whose loss will mean a great sorrow in your life? Other people have been saved, and it is just possible—"

Ninon's thoughts touched on Bill Samuelson, raving and mouthing, shut up in his cabin. It was very unlikely that anyone had thought of saving him. She shook her head.

"No," she said. "I don't think there is anyone in the world that that description would fit. Oh, wait a minute! I may as well be honest; I do stand quite alone by myself; I am, I suppose, an adventuress." She flashed a quick glance at him. "But that isn't why I did what I did last night," she added.

It was the man who flushed. "I have never for a single second thought it was," he said hotly. "It is so easy to see how it happened. You were dazed; you had been through so much." He frowned, looking away from her, remembering how his hands had fought to thrust her from him. "It was wonderful that you lived through it all."

"Oh, I don't know," Ninon answered. "I expect I am pretty hard to kill. And now, what do you want me to do? You said I was to wait, you know, till you had decided what to do."

Dick caught his breath. The hot words that thronged his lips seemed, on the face of things, so absurd. He wanted her to turn to him; he wanted to gather her into his arms and kiss her chin, her lips, her eyes, with those long dark lashes that hid them! He wanted her to say she loved him, to give him the right to stand between her and the rest of the world. He wanted her to be his wife, to let him love her as men love their wives. And all this he wanted from a girl whom he had only known by sight

for two weeks, whose very appearance he had sternly disapproved of, whose conduct during the last twenty-four hours had certainly been amazing.

When he spoke finally the grimness was still in his voice, holding all those other things at bay.

"I want you to marry me," he said. "It is an unconventional proposal, I am afraid, but how else can I say it? It would seem, wouldn't it"—he hesitated over the words—"sheer madness to talk of love?"

She did not speak or move. The lashes hid her eyes. He could see the breath rising and falling where the blue of her frock drew away from her white throat.

"And yet," he went on quickly, "I don't want you to think it's a mere conventional desire to save our names that makes me do this. Last night, when I had finished fighting my fight with the waves, when I thought I knew that the end had come, I remember putting out my hand and touching your lips, your eyes, your hair. You had floated beside me so still and so quiet for so long, I thought you were already dead. It was this thought that came to me then"—his voice dropped a little; unknown to himself his hands clenched on the arms of his chair so that his knuckles showed up white—"it is on this thought that I speak now. 'If we had lived,' my thoughts said, 'I should have loved her.'"

"Love," said Ninon. Her veiled eyes studied his hands. He spoke for the moment held in the grip of some passion. His hands gave him away, for all the careful mastery of his voice. She had so often met passion before and hated it. "You mean," she said—she lifted her eyes to look at him—"that because you rather like the way my hair grows, or the turn of my head, or the colour of my eyes, you want to marry me, knowing nothing about me. It's very unwise, isn't it?"

She seemed to be mocking him. Dick frowned. "I don't know," he said, "except that if I came to you to talk of love I don't know that I would bring those things in. I would love you for yourself, wouldn't I? Not for your hair or lips or eyes."

"So, not knowing me, you cannot love," said Ninon. "Yet you are asking me to marry you. Well, I for one have very little belief in love, so that its absence is not such a stumbling block as you might think. My friend"—she spread out small white hands and shook away the petals of

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a flower she had been destroying—"I am afraid I have small respect for love."

"Which shows that you know very little about it," Dick answered, and his voice was quite ridiculously glad.

"And to go on with," said Ninon slowly—she was really seeking for the truth in her nature to show this man—"I do want to marry someone. "Life, my life, has been very hideous to me lately. I have told you I stand quite alone, and it's true. My father was killed in France, my mother died a month ago in Cape Town. Oh, it's no ga, ing wound! I hardly knew my mother. She was on the stage, and she ran away from father and me nineteen years ago. I was brought up by Aunt Susan, father's sister." She laughed a little. "Aunt Susan now belongs to your world—grim respectability, clean sheets, and lots of tooth-paste. She was never very fond of me, and I—I used to think I hated her, but I don't know. I have hated this other life of untidiness and dirt, and not quite niceness, much worse. I am on the stage, too, you know." She turned to look at him again. "I have been—well, quite a success. I can sing nasty songs without showing that I understand them."

It was pity that came uppermost in him then. He put a quick hand on hers. "My dear," he said, "you have had a very hard time."

Ninon gave a little shiver, drawing her hands away. "You see," she said, "how-

ever chivalrous you feel, you had really better not ask me to marry you, because I shall probably do it."

"Well," he said doggedly—he was dogged, for common sense told him he was being extraordinarily unwise—"I have asked you; naturally I want you to accept. You've told me about yourself. This is how I stand. I have been abroad for twelve years—East Africa; I've got a farm there; I've built it and made it. There aren't any skeletons in my life—I'd dig them up for you if there were—except that I practically killed my father, that is, those twelve years ago. He hoped for so much from me, and I messed things up at college. Got sent down. He died the afternoon I was celebrating my mistake. It sobered me; we were very fond of each other. I—well, I chucked things and went abroad. There's Alice, my sister, left, about the only person who cares what I do, or how I do it. That's all."

"You'd want me to give up the stage," said Ninon. "Of course you'd want that."

"I think so," Dick nodded. "I'm only home for six months; I am going back; I'd like you to go with me."

"To Africa," she whispered. "Away from everyone, everything. Oh!" She stood upright, her face flushed to sudden eagerness, to vivid beauty. "Yes. Oh, it's yes, yes. I hope we shan't ever be awfully sorry that we were quite mad."

(To be continued)



Almond Blossom

By
Grace Mary Golden

THE winds of March blow angrily,
The winds of March blow keen,
And up and down, where'er they blow,
There's scarce a hint of green.

But like the flush of earliest dawn
In tender summer skies,
A rosy cloud of petals light
Before the tempest flies.

To paint with fairest colour pale
The dawning of the year,
To fill our hearts with joy of hope--
The almond blossom's here!



By

*E. Guy Dawber, Mrs. Coulson Kernahan,
Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Sheila
Kaye-Smith, and the late Ernest Newton, C.B.E., R.A.*

With famous artists' conceptions of Labour-Saving Devices

NOW that quite a small house is almost a necessity of the situation, owing to the difficulty of obtaining domestic assistance and its expense when it is obtained, as well as the dearth of building material and labour, one desires, at least, to get the most for one's money, and there is no better way of getting it than in a perfect combination of beauty and utility.

Of course, there is also to-day a revolt against bigness for bigness' sake. Big, heavy, lumbering houses came into fashion on the wave of industrial wealth during the nineteenth century, when the big factory dominated the little dwellings of the workers in the towns, as the big house of its owner dominated the little cottages of the country folk among whom he dwelt. As a rule, size was its only asset. Beauty it had none, and conveniences few. It was a medley, a maze of stairways and landings and corridors and huge, cold, depressing rooms heavily furnished, as impressive as a town museum and just about as inspiring.

To-day one longs for a dear little house with a dear little garden, where the housework required is a minimum and the comfort obtained a maximum. If one must pay heavily for space and material and furnishing, one would be perfectly content with a little of the very best. Whether any man has ever realized his ideal house in bricks

and mortar and timber and tiles; whether any woman has ever entered, except in her sleep, the door of her dream-house I should greatly doubt. The fact that we do not realize our dreams and ideals gives zest to life. The fun is still in travelling and not in arriving. But there can be no harm in discussing the ideal, the dream, because in aiming at the moon one is much more likely to hit something really lofty than if one only aimed at a street lamp.

Taking this view, I wrote to a few well-known people whom I knew to be interested in houses, asking them what sort of a house they would build and furnish if they were in a position to realize their dreams. Though quite a number of my correspondents fought shy of what they considered a hard question, I got several replies which I think my readers will admit make a real contribution to a question which has a real national application.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence,

who requires no introduction, writes: "In view of your question you may be interested to know that my husband and I have just planned and completed a house of our own in which we have been able to carry out many of our ideals. To begin with, our intention was to have the house so small and compact that it could be comfortably man-

THE QUIVER



G. M. Payne thinks that a Movable Fireplace would be a great acquisition—

aged without any domestic service. We have a kitchen-dining-room with an Inter-oven stove which can be shut up and turned into an oven when necessary, or can be arranged as an open fire. From the kitchen-dining-room hatches were made into a little scullery and also direct into the larder. Drawers for holding cutlery, plate, etc., were so arranged that they could be operated upon either from the kitchen or the scullery.

"The kitchen-dining-room and the sitting-room, which are small in winter and easily kept warm, become larger in summer, as they both open out with folding window doors upon a large tiled veranda.

"The house is heated in winter by radiators, and our water is heated from a separate furnace. We make our own electric light. Cooking is still further simplified by the possession of a 'Blue Flame' oil stove (there is no gas in the locality) and by a 'Fuelless' cooker, which is made after the principle of a thermos flask. The dishes, once they have been brought to the boil, can be placed into the 'Fuelless' cooker and left to cook and keep hot until they are needed for the table.

"For our small house in

the heart of the country we had to make our road and bring in water. It has most glorious views, and is far away from everything that is unquiet, but the actual necessities of civilization are as accessible there as in the heart of London.

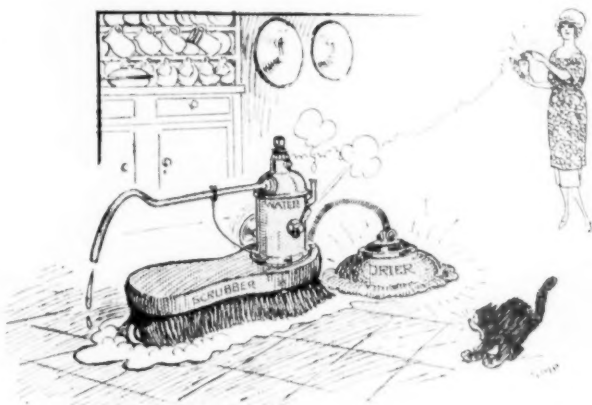
"In my opinion the secret of home-building for the future lies in labour-saving devices and in the personal pride and joy which every member of the family can take in the service of the little community from whose home needless drudgery

has been eliminated."

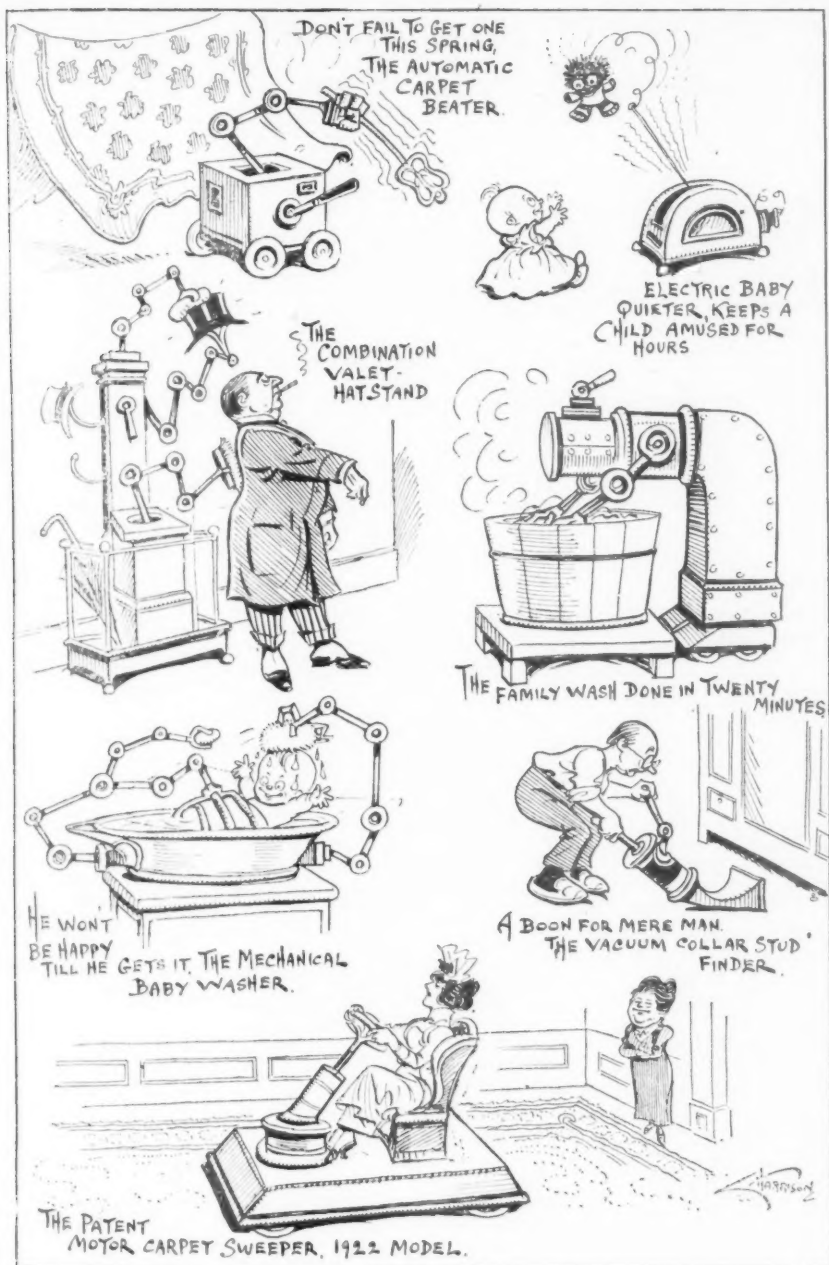
E. Guy Dawber,

the great architect, who is a former president of the Architectural Association as well as of the Royal Institute of British Architects, a great house builder and garden planner as well as an authority on furniture, sends me a most helpful word. He says, in his modesty, "I have no 'ideals,' being, I trust, a practical architect," but as ideals can only be realized, or approached rather, on their practical side, my readers will be glad to hear the views of an expert.

"In building a house the main thing," he



—Also that an Automatic Scrubber would bring peace and contentment to the maids



C. Harrison's Collection of Labour-Saving Devices
(Patent applied for)

THE QUIVER

says, "to be considered is simple, direct, and economical planning, avoiding all wasteful corridors and concentrating these parts of the house where the bulk of the work is done, viz., the kitchens, pantries, stores, larders, etc., so that the service is reduced to a minimum. Unfortunately many of the so-called labour-saving devices of to-day do not take into consideration the human element.

"Rooms where possible should be rectangular, and everything in the way of cosy-corners, ingle-nooks, and dust-collecting places of that sort should be avoided, as nothing more tends to ruin the quiet dignity of a room, however small, than this sort of unnecessary arrangement. Furniture should be simple and good—it pays in the long run. It is better to get copies of well-designed old pieces than to buy meretricious modern stuff. All meaningless ornaments should be rigorously eliminated.

"But after all, common sense is of course the chief factor in building and designing and furnishing a house, and without it no home will ever be satisfactory."

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan,

as all her friends know, has a charming domicile where this gifted woman and her gifted husband are always engaged in trying to do something for somebody else, and where they rightly believe that beautiful

surroundings help to keep the mind and heart in tune.

"Were I planning a house of my own," says Mrs. Kernahan, "I should adopt some of the features of the one I now possess! For instance, tiled floors to my scullery and kitchen, which can be kept always clean; parqueted floors in my living rooms, with Turkish rugs, which can be removed and shaken.

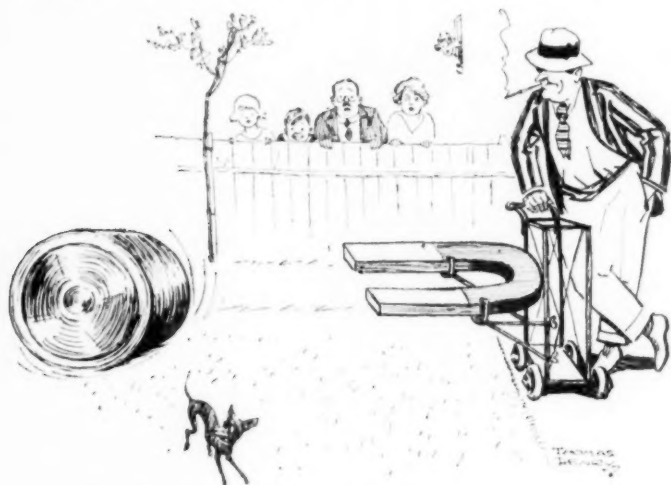
"I would have in every dressing-room a fixed washing-stand where hot and cold water can be obtained at will. To all rooms I should fix anthracite stoves which only require attention twice a day and afford uniform warmth. I would have windows so constructed that cleaning them was not difficult.

"There should be a larder with stone shelves and all-through ventilation, a food-cellar, a wine-cellar, and a coal-cellar.

"Outside there should be a convenient wood-shed. I have several convenient sheds, a motor-shed, a stable, and some others, but I hold that there should be at least one where a bicycle can be stored. I would have (as I have) a square, roomy entrance hall furnished with easy chairs, an old-fashioned settle, a gate-legged table, old armour and curios.

"For my bedrooms I would have cheerful chintz furnishing, which can always be kept fresh and clean, and in each a book-case with books to suit all tastes; and always a good sofa. My house should have only two storeys, as stairs are a nuisance. It should have a broad, galleried landing which serves many purposes, especially if fitted with seats. The great thing to consider, in my opinion, is comfort combined with the diminution of house-work."

The Hon. Mrs. Felkin, better known all the wide world over as—



The Mag. Roller: A Toil-without-Tears Labour-Saving Device, by Thomas Henry

MY DREAM HOUSE

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

replies briefly but very much to the point: "My Ideal House would be warm, and light, and comfortable. It would have a good-sized library (preferably upstairs), lined with books; an old-world garden, and a distant view. All the living rooms would face south. It is said that 'fools build houses and wise men live in them,' and in my ideal home there would be at least a century's difference in age between the fool and the wise man."

One of our younger woman novelists who has very decided opinions upon quite a variety of things is

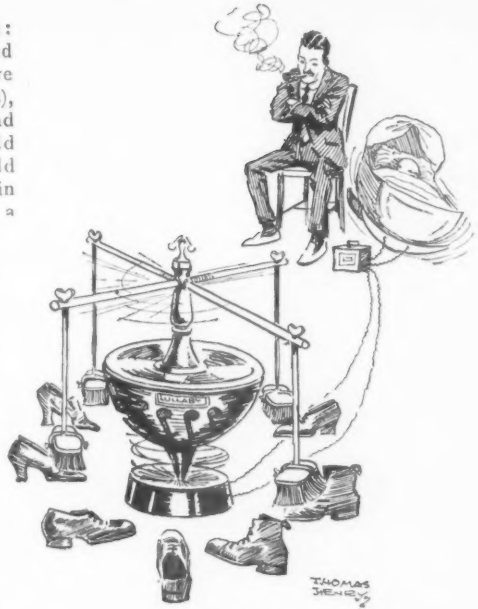
Sheila Kaye-Smith.

and her ideas of ideal houses, her own in particular, do not belie her reputation for knowing her own mind.

"Your letter reached me in the throes of moving," she writes, "and my views on house-furnishing are biased and bitter. All I can tell you about my ideal house is that it is in the country, it is small, it is warm (central heated, but with open fireplaces as well), it has electric light and constant hot water, in fact, 'every modern convenience,' although it is in the depths of the country.

"The rooms of my ideal house are large, and the furniture widely spaced. There is no crowding or knick-knacks. Neither are there any photographs, and very few pictures. The furniture in the bedrooms is of painted wood, a different colour in each room against cream walls. Downstairs I would have good pieces of old oak and walnut, but nothing cumbrous. I would have also comfortable modern arm-chairs, chesterfield and divan. I refuse to sit with a stiff back for the sake of antiquity. My books would be few.

"Outside I would have a small flower garden and a kitchen garden; no tennis or croquet or any sort of game. But I would have a garage—small but not hideous—where I could keep a small car and also a hunter. (My garage, you see, is really a converted stable, and I keep him in the unconverted part!) I would have no servants, in the strict sense of the term, but would be 'done for' by a man and his wife with the help of a woman from the village. The one I really have, by the way—the woman from the village, I mean—is a great gossip and a most delightful person."



A Topping Idea

The electric adjustable musical top polisher. Will polish anything and play any kind of music while you wait.

The late Mr. Ernest Newton,

C.B.E., R.A.,

the well-known architect, a man of much distinction, whose portrait by the late Arthur Hacker, R.A., is in the winter exhibition at Burlington House, expressed a strong interest in this symposium and sent the following contribution to it. A few days after its receipt the papers announced his death. A true artist in domestic architecture, he is a great loss to the community he served so well. He wrote:

"There is perhaps no more fascinating occupation than that of building castles in the air. Most people at some time during their lives indulge in it. Young people, compelled by the force of circumstances to live in uncongenial surroundings, have visions of what they will do when their 'ship comes in.' The man on the point of retiring from work vaguely plans in imagination his future home. For many, alas! the dream is never realized. The architect is, however, more fortunate. He can see visions, dream dreams and translate them into solid facts. The price he

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has to pay for this privilege is that after perhaps half a century devoted to designing ideal homes for other people—for, of course, all his houses are ideal—he has realized so many different dreams that he has no longer a very clear vision of the ideal home for himself. It would be the height of indiscretion to indicate a preference for any one of the houses he has built, but be sure there are one or two in which he would like to live.

"Now, house-designing is by no means only an affair of dreams and visions. To translate these dreams successfully into the hard facts of building requires a long and arduous apprenticeship. Houses which look charming on paper often turn out disastrously when confronted by the stern laws of construction. We should try and dream of them in terms of building. Our materials must largely dictate the shape of our house and consequently its plan. It must be built of the materials of the district. We must be careful not to dream of a stone house for a brick district or of a brick house for a stone country. This is fundamental, and we must either control our dreams or choose another place to live in.

"Certain qualities our ideal house *must* have. It must be soundly built, with stout, solid walls and floors; be light and airy, yet free from draughts. Cool in summer and warm in winter. It should be amply planned and as much thought and care be given to the service part of the house as to the rest. We shall never be happy in the parlour if there is discomfort in the kitchen. Dare it be said that, contrary to traditional belief, an architect is generally more practical and inventive in connexion with the working part of the house—man though he be—than the majority of women, many of

whom appear to have only a very sketchy idea of what is required for comfort and convenience of working.

"Our ideal house ought to fit its site and grow out of it as naturally as a tree grows in a field, and it should be set in a cunningly planned garden full of flowers. We should always aim at simplicity and avoid, above all things, any tendency to freakishness or the fantastic. Before we begin to dream let us look about us and see what the old house builders did. There is nothing in the world more beautiful than the old English country houses and cottages. We may not perhaps wrest from them the secret of their beauty, but we shall, by careful study, learn much and avoid the danger of our dream turning into a nightmare caused by a mass of undigested and ill-assorted 'features' picked up at haphazard."

Strangely enough not one of my correspondents talks of any special arrangements for the children. I recall, for instance, Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.—the designer of the Cenotaph—telling me that he would put in all houses "creeping windows," as he called them, that is, windows so low, so near the floor, that baby, crawling and creeping about, could look out at the green world, or, indeed, at anything out of doors, and thus begin at a very early age to enlarge its "outlook" upon life. And that always since has seemed to me to be a great idea.

The fact is, that if the dream-house is built for children it is far more likely to be a success than if built entirely with a view to the convenience of the grown-ups. My dream-house would make the nursery the starting point, and I would make everything work up and down to that.

You should read Mr. Roscoe's fascinating story, and description of the beliefs and home life of the tribes in the Uganda Protectorate. About 105 illustrations and map.

THE SOUL OF CENTRAL AFRICA

A General Account of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition

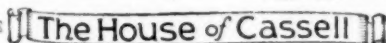

By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE, Hon. M.A.(Camb.)

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The House of Cassell

THE INDIAN CARPET

By F.E. Penny



OLIVE MAYFIELD entered her husband's smoking-room with joy written all over her pretty face.

"Hallo, old dear! Had a fortune left you, or have you found the perfect cook at last?" he asked with a smile.

His young wife's strokes of good luck were always so wonderful until the details were mastered; then rapture and jubilation had to be modified. It was some time now since she had had a find, as she called it. Her last, that *rara avis* a tortoiseshell tom-cat, like another of that ilk belonging to a lady of title, had thoroughly disappointed her by presenting her with kittens two months after its introduction into the family.

Olive took all the rebuffs of fortune like an angel. As she herself said, she could not do otherwise, when John behaved so sweetly over her failures. He never reproached her, even though they sometimes cost him a pretty penny. He only smiled; and his smile was most lovable.

"No, no, John; not a cook this time, but a carpet. Just the very thing for the drawing-room. Since we moved into a larger house I've always said that our present carpet is too small for the room. It would do splendidly for this, and would smarten you up no end, besides making the room warmer."

"Rather a tall order for my pocket, darling," commented John. "A carpet the size you want would be at least a hundred pounds in these days."

"If it were new," she rejoined quickly. "But not nearly so much second-hand. Just listen to this." She read from the newspaper she carried: "Unusual bargain. Drawing-room carpet for sale. A first-class Indian carpet, twenty-three by thirty feet, in perfect order.

Made originally for a rajah in one of the best Indian carpet factories. Beautiful deep pile. As good as new. Conventional pattern. Shades of chestnut brown on soft jade green ground. Price——" She looked at her husband as she paused. "Well, guess what the price is! You never will if you try for a week!"

"Two or three hundred pounds, if all the advertisement says is true; and that would be cheap."

"Ten! Only ten pounds!" said Olive, her eyes shining in anticipation of its acquisition. "Think of it! One couldn't get the commonest drugget for ten pounds, that size. The carpet will cover the whole of the floor, and we can do away with the necessity for the felt slips along the wainscot."

"There must be some fake about it," said John. "Indian carpets of the right sort cost no end of a lot of money. One of that size would take years in the weaving. Its worth, if genuine, is more like six to eight hundred pounds. Twenty-three by thirty, did you say? It's a tremendous size for an Indian carpet. I think there must be some mistake. A naught has been omitted. It should have read a hundred pounds."

"Wrong, dear old bean! Look! read for yourself. It is printed in words, not figures."

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She pointed to the two words "ten pounds" and relapsed into silence.

"Where is the carpet?" he asked presently.

"The address is a private one, and not that of a tradesman. The house is near Victoria Station."

"I wonder if the owner would let you look at it. It would be as well to see it before buying. At the same time you might be clever enough to get an inkling of why it is being sold. You're rather smart at worming out information. That pretty little face of yours invites confidence, as I found to my cost."

There was a little interlude, in which he inspected at close quarters the fascinating little face that had lured him on to his fate. Presently they gave their attention once more to business, as Olive balanced herself on the arm of the deep, roomy lounge on which John sat when he smoked.

"You don't mind ten pounds, do you, dearest?" she asked.

"I can go that amount all right, but I can't run to a hundred; at least, not just after our return from Cowes."

"If it's a hundred, of course I'll leave it. I'll write to the advertiser and ask if I may look at it. No; on second thoughts I'll 'phone. If it's a bargain, as the lady says, it will be snapped up at once."

Olive sprang away from her perch. She did everything in a breezy rush. That very afternoon saw her at the address given. It was barely three o'clock, the hour she had promised to call; but the owner of the carpet, a Mrs. Bellairs, was ready to receive her.

Mrs. Bellairs was a smartly dressed woman in black. The house, a large building in a wide road, showed no lack of means. The drawing-room was upstairs, a fine large room extending from front to back. It showed every sign of having been fitted without sparing of expense.

The curtains were of a soft plain green material broadly bordered with russet brown. They were distinctly restful to the eye. The same notes of colour had been introduced into the upholstery of chairs and sofas. The general effect reminded her of a wood on a sunny day in late summer when the leaves of the trees were assuming their autumn tints and the air was fresh with heavy dew.

The carpet she walked over, as she advanced to meet her hostess, was like soft

mooss. Her foot sank into it as she trod. It had a green ground. Mrs. Bellairs in her advertisement had called it jade. It was a very subdued jade, the tint of the real stone, and far removed from the popinjay green that masqueraded as jade at that time. The pattern was as described—conventional. Patches of browns ran in diagonal rows across and across the green.

"I have called to see the carpet you advertise," said Olive with her sweetest smile.

"I am so glad you have come. I should so hate to sell you anything that you had not fully examined for yourself," was the gentle reply. "This is the Indian carpet that I wish to part with."

Mrs. Bellairs waved her hands round to indicate the extent and breadth. It reached to the very walls of her drawing room.

"It is a beauty, a real beauty!" exclaimed Olive with enthusiasm as she pressed her foot into the elastic pile.

"There isn't a hole or a worn spot in it; nor is it in any way discoloured. Do walk over it and examine every corner. You can still distinguish the original folds made when it was packed at the factory."

Mrs. Bellairs began to push the smaller pieces of furniture out of the way. She seemed extremely anxious that nothing should be hidden from Olive's view.

"Please, don't trouble!" cried Olive.

"I should not complain if the carpet did show marks of wear and tear at the price you are asking."

"It hasn't a spot or a blemish, I assure you. I keep little bags of camphor at the edges, and there is a moth-proof felt under the whole of it."

"You didn't mention the felt in the advertisement."

"No; because it is included in the ten pounds."

Olive read the sadness in Mrs. Bellairs' eyes as she replied to her trivial questions about the carpet. Her pity was roused; but with the diffidence of a stranger she hesitated about showing it.

"I suppose, like the rest of us, you suffered in the late war," she said softly.

"I lost a husband and two sons," Mrs. Bellairs replied. "And you?"

"A favourite brother; but it does not do to brood over these things. We cannot bring our dear ones back. Now, about the carpet," continued Olive, breaking away from a subject that would not yet bear discus-

THE INDIAN CARPET

sion. "I am very much attracted. It will just go into my room, which is not unlike this. And it will tone in with the colour scheme of the rest of the fittings." She turned to Mrs. Bellairs in a manner that rarely failed to win the confidence of her hearer. "Would you mind telling me why you are parting with it?"

Mrs. Bellairs smiled faintly as she answered.

"It seems rather a foolish reason, but—I am so sick of the pattern."

"The pattern!" repeated Olive in surprise. "To me it is charming. The soft green ground is like moss, and the conventional irregular patches remind me of little heaps of autumn leaves just swept up ready to be removed, with all the jetsam of the autumn—twigs, and dry grass, and dead stalks. I never saw anything quite like it."

Mrs. Bellairs listened, and when Olive had ended she walked to one of the windows and drew up the blind as far as it would go. It let in a flood of sunshine.

"It is a thoroughly Indian pattern in character as well as colouring," said Mrs. Bellairs. "It was never intended for an English room."

"What is its history?"

"I bought it of a man who had been some years in the service of a rajah. The rajah ordered two carpets; one was for his palace for one of the rooms in the zenana, the other he gave to his English secretary. When the recipient of this magnificent gift retired to England he could not afford to live in a house in which such a carpet could find a place, so he sold it."

Olive did not like to ask the price. Mrs. Bellairs half answered the unspoken question.

"I gave a great deal more than I am asking; but money is no object to me—now, and you can have it for ten pounds if you care to take it."

"It is giving it away!" cried Olive. "However, I ought to admit at once that I cannot afford to pay you anything like its value," she added, still doubting the reality of her good luck.

"Call it what you like; I am pleased to let you have it. You are quite sure that you like its colour?"

"It will suit my drawing-room exactly."

"And the pattern?"

"Most restful and unobtrusive."

Mrs. Bellairs showed signs of amusement at these terms.

"You have never been in India, I suppose?" she remarked.

"Never; nor my husband."

"And yet you like Indian carpets!"

"Why not? I always admire the beautiful, whether it comes from abroad or is a home production. I should like to have this carpet if you are really prepared to part with it."

"It is yours, and I hope you may continue to like it. It is certainly of the very best quality."

Olive opened her hand-bag and took out a note for ten pounds.

"May I pay you now?" she asked, thinking it wise to secure the wonderful bargain at once.

"As you like; anyway, I will send the carpet to-morrow without fail. You must get a man to put it down for you."

Mrs. Bellairs went to her writing-table and wrote out a receipt. Olive presently departed. In the hall she encountered two dark gentlemen with a strong Jewish cast of face.

"We have called about the carpet that we looked at this morning, madam," said one of them to Mrs. Bellairs, who had come with Olive to the door.

"It is sold," she replied.

The speaker seemed disappointed. He looked at his companion, who spoke.

"We will give you more than the sum you asked in your advertisement," he said.

"It is paid for and the transaction is finished."

They turned to Olive, guessing that she was the purchaser.

"Would you be inclined, madam, to deal with us?" the older man said. "We will give you a bonus of five pounds on your purchase—fifteen pounds."

"I wouldn't part with the carpet if you offered me fifty!" she cried.



"Congratulate you, old girl!" said John warmly, as he stood with his wife in the centre of their drawing-room admiring the new carpet. Mrs. Bellairs had been prompt in dispatching it. She seemed in an unaccountable hurry to get it out of the house. The men who laid it and removed the old one to the smoking-room were loud in their praises of it. They assured Olive that it was worth five hundred pounds if it was worth a penny. One could not buy a new carpet of that kind for the sum. In these

THE QUIVER

days it would probably cost nearly a thousand pounds if made to order. Not a spot of discoloration or of wear could they find. It was as perfect in every respect as if it had come straight from the factory.

"You've hit it off this time, darling, and you'll have the laugh against us for doubting your capacity for bargains."



"She sank into a chair and gave herself up to helpless laughter"

"Isn't the colour delightful, John? The carpet might have been made for the room. It matches curtains and furniture exactly. I shall never get tired of its soft greens and auburn browns."

So proud was Olive of her new purchase that she could not refrain from drawing the attention of her friends to it when they came to call. She was much gratified at the congratulations she received, and at the envy some openly showed at her bit of good luck, as they called it, when she related

the history of how it had come into her possession.

One day John's old friend Colonel Dupont called. He had retired after many years' service in India, and was living at his club. After telling the story of her find, she asked him to examine it more closely. The colonel, who had a discerning eye for a pretty woman, had not looked much farther than his hostess's face. At her bidding his gaze was duly directed to the floor.

Suddenly he stooped forward, stuck his glass in his eye, and then looked over the thick Indian pile with a strange expression of recognition.

"By George! Bless my soul! Great Scott!" he exclaimed, catching his breath in a frantic endeavour to restrain his emotion.

"What's the matter?" inquired Olive, her curiosity roused.

"Nothing! Nothing!" he spluttered, his face flushing to the roots of his white hair.

"Don't you like my carpet?" asked Olive with a touch of indignation. "It's Indian; real Indian of the very best make."

"Oh, yes, I can see that!" he replied. "It's thoroughly Indian. No mistake about that!"

Then to her astonishment he burst into a fit of helpless laughter he tried in vain to control. When he could speak he did his best to explain his extraordinary conduct. He assured her that a carpet he had seen in India with a pattern of the same character had had a joke connected with it, the memory of which always made him laugh. She must forgive him. His sense of humour had got him into difficulties before now. He proceeded to relate a story of an occasion when he had laughed at the wrong moment and brought punishment upon himself. Very shortly after this untimely display of mirth the colonel took his leave.

When John came home from the City she

Illustration by
G. E. B. & Co.

THE INDIAN CARPET

told him of Colonel Dupont's strange behaviour. He pooh-poohed her theory that there might be something wrong about the carpet.

"I don't like people to make fun of my new purchase and laugh at my beautiful carpet," she said.

"If there had been anything wrong about it, ridiculous or otherwise, Colonel Dupont would have told you. He knows you well enough."

"Club men are never confidential. They learn in the club to mind their own business and not trouble themselves about other people's affairs. I'll ask Mrs. Mostyn to tea. She was twenty-five years in India, and she will know at once if there is anything wrong."

Mrs. Mostyn came and listened while she drank her tea. She was short-sighted, and until she put on her pince-nez she could not examine the mysterious carpet closely.

"The colour is delightful, so quiet and restful, and yet rich in its tones. I can't see anything wrong with it. Unless I am very much mistaken you have a rare bargain in it."

The tea was at an end, and Olive drew the tea-table aside. She also pulled up the blinds and let in all the light she could. Mrs. Mostyn put on her glasses and walked over the soft pile. Suddenly she stopped and, like Colonel Dupont, bent low over it.

"Well, I never! My word!"

She turned round two or three times, gazing this way and that, her eyes scrutinizing the pattern which only a few minutes ago she had described as quiet and restful.

"Good gracious! Bless my soul! No! Well, really! I never did!"

And then she sank into a chair and gave herself up to helpless laughter. Olive stood before her with hands clasped in an agony of impatient, bewildered inquiry.

"Oh, do explain! Do tell me what's wrong with it! What is there about the carpet that surprises you and then makes you laugh? You're as bad as Colonel Dupont. I shall not let you go out of the house till you tell me the truth, the whole truth."

"I'll explain! Oh, I'll tell you everything as soon as I can get my breath," replied Mrs. Mostyn, mopping her eyes and struggling to regain her voice. "It's the pattern, my dear. Look at it!"

"I have looked at it. It is Indian, and very conventional; no fruit and leaves, no flowers and trails; only a few stray stalks

and straws just to break the formality of the medallions."

"Conventional!" echoed Mrs. Mostyn derisively. "There's nothing conventional about it. It's natural, horribly natural. Can't you see what these brown things are? No; of course you can't! You've never been to India, and you don't know these appalling creatures by sight!" She pointed to a figure eighteen inches long and eight across. "That is a dreadful spider called a jerrymungalum. It has long legs and runs incredibly fast over the bamboo mats."

Mrs. Mostyn began to laugh again as she recalled the memory of her bare-legged servants prancing and stamping over the dining-room floor of her Indian bungalow in their vain endeavours to crush the obnoxious spider under their large, flat feet.

"That," she said, pointing to another shape furnished with long, slender "stalks," "that is a real tarantula. Its bite is a serious matter. Its legs are hairy, as you see. Oh, no! those excrescences are not thorned twigs; they are true tarantula legs." She pointed to a third, an oval form with shorter legs. "That's a dog-tick, a full-grown dog-tick, an abominable parasite on every Indian dog."

"And this small diamond-shaped thing?" asked Olive, pointing to the last of the quartette that covered her carpet from end to end.

Mrs. Mostyn shuddered as she came close to Olive and whispered in her ear:

"That's a bug—neither more nor less; the loathsome creature! They are all magnified, but imitated to the life. I couldn't live with such a collection of poochees, I really couldn't! No wonder Mrs. Bellairs was glad to get rid of the carpet and let you have it for a song. The carpet is not fit for a drawing-room. It might do for a billiard-room, where it would be hidden under the table and never seen by daylight, except by the housemaid. The whole floor is covered by the creepy-crawly things. They would give me the jimjams. Like Mrs. Bellairs, you must get rid of your lovely Indian carpet as soon as possible, or it will breed nightmare."

It was a sorrowful, crestfallen Olive who stood at her husband's side in the middle of her beautiful drawing-room that evening. All the electric lights were turned on as she opened his eyes to the true figuration on the carpet.

"Well, I'm——"

THE QUIVER

"Don't say it, John! I know. We both feel it, so it need not be spoken."

"I'm awfully sorry. Look here, darling," said John, as he caught sight of a single tear that escaped and rolled down Olive's dainty nose. "I'll tell you what I'll do. By hook or by crook I'll raise the needful, and you shall go to the stores and order yourself just what you fancy. I'll limit you to a hundred and fifty pounds. Will that do?"

"You're the dearest and best of husbands in the world, John; but you wait a bit. I haven't room for two carpets. I must get rid of this first."

"Send it to the parish rummage sale! Here, I say, let's turn out the lights and get away to the smoking-room. Now I know the meaning of these brown splodges, I can't stand them, anyhow. They'll get on my nerves before long."

A few days later an advertisement appeared in a daily paper, offering for sale a magnificent Indian carpet woven by order of a rajah to form a princely gift to a man who had served him well. Too large for recipient's house. Suitable for a billiard-room. Cost eight hundred pounds. Owner willing to part with it for six hundred pounds. To be seen at the address below between the hours of ten and four.

The day after the advertisement appeared, a tall, thin, alert man with an American accent called and asked to be allowed to look at the carpet. He put his head wisely on one side as Olive expatiated on the softness and the colouring. She also pointed out the restful nature of the conventional russet brown pattern on the fashionable jade ground.

The American was so much occupied with looking at her pretty face that he paid little attention to the details of the brown diamond and lozenge-shaped medallions, modified with fringes of tendrils, otherwise

the jointed legs of the obnoxious insects. His quick eye had noted that the carpet was as good as new and in perfect condition; that it was of the finest texture and softest pile; and that its greens and browns were likely to wear well.

He explained that he was furnishing a large house in the West End of London for an American millionaire. He had been unable to find a ready-made carpet such as he required for the billiard-room. This would suit him admirably. How soon could she let him have it? She replied that he could remove it the next morning, if he would send his men for it.

"Good!" was the reply. "And I guess I'd better give you a cheque at once if you will kindly make out a receipt."

The transaction was concluded, and Olive could hardly control her exuberant joy as she bowed her visitor out, with many promises to keep her word.

John thought his wife had gone clean off her head as he watched the ecstatic *pas seul* she executed round him in the hall on his arrival home that evening. She flourished a slip of paper triumphantly in his face.

"Steady on, old girl!" he said, catching her gyrating figure with a strong, firm arm. "Let's look at what you've got there."

"It's a cheque for six hundred pounds!"

"My hat! A legacy?"

"No; I've sold the carpet. So my bargain was good, after all!"

Since the transaction no advertisement has appeared of a beautiful Indian carpet for sale, and Olive is morally certain that the ghastly collection of creeping things is still in the American's town house. Mercifully it is hidden from view under the millionaire's billiard-table. The players who pace round the table are far too keen watching the balls to have any eyes for the horrors underfoot.



The Revival of Home Life

By
Marie
Harrison

IT was Samuel Butler who, in "The Way of all Flesh," made the most stinging criticism of home life that a man has ever made.

He was writing of his own time, of those late Victorian days in which common family life was glorified by convention, and feared by those whose courage was not great enough for escape. It is little cause for surprise that in the burst of freedom which followed the end of the Victorian regime there should have been a gradual weakening of the chains of home life, and finally, with the beginning of the present reign, an almost dangerous decay in the domestic traditions of the country.

The End of the Reaction

That reaction was bound to come, but I believe that we have seen the end of it.

The late Victorians believed that each family should be a self-contained unit which should not be broken except by the action of some member who wished by marriage to carry on the customs of home life elsewhere. The early Georgians, in their newly discovered freedom, believed that home life was unutterably dull; they broke away from the parental home, so that just before the war you could often find a father and mother living in some large house, with their sons in bachelor chambers, and their daughters in flats or hostels for working women.

We are now coming, I think, to a compromise between these two extremes.

Perhaps it needed the fires of war to give us a new vision of family life. I think many young men, facing the end of all beauty and family affection in fields of war, wished that they had made a better thing of home life, that many parents decided that "after the war" they, too, would make a delight and a joy of their home and create fresh family customs.

Dreams Coming True

Well, here we are in the after-war period, and all around me I see signs that some of these dreams are coming true.

There is as much freedom as ever there was, but it is a considerate freedom. The experience of a young professional woman I know is worth giving as an example of our changed times. She said to me:

"After my student days were over and I was earning money, I thought that nothing would be more delightful than to have a flat of my own. I found one and furnished it and set up a self-contained life. It answered pretty well for a time. Then I became ill and I longed for those little gentle services and kindnesses that one gets only at home. After my recovery I had to work fairly hard, and I used to wonder if, after all, it wasn't really jollier to see a welcoming face in the old home at the end of the day's toil than to return to a cold and empty and desolate flat.

"Eventually I decided that I would see if I couldn't have my freedom within the limits of home."

My friend went on to say that she made the experiment, and that it had succeeded splendidly. She rented a large room in her father's house and had it fitted with a gas fire at her own expense. It made a very charming and comfortable bed-sitting-room, and its privacy was honourably observed by every member of the family.

The lack of respect for other people's privacy has been at the root of most home-life failures. There comes a time in every young woman's life when she really does dislike her younger sisters or even her mother to borrow her possessions without permission, to pop in and out of her bedroom as if it were a communal room, to question every odd half-hour spent alone in its inviting secrecy.

It would take a very large house indeed to give every member a private suite of rooms, and in London flats most bedrooms have to be shared. But in all those large terrace houses and cosy suburban villas it is generally possible to give each member of the family a bedroom, and even the smallest room can be made attractive if there is any confidence that its character as a private room will be respected.

THE QUIVER

A communal house of bed-sitting-rooms solves the problem. The daughter who wants to ask her friends in for a talk or a coffee party need not have the drawing-room fire lighted or share the sitting-room with her parents. She has her own little flatlet. The young sons who want to entertain can do so in a similar fashion, and no one's comfort is imperilled. It seems to me that this is quite the ideal arrangement for modern houses, and its economy is obvious. If the joint expenses of the household are shared by each working member a greater degree of efficiency and comfort is possible than would be the case if the burden of maintenance fell solely on the parents' shoulders.

Far more important as a help to happiness in home life, however, is the individual life which so many middle-aged people live to-day. Their physical powers a little diminished, they need rest and comfort, but mentally very many of them are as alive as ever they were.

Indeed, one often finds that fathers and mothers assume a greater vitality just about the time when their children are making careers for themselves, and this is very evident in the case of modern women.

Middle Life Freedom

There is no woman more pathetic or lonely than the mother who, having given her best years to her children, finds herself at fifty or sixty with her occupation gone. In Victorian times such a woman would have settled to knitting or painting or charitable work, or absorbed herself in unnecessary household duties. To-day she sees in this greater freedom the opportunity to revive long-dormant interests, to develop this or that hobby of old days, to read seriously, perhaps to study a new language or learn again the craft of the piano.

I know of a housewives' class in a Western London suburb composed of middle-aged women who set to work to learn Italian so that they could read Dante in the original. This class was run by the Workers' Educational Association, and though the Association has no direct object in brightening home life it achieves that object nevertheless. The more interests a man or woman has the greater the individual happiness. Parents who have their own interests, as distinguished from those of their children, are able to introduce a new spirit into home life. Their children do not

feel called upon to entertain them; there is wide room for discussion when mother is interested in music and father in architecture and John in engineering and Mary in child-welfare work.

Home Happiness

You will find the truth of this in actual experience if you look to the homes you know. Where there are the largest number of individual interests there is the widest measure of happiness.

So many women throw away those golden years of middle age. Ah! what a tragedy it is. These years should not be years of emptiness, but of fullness. The need for incessant maternal watching has gone; the physical needs of the children have diminished. They have their friends, their work, their hobbies. No reason here, surely, for depression, but rather for the opening out of new fields of useful and unfamiliar service to women who have so often regretted that their mother duties made most other things impossible.

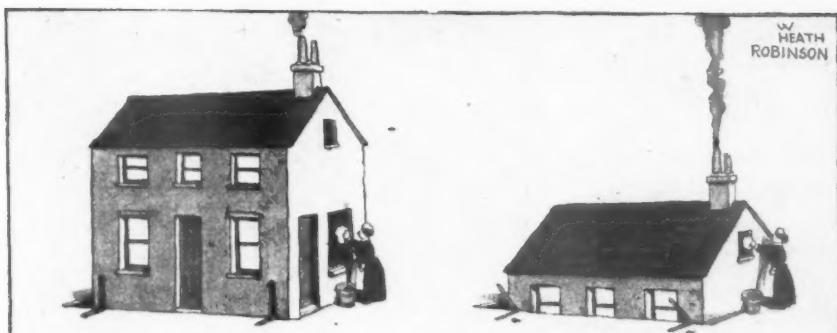
There are other reasons working for the rebuilding and revival of home life, and among them is, I am very sure, that spirit of reverence for Christian teaching which in itself is one of the most remarkable revivals of the time. I think very large numbers of men and women, old and young, have come to realize that, after all, the family life of an English home which has accepted all the beauty and the inspiration of the Christian code of morality is a treasure worth keeping. The tendency in future will not be to break up the family as early as possible, but to conserve it as long as possible.

In Victorian days young people were very very young and old people were very very old. To-day the youngest amongst us has some of the wisdom of the old, and the oldest some of the enthusiasm of youth. The bridge between old and young was never so short as it is to-day. We are at the ideal moment for reshaping and remodelling our home life.

Respect for privacy, the creation and development of individual as distinct from common interests, the growing companionship between parents and children, and the coming back to the old but ever-new ideal of Christian life—these are the forces which are gradually bringing to our country a better and a happier home life than it has ever known.

My Dream House

By W. HEATH ROBINSON



Ingenious provision for facilitating the cleaning of bedroom windows



The Shūle Stair for bringing things down from the bedrooms

In An Office

An Unusual Love Story

By

Aidan de Gernon

"OH, Mr. Carrington," said Miss Verrall, pausing, notebook in hand, as she rose from her chair.

Horace Carrington looked up with a start from a bundle of letters referring to a complicated deal in coffee with which he had started to grapple directly he had finished his dictation.

"Yes, Miss Verrall?" he said courteously, but in the tone of a man to whom moments are precious.

"I was wondering, Mr. Carrington, whether you'd mind my having to-morrow and Thursday off. My aunt, who's my only near relative, has just died down in Shropshire, and I wanted to attend her funeral."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, Miss Verrall. In fact, if it would be of any assistance to you in your—" He hesitated, seeing it was only an aunt, to say "bereavement" or even "grief," and, being accustomed to associate the demise of uncles and aunts with legacies, he hardly considered "loss" an appropriate term. So he continued, after a slight pause, "If you would care to, by all means stop away until Monday."

"Oh, no, Mr. Carrington," said Miss Verrall. "It's very kind of you, but I shall be back on Friday morning. You see," she added, turning round after she had gone a pace or two towards the door, "it is quite a little village where my aunt was living. And when I used to go down there on my holidays I found the people rather—rather difficult to get on with." And she went out to her own room next door.

Carrington, after she had gone, found the file of the Morocco coffee transaction singularly devoid of interest. He leant back in his chair and actually allowed himself to become human within office hours—an unprecedented occurrence. Miss Verrall had been his personal typist and unofficial confidential secretary for over two years without his realizing that she possessed a separate existence apart from her notebook and typewriter. The fact of her having an aunt—who, moreover, had just died, after having lived in the country—suddenly

transformed her from a machine to a human being in his eyes.

"Mr. Horace," as the export director of Carringtons' was usually known in the office, was a precise, almost lawyerlike man of a little over thirty, who regarded the mixed mass of humanity of which his staff was composed very much as an engine-driver regards the cocks and pistons and valves of his locomotive. Yet he showed towards individual members of his staff a certain detached kindliness. So, as he lay back in his chair, gazing absently at the photograph of one of Carringtons' tea plantations in Ceylon, he found himself wondering what manner of life such a girl as Miss Verrall must lead. What was it they were paying her? Oh, three-ten, a very good salary for a girl in these days. Still, she was worth it. Besides, it must be none too easy to live on a sum like that. He himself lived in a house at Putney with an old housekeeper—couldn't stick living with the governor after he was about twenty-five; fine old boy, the governor, but treated them all like children; even his sister Alice, who was close on forty, couldn't go anywhere for the evening without letting her father know.

But, though he only gave a perfunctory glance through the tradesmen's books at the beginning of each month, he knew that a pound didn't go very far in these days. Must be a squeeze for her to buy clothes. Yet she always seemed well dressed, so far as he could recollect. Good-looking girl, too; pretty hair and nice eyes. Suppose she'd be getting married some day. Probably a City clerk—house in a long terrace somewhere—sewing, sweeping, scrubbing, children. . . .

It seemed a pity. But that was how things were. You couldn't expect to alter the world.

Next morning, coming up in the tube, Carrington suddenly laid down the *Daily Telegraph* he was reading. Good heavens, Miss Verrall wouldn't be at the office when he arrived! Every morning during the last

two years, when he'd hung up his hat and settled down to the morning's mail, there had been a knock from the side door, and she had come in with a bunch of letters that he'd dictated the previous night before leaving. Even her holidays had always been fixed to coincide with his, though, of course, she only got a fortnight, while he took three or four weeks as a rule, sometimes longer.

He supposed he'd have to get another typist from somewhere in the office and make shift with her for the next two days. Beastly nuisance! Who was there? Oh, of course, Vyner was away, and his typist would probably be knitting jumpers in the firm's time. He'd have to take her, as the governor would get into one of his gouty fits if he were to choose somebody else and upset the office routine.

He couldn't recollect clearly which was Vyner's typist at present; they varied so much. Sure to be some pert hussy, overdressed and talkative. However, he'd pretty soon show her that he wasn't Vyner or Vyner's sort.

On Friday morning, a little after nine, Sylvia Verrall was rearranging her papers and setting her typewriter at its exact angle after the dislocation caused by the temporary occupation of her room during her absence, when Miss Bates came in. Miss Gladys Bates was Vyner's typist, a young lady with smart stockings, liberally displayed, and an equally liberal display of neck.

"Hullo, Sylvia, old bean!" she cried in her shrill treble, attuned to what she considered the correct twang and drawl necessary to impress the world with the fact that she was a mixer in smart society, as indeed she considered herself to be, seeing that her brother (at present a shipping clerk in Carringtons) bore the cachet of ex-officerdom, and was invariably referred to by his friends and relatives outside the office as Lieutenant Bates; and their circle of friends since the war had been rigorously confined to families in which temporary commissions had been held.

"So you've turned up!" said Miss Bates, sitting on the corner of the table and swinging her legs. "Fraid you might have stretched it over the week-end—I should have done. Not sorry you've blown in, though. 'Bout fed up with your Mr. Horace, even after two days. You're welcome to him. I can't stand a fellow who treats a girl like a piece of furniture and

shuts her up directly she opens her mouth. Seems to think us girls are dirt under his feet."

"I don't think he bothers about us at all," said Sylvia, smiling.

"No, he's the sort that thinks too much of himself."

"He's not like your Mr. Vyner, anyway, with his ties and spats and cuff-shooting," cried Sylvia, her sense of loyalty stung by Miss Bates' sneers at her chief, for whom she had a genuine respect, mingled with considerable regard.

"Oh, you'd better hurry up and marry him," retorted Miss Bates spitefully. "It's time he was looking out for a wife at his age, and you should know what he's worth to a thousand or two."

"Cat!" murmured Sylvia, with reddened cheeks, after Miss Bates had flung out of the room at the appropriate curtain of a parting stab. "I suppose she's been trying to make love to Mr. Horace. I can imagine her getting jolly well snubbed for her pains if she did. Serve her right, too. Mr. Horace is a gentleman, anyway; not a jumped-up lady-killer like that horrid little Vyner."

Carrington, when he arrived about half an hour later, felt an unwonted sense of expectation as he approached the office. During the past two years he had perhaps never looked at Miss Verrall to see what she was like. Even when he had engaged her he had only, after the manner of British employers, read through her testimonials and asked a few questions as to her shorthand speed and her knowledge of languages. But during the last two days, faced with the irritating contrast of Miss Bates, whose charms clamoured for attention, and who fidgeted incessantly on her chair while he was dictating, there had risen repeatedly before him the image of Sylvia Verrall, with her mass of rich chestnut hair, her wide hazel eyes, kindly and smiling, her straight nose with delicate nostrils, and her mouth, a trifle large, but tenderly curved.

"I hope, Miss Verrall," he found himself saying on that Friday morning, "that you are none the worse for your journey."

"No, Mr. Carrington," she replied, smiling. "But I'm very glad to get back to work again."

He felt a little thrill of delirious pleasure at her last remark. But selecting a letter from the pile before him he began, with his customary warning cough, to dictate.

THE QUIVER

Yet, as his even, colourless voice recited the dry particulars of bales and cases and chests, sprinkled with commercial grammalogues such as "f.o.b." and "c.i.f.," and stilted phrases such as "We have great pleasure in giving to-day's market quotations" and "Your esteemed order will receive prompt attention," he felt himself noting with a fatuous delight the rich sheen of her hair, the soft depths of her warm eyes, the curve of her slender fingers as they grasped the pencil. . . .

He was an essentially honest man even towards himself, and three days later he forced himself to a mental audit. And the balance admitted of no dispute.

He loved her.

To a man so railed in with convention, so ingrown with routine, the realization, despite all its strange delirium of delight, was yet a torture and an agony. The governor, the staff, his friends at the club, even his casual acquaintances in the Lane—from all he would have to expect opposition or ridicule; he must be prepared to be bullied and sneered at. But, gripping the arm of his chair, he clenched his teeth and threw his head back. Let them do their worst. She was worth it.

Yet closely as they were thrown together, their lives seemed leagues apart. And he found it impossible to pave the way to a declaration of love by a growing familiarity of conversation. Always, when on the point of making some casual remark unconnected with business, such as he would have made to any girl he met in ordinary society, he was seized with a dread that his intentions might be misinterpreted. He knew what some business men were like who had girls under them.

There was his co-director, Vyner, for instance, a capable business man, very shrewd and certainly an acquisition to the firm commercially, but a bit of a blackguard at bottom. Always running some girl or other, and, though he took precautions as a rule, sometimes getting himself into a bit of a mess. Goodness, if Sylvia were to take him for a chap like Vyner!

As it was, when he looked at her—and it was becoming increasingly hard for him to avoid doing so as she sat opposite him—he often met her clear brown eyes, conscious that in his own there glowed the red light of passion. And he fancied that on such occasions she frowned a little and her voice assumed a hard note, as if resenting his pre-



"'Excuse me,' said a voice at his shoulder"—p. 523

sumption. Yet he could not endure to let things go on day by day as they were.

She had shut up her book one evening and risen to go to her room when he said, "Miss Verrall, would you mind sitting down for a moment? I have something to say to you."

She turned round and looked at him with an expression half puzzled, half apprehensive. Then she slowly resumed her seat opposite him, leaning forward and clasping her hands on the desk.

He felt the beads of perspiration breaking out on his forehead, though the month was March and the air was chilly. And a leaden weight seemed to be upon his tongue.

"Miss Verrall," he said, his eyes fixed upon an envelope-opener that he twisted in his fingers, "we have known one another for



"Byrne, to my mind, strikes one as a sort of beachcomber" —p. 521

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

some time past. I—you must know by now what sort of man I am. Miss Verrall, I don't know whether you may have guessed it—it has been more and more impossible every day for me to attempt to conceal it any longer; I feel it too deeply—I love you. I may be a little older than you, and perhaps"—he smiled a little wryly—"I may seem to you a little stodgy. But I think I would make you a good husband, for there is nothing in the world I would not do for you."

He stopped, desperately conscious how flat and inadequate his words had been. But for her they had been more than enough. Her interlaced fingers had tightened as he had proceeded till the knuckles stood out in white patches. And her eyes had grown soft and full of pity.

"Oh, Mr. Carrington," she said in a low voice, "I am so sorry. I never guessed what was the matter, though I noticed you had been rather strange lately. If only I could have done something to stop it in time."

"You mean——"

"I mean that it is quite impossible; quite, quite impossible."

He moistened his lips and spoke hurriedly, desperately.

"It may not be possible now, perhaps," he said. "I know it must seem very sudden. But there is no hurry. Leave things as they are for the present. You may gradually come to—to like me a little. And you know that I should never worry or annoy you."

"Oh, it isn't that," she said, tears welling

THE QUIVER

up into her voice, "it isn't that, Mr. Carrington. You see—I must tell you; it's the only way to make you realize how things are. The fact is—I'm engaged already—to a man who is all the world to me. And we are to be married directly we can afford to; very soon if a certain thing comes off. But you won't tell anyone, will you?"

"No," he said in a low voice.

"And you *will* forgive me, won't you, and let things go on as they were before? I have been so happy and contented here, and I have always liked and respected you so much." And she held out her hand to him across the table.

He took it in his and kissed it. And as he did so she felt a hot tear drop on to it. She rose and went hurriedly out to her own room. To her it was a horrible thing to see a dignified, self-contained, sensitive man on the point of breaking down.

Those days that followed, when they were compelled to meet constantly, suppressing their knowledge of one another's feelings under a mask of exaggerated formality, involved an almost intolerable strain. Carrington found himself racking his brains in an attempt to guess who it was that had won this prize, desired by him only to be denied. Some pale-faced clerk probably. It might even be one of Carringtons' people. What a shame that she should have only to look forward to a hard and pinched life! But quite possibly the fellow might be a decent sort—he must be to have won her.

Carrington one noon came out of his usual restaurant and wandered irresolutely along the streets, crowded with City clerks taking a constitutional after lunch. He paused before one of the many tea-shops. He felt a longing, not uncommon among sensitive men of his type, to be alone and yet amidst a crowd. And, turning in, he went downstairs and took a seat at a marble-topped table, amidst the haze of tobacco smoke and the scurry of white-capped waitresses.

All of a sudden, through the hum of conversation and the rattle of dominoes, he heard a voice which made him lean forward with a start.

It was the voice of Sylvia Verrall.

"... By this afternoon, one way or another," she was saying.

"Yes, the board meeting is the thing that will settle it," said a male voice which Carrington instantly recognized.

"Oh, Desmond, if you get it—won't it be lovely?" she said in a soft, low voice that had a note in it that Carrington had never heard before. "To live in Ceylon, in all that gorgeous scenery, with the palms and the birds and the flowers and the blue sea instead of this dirty, gloomy old City!"

"If it comes off," said the man more sedately, "you can give in your notice at once. Neither of us cares twopence for any of the people in the office, and there's no need that any of them should know. You could give notice to-morrow—say you've got a job somewhere else—and we could get married in a fortnight's time. I'd hardly be likely to sail for a few weeks. But things mayn't go so smoothly. Some of the heads look on me a bit sourly because I'm not the sort of smug, boot-licking, 'Oh, sir, please, sir,' clerk they're accustomed to. There's young Carrington, for instance."

Carrington moved uneasily. But the speakers were out of sight, behind a pillar near the stairs.

"Do you think he'll object?" said Sylvia.

"I don't think he likes me. Still, he's a pretty straight sort of chap after his starchy fashion, and I think he knows I could do the job better than anyone else in the building."

"Do you think he knows anything about—us?" She spoke in such a low tone that Carrington could hardly catch the words.

"He? I shouldn't think so. Even if he did, what difference would it make?"

"Good gracious! It's just two. We'll be late. You don't want to risk anything, above all to-day, Desmond. And you know how keen they are on punctuality at our place."

There was a scraping of chairs and the voices ceased.

Not even the shock of Sylvia's refusal had upset Carrington as the sudden revelation of the identity of the man for whose sake she had refused him.

Desmond Byrne was one of his own people in the export department. A capable man, certainly, with many languages at his fingertips and a first-hand knowledge of the East and of countless strange nooks and corners of the world.

But an Irishman, a rolling stone, an adventurer! A fellow with a long yellow moustache, who came to the office in a slouch hat and never said "sir," not even to the governor himself! He almost looked like an artist, and Carrington, though in private

IN AN OFFICE

life somewhat of a connoisseur, a picker-up of pictures and bric-à-brac, loathed and despised, like most patrons of art, the individual artist.

Was this fellow to win Sylvia where he had failed? All the wild lust of possession, the fighting spirit of remote barbaric ancestors, whose bones had long since rotted in the primeval forests, boiled within his hitherto sluggish veins.

Byrne was a fellow who had knocked about the world in many capacities—ranching, planting, pearling, finally owner and master of a tramp steamer. He had sold the steamer and put the purchase money and all his savings into Aladdin Reefs just before the crash. Then old Mackenzie, the fourth director, who had known him in the East, got him into the export department of Carringtons'. He was a type Carrington thoroughly detested, however capable he might be. He always regarded him as a sort of buccancer, just as he knew Byrne looked on him as a prig. Anyway, one thing was certain—Byrne wasn't going to marry Sylvia if he could help it. And if he didn't she'd get tired in a year or two of waiting. Besides, it would give her a chance of seeing the fellow as he really was, with the romance rubbed off him.

Carrington went into the board-room an hour later. He found his father, the two other directors, Vyner and Mackenzie, and the secretary, old Manton, all seated at the table.

"Come along, my boy," cried his father, bringing his fierce white eyebrows together. "Been waiting for you. I've an appointment at 3.30. Want to get that Colombo business settled. I understand that fellow in your department, Byrne, might suit the job. Mackenzie says he's knocked about in the East and knows the language and the people. You yourself told me some time ago that he knew tea and coffee thoroughly, so, on the whole, he seems the man for us. Still, he's on your staff, so we thought we'd like to hear what you'd got to say."

Horace Carrington took a long breath. Then he said in a level voice: "The man certainly is capable. But it doesn't follow he's the sort to suit the job. To represent us at Colombo we want a man who can mix in the society of the island and hold his own with anyone. Byrne, to my mind, strikes one as a sort of beachcomber—hardly likely to go to tea-parties without upsetting the crockery and drinking out of his saucer.

Besides, everybody who's anybody out there held a commission during the war, if only for home defence. Byrne, I understand, served in the ranks."

"With distinction," said Mackenzie. "In fact, he got the V.C."

"Oh, I dare say. Still, it makes it jolly awkward if he's got to mix with ex-officers. Besides which, he strikes one as a sort of man who in a hot climate might very likely take to drink. We had enough of that over young Wilson at Nairobi. This Byrne may be all very well—"

"Excuse me," said a voice at his shoulder.

He had not heard her knock at the door behind him; he had not even heard his father's cry of "Come in," followed by the warning of "Wait a moment, Horace," so intent was he on his purpose of ruining his rival at all costs.

And as he turned sharply and looked at Sylvia by his side, he realized that she must have heard a good deal of what he had said. For her face was chalky white, her eyes ablaze with anger and contempt, her lips set in a thin, straight line.

"Excuse me, Mr. Carrington," she said, "but will you please sign this letter. It has to catch the Bombay mail, which goes from the G.P.O. in half an hour."

He read through the letter carefully, though his thoughts were elsewhere. Then he signed it and handed it back to her. As he did so he gave her a quick, searching glance. All the fire and spirit had died out of her expression; tears glistened in the corners of her eyes, and her lower lip quivered convulsively.

As she walked unsteadily to the door the thoughts raced furiously through Carrington's brain. After all, she might know best. It might be possible that that fellow was the only one who could make her happy. The quiet, comfortable, conventional life he had planned for her might only stifle her vigorous young nature. Was he to crush this flower because he could never hope to wear it? What did anything matter—even his own happiness—so long as she was happy, or imagined she was?

As the door closed behind her his father rapped out in his high-pitched, rather querulous voice, "I understand, then, that you're against the appointment, Horace. Well, as it concerns your own department, that settles it. We'll have to look round for someone else."

Horace pulled himself together with a

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frantic effort. "That's not what I mean at all, sir," he said. "In fact, it's just the reverse. I only wanted to point out any possible objections, seeing that the man is in my own department, and I might be accused of favouritism if I were to urge his claims too warmly. There certainly is no one else in the office who is suited, either by character or experience, to occupy the position."

"And, personally, I have always been strongly against engaging outside men to fill positions of responsibility in our firm. We have our own methods of business, and they need to be learned here in this office. Besides, a new man might get in touch with our customers and then leave us for one of our rivals in the Lane. No, gentlemen, I consider that Mr. Byrne would quite suit our purpose, and I hope you will see your way to appoint him our representative in Cylon."

"Well, why the dickens didn't you say so at once?" cried old Carrington. "If you're agreeable, I don't suppose there's anyone against it. I know you're in favour, Mackenzie. What about you, Vyner?"

"Oh, send him back to his native forests, by all means," said Vyner, flicking a speck of dust off the tip of his dazzling patent-leather shoe. "The colour of his hair ought to match the tigers to a T."

"Well, he'd better leave in three weeks' time," said the chairman. "By the by, does anyone know if he's married?"

"No," said Horace. "But he will be in a fortnight."

"Presentable sort of a girl, is she?"

asked Vyner, "or something after his own style?"

"A lady whom I know well," replied Horace, "and for whom I have the greatest respect."

"Very good," said old Carrington, rising. "That concludes our business, gentlemen. Tell someone to get me a taxi, Horace, and be quick about it."

Horace went back to his own room with the sense that he had plunged a dagger in his own heart. Yet he experienced a feeling of tranquillity and satisfaction that he never remembered before.

He rang for Miss Verrall.

She came in, her eyes red, her lips tightly compressed.

As she sat down Carrington said slowly, "Miss Verrall, I think you will be pleased to hear that the board has just appointed Mr. Byrne to be the Colombo representative of Carringtons'."

Her cheeks grew deathly white for a moment, and she gasped for breath, holding the edge of the table. Then the colour returned with a rush, and she looked across at him with flashing eyes.

"No thanks to you, Mr. Carrington," she said.

The longing leapt within him to tell her what had actually happened. But, after what she had heard, would she be likely to believe him? And, anyhow, what did it matter? All was finished now.

He took a letter from his basket and said, "Will you kindly take this, Miss Verrall? To Gorton and Richards—you know their address. Dear Sirs—"

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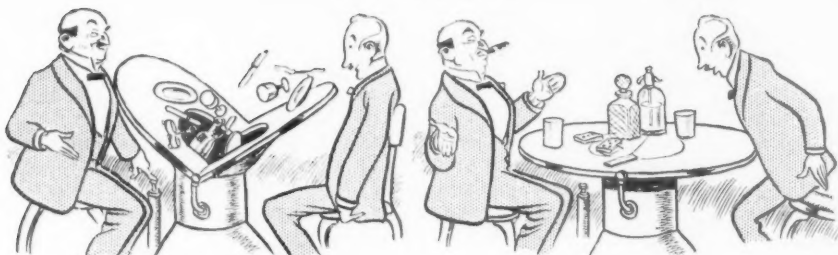
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By RENÉ BULL

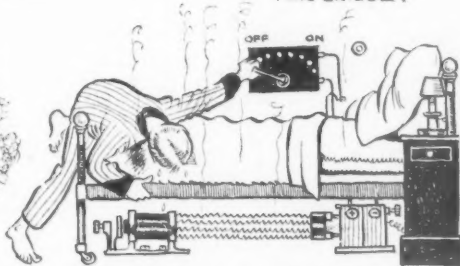


A GREAT BOON IS THE DINING TABLE CLEARING APPLIANCE

WHICH ADAPTS IT IMMEDIATELY FOR BRIDGE.



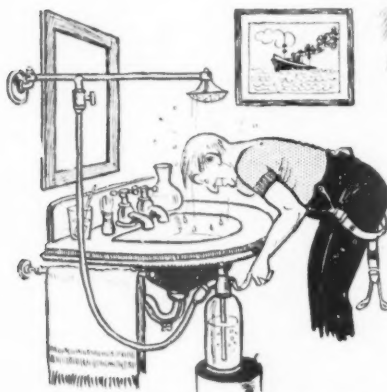
THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER IS VERY USEFUL BUT NOT ADAPTED FOR FLATS



THE BED HEATER IS A USEFUL CONTRIVANCE IF NOT KEPT ON UNDULY



THE LAZY TONGS EARLY MORNING TEA SERVER IN EVERY BEDROOM



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INSTEAD OF THE DAILY PAPER, A CERTAIN WELL KNOWN FIRM UNDERTAKES TO DELIVER EVERY MORNING A RECORD OF THE DAY'S NEWS

Painted Furniture

An Aid to Brighter Homes

By

W. Palmer Jones

WE are much less afraid of using colour, pure and bright, in our homes to-day than we used to be. This tendency is due to the need for counteracting the depression produced by the war first and by the general "upside-downness" of things since. It was recognized during the war by the medical profession that good use could be made of colour scientifically applied in the treatment of nerve and shell-shock cases, and this tendency to use more and brighter colour in our homes is simply an unconscious attempt to build up or soothe our more or less jaded nerve systems; it is, in fact, a need of the times.

This "colour craving" started with the use of gay fabrics for curtains and loose covers for furniture with all kinds of patterns, from the stiffly conventional to the wildly futuristic, through all kinds of stripes, and even bringing into our homes fabrics which had hitherto been made solely

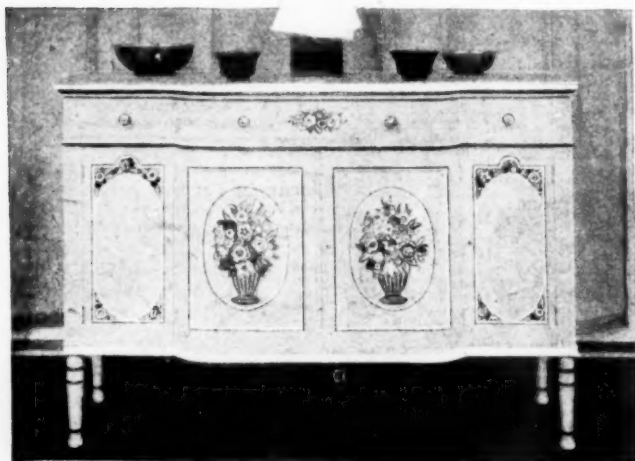
for export to West African natives. From this the use of colour spread to the furniture itself, slowly at first, until now most of the large furniture dealers have gaily painted furniture in their showrooms.

In the use of colour for decoration there are many traps for the unwary, and one sometimes comes across literally glaring examples of this in the houses of one's friends. A trained colour sense is really necessary for the successful carrying out of a scheme if it is at all on the daring side, and the best method is to build up the scheme gradually, making sure as one goes along that each piece of colour added to the harmony is right, just as an artist would do in painting a picture.

A great point in favour of painted furniture as against furniture of polished wood is that it is comparatively cheap owing to the fact that cheaper woods can be used for it. The design can also be kept very simple, as the colour itself supplies the main point

of interest, and carving and elaborate mouldings can be eliminated altogether.

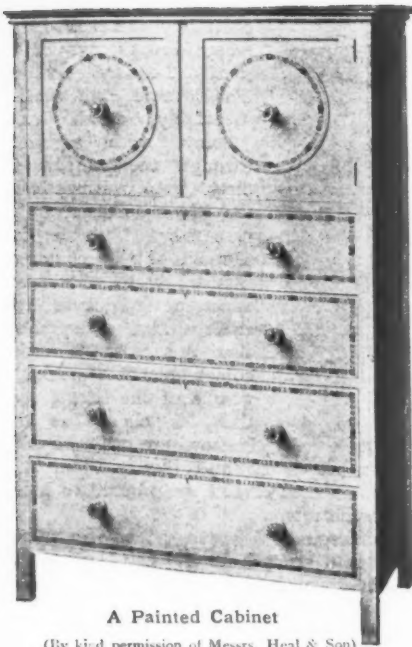
The most successful painted furniture is that in which the main body, very simple in design, is painted one pleasant colour with the salient constructional features emphasized and decorated with simple patterns in brighter and contrasting colours; for instance, a sideboard consisting of two side cupboards with drawers between them would be painted, say, for the main body colour, a pleasant grey of a warmish tinge, with the doors and drawers outlined with a small



A Painted Dining-room Sideboard

(By kind permission of Messrs. Heal & Son)

PAINTED FURNITURE



A Painted Cabinet

(By kind permission of Messrs. Heal & Son)

pattern, either floral or conventional in character, carried out in green, blue and yellow; the handles could also be picked out in colour, and perhaps the door panels could be decorated with small conventional designs in the same colouring.

In selecting coloured furniture for a room, the aspect of the room should be taken into consideration. Generally speaking, for dull rooms of a northerly aspect, and rooms into which the sun never or seldom penetrates, warm-coloured furniture should be selected, just as the wall-paper and hangings should be bright and cheerful in effect. For sunny rooms cooler-coloured furniture and hangings should be used.

Imagine spending last summer high up in a London flat in a sunny room in which the prevailing colour note was a pillar-box red; the unfortunate occupant would feel in much the same case as the proverbial chameleon when placed on the Scotch plaid.

One can imagine the same room decorated in cool greys and blues being a real haven of rest from the heat and glare of the streets, and, in fact, looking and feeling cooler than it actually was.

There is no reason why a few pieces of

well-chosen painted furniture should not be mingled in a room in which the majority of the furniture is walnut, mahogany, or any other natural wood. These few pieces can then well afford to be brighter in colour than would be the case if all the furniture was painted.

Choice bits of brightly-coloured lacquered furniture have been used in this way for centuries in the houses of the wealthy, so why not a few choice pieces of painted furniture in the houses of the "new poor"?

In the nursery, again, painted furniture is most suitable, and the fancy of the artist can be given free play in devising all manner of amusing and intriguing little animals, figures, birds or flowers for the decoration of it, and with the knowledge that he is contributing in no small measure to the amusement and well-being of the small inhabitants of the room. Bright pure colours should be used in the nursery, primrose yellows, cool blues or greens, and plenty of white or cream; the "hotter" yellows or reds should be avoided.

Paintwork can be finished with several kinds of surfaces, either flat, egg-shell, or



A Picturesque Dressing-table

(By kind permission of Messrs. Heal & Son)

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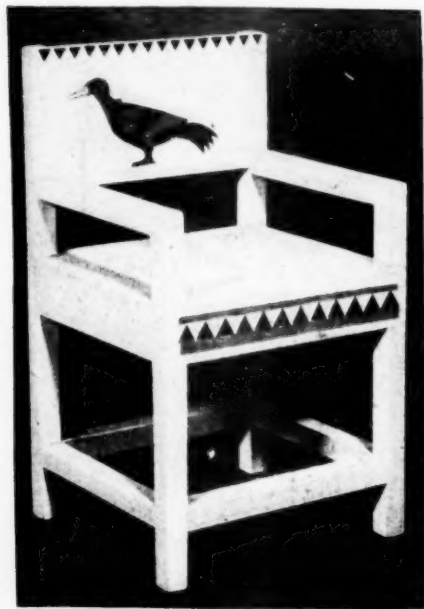


Table in Painted Wood

(By kind permission of Messrs. Heal & Son)

highly glossy. For furniture the most satisfactory is one between the egg-shell and very glossy, but nearer the former than the latter.

A few examples of the way in which colour can be introduced into the home by means of painted furniture may be helpful to those who would like to use it but do not quite know how to set about it. As one



A Cheerful Nursery Chair

(By kind permission of Messrs. Waring & Gillow)

example let us take the ordinary common basement dining-room of a small London house. These rooms are almost invariably dark and gloomy, with a view through the window of dirty iron railings and the lower portions of the passers-by. The aim for a room of this character should be to obtain an effect of brightness and cheerfulness. Suppose that red is a favourite colour of the presiding genius of the house, red, then, is chosen as the

main colour for the furniture, relieved with touches of black and blue. From this dominant note of red we proceed to build up our harmony.

For the walls a canvas paper of a rather dull gold would look very well; this sounds somewhat gorgeous, but the dull gold of the paper is in reality a most restful background and far from obtrusive. The woodwork of the room, skirting boards, door, etc., should be black. The chairs, of the ladder-back, rush-seated variety, would, of course, be red with little touches of blue or black, and the sideboard and dining-table would be the same. A bright green, almost an emerald, would look very well for the carpet and curtains. The lamp shades should be of a pale old gold silk. Various small finishing touches, such as a black wedgwood flower bowl on the red table, will suggest themselves, and the result would be a room quite out of the common and not necessarily expensive to attain.

For our second example let us take a sunny sitting-room opening on to the garden of a small country or suburban house. As this room gets plenty of sun, a cool colour can be selected for the main bulk of the furniture, let us say a pale grey relieved with a formal pattern of blue, yellow and green, or just with lines of one or more of these colours. The wooden furniture would probably consist of a table of the gate-legged variety, two or three occasional chairs, perhaps a bookcase with glass doors, and one or two small cabinets. For the comfort of the occupants of the room two roomy and inviting-looking easy chairs of the upholstered and -sprung variety, with a

settee of the same kind, all with loose covers of a soft shade of blue to match the blue in the pattern on the furniture. As a background for these greys and blues a pale primrose distemper or paper on the walls would be best, and would enhance the sunny effect of the room. A black carpet would look well, but black unfortunately shows dust and dirt more than any other colour, so an alternative would be a blue of a deeper shade than the chair coverings. To pull the whole scheme together we now want a few notes of vivid colour, and these we can obtain by means of the curtains, which should have a large, very modern design of flowers and birds in bright colourings. The finishing touch would be supplied by the cushions, scattered about on the easy chairs and settee; these could be of orange, yellow and emerald green, not forgetting one or two of black satin, which would heighten the effect of the colours in the room.

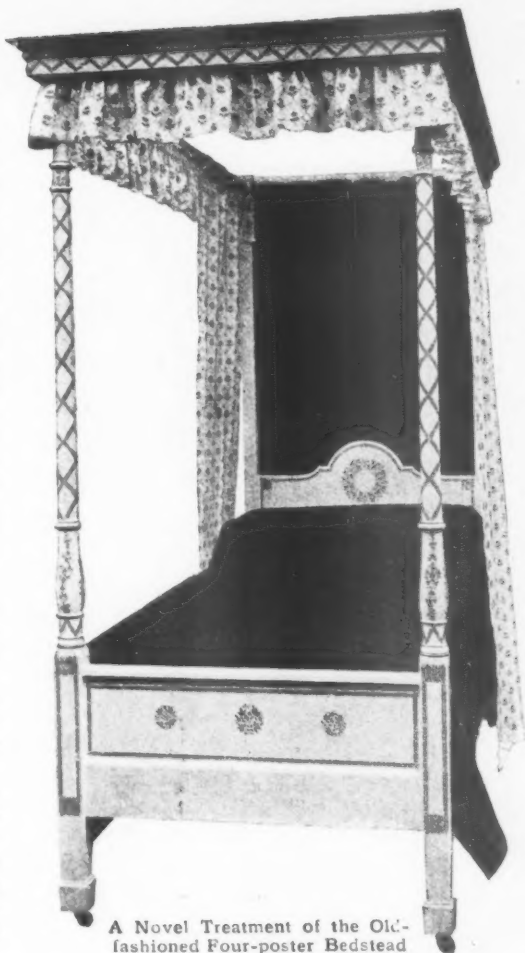
The two foregoing examples will serve to show what can be accomplished with the exercise of a little thought and ingenuity in the decoration of two rooms of entirely different characteristics by using painted furniture as a basis and working up our colour harmonies from this.

In the garden, again, and for use on verandas and porches, painted furniture is both suitable and popular. Here the brightest of colours can be used with the best effect, and fancies can be indulged in to a greater extent than is the case for furniture intended for living rooms.

For instance, a garden chair with a back and seat of broad wooden slats could have the fronts of these painted a bright yellow and the sides and backs painted bright green.

This "dazzle" effect, while thoroughly out of place in any interior, would not be found so in a garden, just as many of the "dazzle" painted ships during the war were, seen in their natural surroundings, really beautiful objects.

Another somewhat neglected method of obtaining colour in furniture is by the use of transparent coloured stains. For this



A Novel Treatment of the Old-fashioned Four-poster Bedstead

(By kind permission of Messrs. Heal & Son)

woods showing some beauty of figure must be used, carefully selected birch being both inexpensive and suitable. The effect of this method of treating furniture, when finished with a slight wax polish, is that of beautiful and unusual coloured woods, the "figure" of the wood itself being enhanced by the coloured stain and polish.

It must be confessed, however, that this method of obtaining new colour effects in furniture is still only in the experimental stage.



The Home Daughter

Her Rights and Wrongs

By

Grace Mary Golden

"IS there such a person nowadays?" asks the cynic.

Yes, there is. Or rather there *are* such, for if one keeps one's eyes open one can find hundreds of quiet, unobtrusive home daughters still, all over the country, though their existence is apt to be overlooked and their names left out of the newspapers that devote so much space and satire to "the modern girl" and her independent undomesticated ways.

Not So Many Now

There are, of course, not nearly as many of them as there were a generation or two ago, and a good thing too, for the system that forbade a girl to venture forth from the parental roof until she took refuge under that of a husband has happily vanished into the limbo of forgotten things. It was a bad system, cramping, limiting, repressing, and one shudders to think of the state of bickering discontent that must have existed in a household consisting of several daughters who did not all happen to marry young, but all lived on together with nothing special to do, all waiting, waiting for husbands who tarried, all rivals for the notice of any eligible young man who dared to set foot over the doorstep. The modern system may not be above criticism, but at any rate its general tendency is more wholesome.

Nor is it now considered right that a daughter should be wholly and utterly sacrificed to her parents if she should chance to remain single, as was once taken for granted and looked upon almost as an act of piety. A daughter is no longer *merely* a daughter, but a separate entity and personality, a being with a right to exist independently, even as is a son.

But that is not to say that no daughters nowadays recognize duties and responsibilities towards their parents. Not all girls, even now, are self-centred, egotistical little brutes! And speaking from a large experience of girls, I maintain that there are heaps of nice girls left, and that all nice girls look upon their parents as friends rather than enemies, people to be considered

and not ignored, honoured rather than abused. Further, I can vouch for it that there are even daughters who are fond of their mothers, and the best of friends with them, getting on so well with them that it is no hardship on either side for them actually to live together!

To some people whose experience of mothers and daughters has been unfortunate such a statement will doubtless read as rank foolishness, but there it is—strange, but true! In nearly every big family of girls there is one who looks upon it as her job to stay on at home if circumstances permit, that is to say, if she does not marry or receive any definitely urgent call from the outside world.

Too Late!

But the point that I have noted and that seems to me regrettable is that nearly every home daughter who has passed her early twenties admits, if she is honest with herself, that she wishes she had taken up some definite career before it was too late. Not for worlds would she say this openly, for fear of hurting her parents' feelings, but she thinks it all the same.

Why? Not because she is on bad terms with her family, or because there is anything hopelessly or incurably hard about her lot, but because of various insignificant things that scarcely seem to the casual observer to be hardships at all. And here are the chief of them:

1. The home daughter's position, duties, and salary are all so indefinite. She is expected to keep everything running smoothly, though nobody troubles to inquire how she does it or how much mental energy she expends over the job. Domestic emergencies are hers to grapple with, and she must hover in the background and be on the spot when wanted, whatever is going on, keeping her own interests always subordinate to other people's. In a house where not much outside help is employed she will work much harder, for longer hours, and more efficiently, than the ordinary domestic servant. But for this she will probably not

receive more than the dress allowance which is given as a matter of course to the daughter of a rich household who just does nothing but amuse herself. Further, though responsibilities are frequently relegated to her, she is not mistress of the house. She has no standing whatever save as her mother's lieutenant, however capable she may be, and she is far less independent than a paid stranger would be who undertook the same duties.

An Easy Time!

Moreover—and this rankles more than anything—she is looked upon not only as the unimportant member of the family, but also as the one who has the easiest time! Doris, who is in a bank; Kathleen, the nurse; Evelyn, who teaches; Violet, the fashion artist, are all admittedly workers; but Edith, who gets up first in the morning and sees to all their breakfasts if they happen to be at home, spends her day doing the million and one odd things that go towards the running of a house, and cooks the dinner that awaits their return in the evening—Edith is not supposed to do anything at all by comparison. Friends and acquaintances speak pityingly of Violet's need of a holiday, and of Evelyn's long hours, but they all with one accord take it for granted that Edith has heaps of leisure and is rather a drone in the busy hive!

2. The daughter who lives at home is frequently allowed less liberty and privacy than that which falls as a matter of course to the other members of the family. The mother realizes that her married daughter is grown up, and also the daughter who earns her so many hundred a year and lives at her club. But the girl who has never flown from the parental nest often has a real struggle if she wishes to be recognized as something more than a child. As a matter of course, all her doings are public property; she can never go anywhere or meet anyone without the entire family knowing all about it, and in some households I know she is even expected to hand all her correspondence round the breakfast table. If she did not, her parents would be hurt, and her brothers and sisters would immediately surmise that the withheld epistle was a love letter, and proceed to "chip" her accordingly.

3. As an outcome of the first two, the third drawback to the home daughter's job is that she has so little real leisure, and very

seldom indeed a real holiday. It would seem absurd for her to demand an afternoon "off" a week, as does a servant, for the general impression is that she can go out whenever she likes and do as she likes. But as a matter of fact she never feels at liberty to go off and amuse herself unless there is some special reason for it—an invitation to a wedding, for instance, or something of that kind. There is practically always something to be done in a house, and although a hired stranger would not trouble about what went on in her absence, a daughter of the house is bound to feel that it is her concern.

So, gradually, if she is worth her salt, she comes to shoulder more and more responsibilities, until she is bound hand and foot by them as surely and as cruelly as any prisoner in chains, though so much less visibly. More particularly when the parents become elderly, and perhaps invalided, the other members of the family are apt to consider that the responsibility of them is entirely the home daughter's affair and nothing to do with them, and they make no move to share it.

The Business Girl's Freedom

The average business girl, when she shuts the office door behind her, is absolutely free and can follow her own inclinations and pursue her own hobbies; but there is no shutting of the office door for the home girl, for the return of the household in the evening means a fresh crop of jobs for her.

And her holidays, if she has any separate ones, have to be planned with due regard for everybody else's arrangements, which are all so much more urgent and important than hers. Since she can go away "any time," all sorts of little crises become sufficient to delay her holiday, and as her need of a rest and change is rarely recognized unless she has been ill, it quite often happens that she does not get one at all. If the family is one that believes in a "family holiday," she will almost certainly be expected to go away with the rest of the party if she wants a holiday at all. That means that she will continue her usual job of being her mother's right hand, helping her perhaps to cater and shop and arrange picnics, and generally make things comfortable and enjoyable for everybody. Which means, further, that she has no *mental* holiday at all, though the fact seldom strikes anyone concerned.

THE QUIVER

4. Perhaps the most serious aspect of the home daughter's lot is the fact that she has nothing to look forward to. When she reaches an age to think seriously about the future she has to face the fact that unless she marries she has no means of providing for her old age. A girl with a profession has a chance of making a good position for herself, of saving money and becoming independent, able to retire perhaps on her savings before she is more than middle-aged. But a girl who does nothing but domestic work cannot, later in life, be anything but a domestic worker, and it is no use disguising the fact that at present there is very little doing for the middle-class girl in the domestic line. It is not a well-paid career, nor is it attractive, and the lot of the elderly woman whose only means of livelihood is going out as a "lady help" or "useful companion" is usually a very pitiful one. To be a success as a teacher of cookery or any other branch of housewifery one must start young and pass examinations, and so on, as for any other profession. Nor can the home daughter expect her father to leave her sufficient to keep her in comfort all her days. All too often nowadays the middle-class parent leaves anything but a fortune behind him. She *may* be able, when left alone in the world, to keep house for an unmarried brother or live with a married sister, but such a position, as "poor relation," is not exactly enviable!

The Home Daughter and Marriage

"Oh, but of course the home daughter will marry!" says somebody comfortably. *Will* she? My experience is that there is absolutely no rule about it, but that, if anything, the girl who stays at home stands rather *less* chance of meeting a suitable husband than her sisters who are out in the world, who go about more, meet more people, and are probably rather smarter and better dressed. Conditions vary enormously in different households, but it is an undoubted fact that numbers of nice domesticated girls who would make excellent wives never marry for the simple reason that their circle of masculine acquaintance is so limited that they never meet a congenial suitor. Matchmaking, too, has largely gone out of fashion, with informal entertaining—and matchmaking was not altogether a bad thing when wisely and tactfully done.

All these things may seem, as I said before, slight drawbacks to set against the

advantages of being a home daughter, but they are nevertheless very real, and they do supply the key to the mystery of why girls will often prefer to do outside work for which they have no special aptitude, sometimes for an inadequate wage, rather than stay at home in the positions they could fill so much better than unsatisfactory hirelings.

Do not Drift

To start with, no girl ought to *drift* into being the home daughter. She should definitely decide that she is fitted for the position even as she would weigh the pros and cons of taking up nursing or journalism. Despite the generally accepted opinion, I do not consider that the nervy, "difficult," or not over-strong member of the family should be the one to stay at home. If there is no definite organic disease she is far more likely to make good if she takes up some work she is interested in—*outside the home*. The home daughter should be a practical, cheerful, even-tempered, capable, tactful girl, who will not be crushed to the earth by the petty worries and irritations that are bound to come her way. And she should be the one who gets on best with her parents (more especially with her mother) and who is a "pourer of oil" or a "buffer" rather than a stirrer up of strife.

And when the home daughter is chosen she should be treated in a businesslike fashion, i.e. given as far as possible definite duties and also a definite salary at least as large as would be paid to a stranger for the same work. Then she should have set time in every week when she is perfectly free to do as she likes, and should go for a holiday every year apart from the family, emergencies being shouldered by somebody else in her absence. She should try to cultivate a hobby, if possible a money-making one. For she herself and all those connected with her must realize that, although it is natural for a young wife to be satisfactorily interested and absorbed in the affairs of husband and home and children, it is *not* natural for an unmarried woman to be similarly absorbed in the doings of parents and brothers and sisters, and perhaps nephews and nieces. Nor did Nature ever mean her to be content to be a background and nothing else. It is a mistake for the home daughter to be completely unselfish, and those who expect and force her to be so are little short of criminal, for they run the risk of ruining a life.

A DAUGHTER OF THE LEGION

By Violet M. Methley

CHAPTER XVI Captain Victor Arrives

"MOLLIE!" Patrice gasped, and the other girl stared in surprise at her friend's white face.

"Why, what's the matter, Patrice?" she asked. "Anybody would think you were frightened!"

"So I am, terribly frightened. Don't speak to me for a minute, I've got to try to think what this means."

Patrice sat down on the edge of the bed, whilst Mollie, standing by the window, looked at her very anxiously. She was frightened herself now; she wondered whether she had made some terrible blunder by not delivering the message—whether Patrice feared that Maman would be seriously angry with her. At last she could bear the suspense no longer.

"Oh, Patrice!" she burst out. "Do tell me what is the matter! Do you think that Maman will be frightfully vexed, that the message is very important? Is that why you are so much upset?"

"No," Patrice answered slowly. "I am very glad that you did not give her the paper. What I'm wondering is just this—how much can I trust you, Mollie?"

"Oh, Patrice!" Mollie was hurt. "You know I'm to be trusted—at least"—she laughed ruefully as she looked at the crumpled bit of paper—"perhaps not with messages, but with secrets—anything like *that*."

"This is a secret," Patrice said gravely. "And I am going to trust you with it. Mollie, that man with the curious eyes is not a gardener at all, as you thought. He is someone quite different—someone very dangerous. I can't tell you all I know—it's better not, really, and besides, there isn't time, but he is a man who would do anything—*anything* to injure the Emperor."

"Oh, Patrice!" Mollie's voice was horror-struck, and suddenly a new thought came to her quick brain. "Why, didn't you say—or was it Christine who told me—that the man who tried to kill the Emperor in the spring—the man who was stung by the bees—had different-coloured eyes? Patrice, do you think it is the same man, really?"

"I am sure of it," answered Patrice

earnestly. "That is why I am so awfully frightened."

"But why—why did he send this message, just about flowers, to Maman?"

"It's just a pretence, that message—a sort of code—a cipher—whatever they call secret writings that seem quite simple but really hide a lot. I'm beginning to understand what it means; I wonder I didn't see at once. Look!" Patrice smoothed out the crumpled paper again. "The violets—that means the Emperor and his party, of course—it's their symbol, don't you see, Mollie? And they are to be dug up, by the roots, to make way for the bed of lilies, the white lilies of the French kings. The head gardener must mean the Emperor himself; he is the only person whose return they would fear. Ah, it's all quite plain—terribly plain!"

"I see! Oh, Patrice, how clever you are!" Mollie's voice was almost awestruck.

"It's very simple really—directly one knew that the man was not a gardener—that he is a Royalist—a conspirator. But now, Mollie, what are we to *do*?"

"Still I don't understand," Mollie's face was troubled. "Why should this terrible man send this message to Maman—because, of course, she is on the Emperor's side?"

Patrice hastily turned the question aside. Mollie was too quick, too inquisitive, and it would never do for her to suspect Madame Campan's loyalty. Patrice felt that this must always be a secret between her and the head-mistress—even if Maman did not know it herself!—for nobody else would quite understand the strange and difficult position in which Madame Campan had found herself.

And, moreover, Patrice knew that her head-mistress would not support a plot like this against the Emperor—she felt certain that it was only to help the grandson of her queen that she had taken any part at all in the conspiracy. But, sure as she was about this, she dared not speak to Maman herself.

"Oh, I expect they are just trying to find out how everyone feels—who will support them," she said carelessly. "And they know that Maman was a friend of the poor queen. That's why he wrote a message, which would seem perfectly innocent. . . . But *we* know what it means—and we must do something!"

"How can we?" Mollie asked despairingly.

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"It's no good talking like that when a thing simply *has* to be done," Patrice answered decidedly, getting up from her seat on the bed. "I think—but, oh, Mollie, dear, you must go! What a bother! I hear Mrs. Dryden calling, and if you stay any longer there will be a fearful fuss, and perhaps you will be locked up too!"

"But we haven't thought—" Mollie began disconsolately.

"Not yet, but I will—Mollie, you must go!"

Mollie hurried away and left Patrice to her thoughts—and such difficult, tangled thoughts they were! It had been tiresome and dreary enough to be a prisoner before—but now!

She walked up and down the narrow room like a wild beast in its cage; she rattled the door, but, as she had quite well known, it was tightly locked, and Mrs. Dryden had the key. She leant out of the window, and wondered if it would be possible to climb down, but the wall was bare and smooth, with not a creeper or a water-pipe to cling to, and she certainly could not jump thirty feet—and be useful afterwards!

"I shall have to knock down Mrs. Dryden and make my escape when I'm out walking with her," Patrice thought desperately. "I can't do anything shut up here, and it's simply maddening! It makes me feel desperate, even to stay by the window, because I long so to be outside. Oh, I know now what prisoners feel like—and it's dreadful!"

She left the window and sat down upon the bed again, holding her head tight in her hands, trying to think of nothing except plans and plans. . . . Perhaps that was why she did not notice the sound of footsteps on the gravel outside until they were right under her window.

They were a man's footsteps, heavy and light together, and a clanking, jingling noise went with them, which made Patrice spring up and run to the window to see who it was.

She was just in time to see someone swing round the corner of the house—she only caught one little glimpse of him as he disappeared.

But that glimpse of a green uniform, with red facings, of a brass helmet, with a shower of crimson horsehair falling from it, of a boyish, well-built figure, was quite enough. Patrice knew perfectly who it was—Captain Victor Victor!

She did not waste a great deal of time in wondering why he was there. It was not so very extraordinary, after all. She knew quite well that the Emperor often sent messengers, and generally his own aides-de-camp, to carry dispatches to Paris or other towns of France during his campaigns. And these messengers, too, very often brought letters from His Majesty for Madame Campan, since the Emperor dearly loved to feel that he had full control over the management of Ecouen, and all the other institutions which were under his own patronage. He took a great pride in showing that he

could think of such simple matters, even in the midst of the most stirring times—that nothing, however small, escaped his notice.

All this Patrice knew. The only thing which occupied her mind was the thought that if she could get a message delivered to Captain Victor it would be carried straight to the Emperor . . . and if she could not, the most splendid chance possible—perhaps the only chance—would be lost.

"If only Mollie had still been here—if only he'd come ten minutes ago," the girl thought, and pulled herself up hastily. "But I mustn't waste time, wishing for what can't be. I may only have a few minutes."

Patrice thought quickly, leaning out through the wide-open window.

She already knew well enough what was done on these occasions, and she could picture it all for herself. Captain Victor had left his horse in the stables, whose red roofs she could see from her window. He had gone up to the front entrance of the house; he would be taken straight to Madame Campan's parlour. There he would give her his letter or messages, drink a glass of sherry wine and eat a caraway-seed biscuit, make his bow to Maman, and then clank out again, with his spurs jingling, after only ten or fifteen minutes.

He would come along the same path towards the stables, pass under her window again—and *then* was the moment that he must be given the message for the Emperor!

And she dared not leave it to be spoken, to be called down to him, which would, of course, be much the simplest way. Someone might overhear; very possibly someone might even be with Captain Victor escorting him to the stables.

Patrice had just a few minutes left to make a plan, to write a message which would tell all that was necessary. She turned quickly back into the room, and it was not until after two or three frantic searchings that she realized there was no paper, pen, pencil or ink to be found anywhere!

There was not even a book of any kind from which she might tear a page. Mrs. Dryden had made sure of that, for she considered that Patrice wasted a great deal of valuable time in reading, and she was quite determined to prevent it by taking away all reading matter.

There was simply nothing in the room except the bed, the chair and the long strip of white cambric frilling which it was her task to sew!

But Patrice's wits were sharpened and on edge now.

"The cambric is white," she thought, "as white as paper. . . . If I could only write upon that! But I have nothing whatever to write with, no pencil or pen—"

And there was no convenient fairy godmother to grant her wishes with a wave of a magic wand! There was not even a tinder-box in the room with which she might have smoked the point of a hairpin—for she thought of *that* plan at once. Mrs. Dryden was afraid of fire; she

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always lit Patrice's candle and put it out herself "an exactly fixed hour.

There was nothing which would make marks upon the white cambric, nothing at all, except—

"Why, the needle, of course—and cotton!" Patrice cried loud in her excitement. "Why didn't I think of that before? I must *sew* a message!"

She threaded a needleful of cotton in frantic haste, pulled up the chair to the window, and sat down to sew with hands that trembled terribly with excitement and hurry. She took a few stitches, and then stopped short, staring at the result in dismay.

For it was of no use, no use at all! He would never be able to read a message worked in white on the white cambric. It was pure waste of time to do it; he would never even know that it *was* a message!

And she had no black or coloured cotton, nothing but the fine white thread to sew the cambric.

She thought of unpicking one of the seams of her skirt, which would be sewn with black thread, but the stitches were very small and neat, and all, of course, put in by hand. It would take a tremendous time to unpick them, to get enough thread to sew her message, and she had simply not one minute to spare.

Again Patrice sat motionless, biting her lips in thought, and frowning intently.

Then a tiny speck of blood on the cambric, some distance along the seam, where she had pricked her finger during the afternoon, gave her the idea for which she had been waiting.

CHAPTER XVII

A Message for the Emperor

PATRICE shut her eyes, held her needle firmly and jabbed it into her wrist—hard. A little bead of blood appeared there at once and grew gradually larger.

Quickly the girl soaked her thread in it, took another piece and dyed that too. Then, twisting her handkerchief hurriedly round her wrist, she began to sew, taking large stitches, forming letters very roughly but quite clearly.

Nearly ten minutes must have passed already; she might not have more than a few minutes more, so she must not waste a word.

"Tell His Majesty there is great danger if he does not return to Paris at once," she wrote. "For the beginning of December a conspiracy is formed to overthrow him. It is certain."

As she formed the last rough, scrawling letters with the reddened thread, Patrice heard footsteps approaching—the same footsteps as before, with the same clank and jingle of spurs and scabbard to accompany them.

Patrice hastily tore off the length of the cambric upon which the message was written, rolled it up and pinned it together with the needle. She leant out of the window—and saw that Captain Victor was not alone.

It was exactly as she had feared. Mrs. Dryden was padding noiselessly along beside the young man in her black merino shoes, stiff and erect, evidently sent by Madame Campan to accompany him to the stable gate. He walked beside her, bareheaded, his helmet in his hand.

"But he doesn't look as though he were enjoying himself much, poor fellow!" thought Patrice mischievously, and then realized the serious side of the situation.

For, since the schoolmistress was there, she could not say one word to Captain Victor about the message—dared not even say: "Give this to His Majesty." Mrs. Dryden would repeat everything to Madame Campan, of course, and that would never do.

No; she could not give it to him seriously, as though it mattered, as though it were anything of importance at all. And the only other way was—

Patrice took that other way, for there was not a second to spare. They were already just under the window.

"Captain Victor!" she called loudly, and the young man looked up and saw her face, flushed with excitement, and surrounded with loose curls, which were very much more untidy than those of a modest young lady should be, according to Mrs. Dryden. She was laughing, her eyes were very bright, and she held something white in her hand.

"Good luck to you, Captain Victor!" she cried. "Give my homage to His Majesty—and take this for a souvenir, since I've no flowers to throw you!"

She flung down the little white roll, and it fell with a thud at the young man's feet. Mrs. Dryden had listened also, simply transfixed with amazement; she gave a horrified exclamation as Patrice still leant out, laughing merrily at Captain Victor's surprised face.

"Young lady! This is scandalous! Terrible! I have never seen such forward behaviour in a well-conducted school where good manners are taught! Sir, you will allow me—"

She made a stiff dive for the little cambric roll, and Patrice caught her breath at the thought of the message falling into Mrs. Dryden's hands. But Captain Victor was much quicker. He picked it up, and spoke so resolutely that Patrice gave a little sigh of relief.

"Pardon, madame, but this belongs to me," he said quietly, and added with a little laugh: "Mademoiselle gave it to me as a good luck token—and one does not throw such things away!"

For a moment it looked as though Mrs. Dryden meant to insist. Then she drew herself up stiffly and spoke in an icily cold voice.

"Very well, sir. As you wish. I shall know how to reprove Mademoiselle de Vernon for her lack of good breeding, but *your* manners are not my concern. I will bid you farewell."

She curtsied as stiffly as though she had been an automatic figure; Captain Victor bowed low and departed, followed by another laugh and

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cry of "Good luck!" from Patrice, spoken in sheer bravado.

But Mrs. Dryden did not turn away at once; she did not intend to give the pair time to speak any more to each other, so she waited, stiff and upright, on the gravel path until the young man had disappeared in the direction of the stables.

Patrice drew back from the window.

"And now for the consequences!" she said to herself, and her eyes were still dancing when Mrs. Dryden's key grated in the lock.

Her voice was grating, too, when she entered and spoke, just as though it were rusty; altogether that interview was even worse than Patrice had expected.

"Well, Mademoiselle de Vernon, what have you to say for yourself?" Mrs. Dryden demanded, standing in the doorway with her arms folded.

"Nothing, madame," Patrice answered meekly with a curtsy.

"Nothing!" Mrs. Dryden fairly gasped. "Nothing—after such a terrible example of ill-breeding and immodest behaviour? Are you not aware that a young lady should *never* address a gentleman until she has first been addressed—that it is the very height of un-maidenliness, something of which I could never have believed that one of Madame Campan's pupils could ever be guilty!"

"I am sorry, madame," murmured Patrice, her eyes still fixed on the ground, and feeling a terrible longing to laugh.

"Sorry! You are not sorry! I see no sign of penitence!" Mrs. Dryden said severely. "You are bold, shameless! What you would have said had I not been there I cannot imagine!"

"I can!" thought Patrice, but only said aloud, demurely: "But you *were* there, madame."

"To behold your terrible and scandalous display of unwomanliness! Yes! What Madame Campan will have to say remains to be seen—and I shall go and report the matter at once!"

Mrs. Dryden departed whilst Patrice remained silent, though in her heart she somehow felt that Maman would understand better than the other schoolmistress.

That feeling was right. In a few minutes Madame Campan appeared and listened to Mrs. Dryden's indignant story very quietly. At the end of it she spoke quietly also.

"I do not think that Mademoiselle de Vernon meant any harm by what she did; I think it was merely a little childish fun—very foolish, perhaps, but natural. After all, she is young—and no doubt tired of being without the companionship of her schoolfellows, although she forfeited that by her own fault. Of course, I should be the last to permit any real lack of modesty, any forwardness, but here, I think, I may safely forgive. After all, Mrs. Dryden, we have all been young—and unwise—once!"

As the headmistress spoke Patrice suddenly

realized how wise and kind she really was, in spite of all the strange happenings which had been quite as difficult for Maman Campan as for Patrice herself to disentangle. The girl spoke very earnestly and gravely.

"Indeed, indeed, you are quite right, madame. I meant no harm; it was only—only—I cannot quite explain, but, as you know, I have reason to feel grateful to Captain Victor, and—and—"

"I understand," Madame Campan spoke kindly. "Only do not behave so forwardly again. Still, Mrs. Dryden, as you were present all the time, I do not think much harm was done. You were, at least, a most capable chaperon."

And with this, poor, shocked Mrs. Dryden was obliged to be content. She was still more pained when Madame Campan decided that Patrice's imprisonment should come to an end.

"I think that she has had sufficient punishment," the headmistress said. "And that it will be better for her to return to the companionship of the other young ladies. It will also be a relief to you, Mrs. Dryden."

Mrs. Dryden would not allow this. She took her departure, as severely and stiffly as ever, and Madame Campan turned again to Patrice.

"It is necessary for me to ask you, Patrice, whether you are prepared to tell me anything further about your behaviour with regard to little Louise?"

"No, madame, I can't say any more," Patrice said gently. "But—she is perfectly well and safe—and happy. It would not be right for me to say anything else; it is much better not, don't you think so, madame?"

Patrice had asked that daring question almost without thinking; she waited rather breathlessly for Maman's answer. And that answer was also rather unexpected and startling.

"Yes," said Madame Campan gravely. "I think so—but I must put you on your honour to say nothing to anybody else about the matter."

"I will not say a word, madame," Patrice answered earnestly, and curtsied low as madame rose to leave the room.

So Patrice was free once more, but the pleasure of that fact was spoiled by her anxiety and dread. She had done all she could, but that was the worst of it. It is always much easier to wait when there is something to be done.

Sometimes she thought that she ought to warn someone of the plot, the commandant or one of the other high officials at Paris. But she was always pulled up short by the feeling that she did not really know which of them were true to the Emperor. Any one of them might be a traitor—and it would be terrible, in that case, to have given information which would help the other side.

No, there was nothing to be done but to wait, and hope, and pray.

Patrice tried to calculate how long it would take Captain Victor to carry the message to



"So you see that she is a very worthy child
of mine—a true Daughter of the Legion!"—, 540

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Russia, to the Emperor; how much longer it would be before any help could be expected. She found herself wishing that she knew rather more about geography and distances—it would have been such a comfort now. She did not think that it could take less than a fortnight each way, and that would be very, very quick. A month, then . . . and it was now the last week in October, almost the last day. A month would bring them to the beginning of December—the very time which the conspirator's letter mentioned . . . so that it was very probable if the Emperor made any move that it would be too late!

A month brought them, too, to the anniversary of Austerlitz, on the second of December—the greatest day of the year at Ecouen, greater even than the Emperor's birthday, when they held high festival.

"But it may be a terrible festival this year!" thought Patrice wretchedly.

Although she had watched and waited and looked carefully at every stranger who entered the grounds of Ecouen, Patrice saw no more of the man with the strange eyes. Probably, since Madame Campan had taken no notice of his last message, he had decided that she did not intend to help on the plans of the conspiracy.

More than once Madame Grumont managed to send messages to Patrice about little Louise, and always they were the same, that the boy was well and happy and naughty and quite safe.

And so the month dragged its way through, although at the same time it seemed to fly only too fast.

It was the very end of November now; next week would come Austerlitz day—and the time when the plot was to be put into action if the message had been a true one.

CHAPTER XVIII

Napoleon—and Patrice's Reward

"OH, Mollie, I don't know how I'm going to get through to-day!" Patrice spoke almost despairingly as she dragged a comb through her hair, and Mollie, sitting dejectedly on the end of her bed, pulling on her stockings, thoroughly agreed.

It was the second of December, and the two friends were alone for a minute in the Dormitory Hortense, since rules were rather relaxed for the festival, and it was not necessary to be so tremendously punctual as usual.

"How can we dance and play charades and act, when all sorts of dreadful things may be happening in Paris; how can we pretend that there is nothing the matter when *everything* is?"

"It's the first time in my life that I have ever felt that ices and jam tarts would simply choke me," Mollie said sadly. "And it's a dreadful feeling! I couldn't eat any breakfast this morning, and Mrs. Dryden said I was just

bilious and must have *overeaten* myself yesterday. It's so frightfully unjust, when it is only this terrible secret which is weighing on my mind."

"I wish you hadn't got the secret, Mollie, dear, but you found it yourself," Patrice said.

"Oh, I know! And I wouldn't *not* have it for anything, as there has to be a secret, if you know what I mean, but—"

Here Mollie was interrupted by the arrival of Christine, who had come up, like the others, to change into the white dress, with violet ribbons, which they wore for the festivities of the day.

I suppose things are not often quite so bad as one expects; that is the only comfort sometimes, when one is expecting a very horrid time. Anyhow, it is certain that Mollie found it possible, in spite of her forebodings, to eat quite a number of ices and raspberry-jam tarts, and even to get exceedingly excited over the charades.

But for Patrice that day was almost as terrible as she had expected. Her feeling for the Emperor, her loyalty towards him was more intense than that of impulsive, warm-hearted Mollie, perhaps because the Irish girl's father was still alive to serve his great master and had not died for him, like Major de Vernon.

She played games, she took part in charades, she acted in the little play which Madame Campan had written for the occasion, almost like the rest of the girls. But, all the time, it seemed to her that there were *two* Patrice de Vernons; that while one half of her could laugh and chatter, the other half—just watched, sick with suspense and dread.

Mrs. Dryden accused her of looking pale, and advised a dose of Turkey rhubarb; Maman Campan saw perfectly well that something was amiss with the girl, but did not advise anything for the moment.

And so the day passed—somehow.

There was only one part of the ceremonies to which Patrice looked forward, and that was the little scene which took place at the end of each Ecouen feast-day, by the Emperor's own orders.

At the close of the evening, before the ten o'clock bedtime, winter or summer alike, all the girls, with Madame Campan and the other mistresses, went in procession along the terrace and down a short, winding path to where a life-size statue of the Emperor stood upon a raised pedestal.

One by one the pupils passed before the statue, saluting it first in military fashion and afterwards dropping a low curtsy.

Half-past nine came, and the girls assembled in the hall, flushed and excited with dancing and games, for the procession along the terrace. It was a very mild night, almost warm, but they were all wrapped in cloaks or pelisses, with hoods and fur tippets, with Maman at the end of the line, very stately in her black satin and ermine.

A little mist was rising from the valley and curling round the trees and shrubs. From the

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terrace they could see the lights of Paris in the distance, and Patrice strained her eyes towards them, wondering and wondering whether terrible things were happening there.

First walked the little girls, marshalled by one of the junior teachers, a rather sleepy little band, some of them yawning as they trotted along.

From the end of the terrace a path led to a square, grassy plot, with a sundial in the middle, where the statue stood, just visible against a dark background of trees and shrubs. But Patrice did not need to see it plainly: she knew so well what it was like, the bronze figure, standing in Napoleon's own favourite attitude, with one hand thrust into the breast of his long great-coat.

The girl loved to put little bunches of flowers upon the pedestal on all great occasions—the Emperor's birthday, the anniversary of her father's death. To-day she had laid there a tiny handful of purple violets, and, as she did so, had prayed very earnestly.

The small girls of the Fourth Class all gave their funny little bows and salutes, trotting on rather hurriedly afterwards, as though they would not be sorry to reach their beds.

Then came the Third Class, with rather larger children, and so on until the First Class was reached and Patrice moved forward with the others.

The girl still felt miserable and her head throbbed and ached dully. She longed to be in bed, although she knew that she would not be able to sleep, she was far too anxious for that.

She saw Mollie stiffen herself and salute smartly—Mollie was always proud of those salutes. She saw Agathe follow, clumsily and awkwardly, so that she almost fell as she rose from the curtsy.

It was her own turn now, and her eyes turned wistfully towards the statue of the Emperor, dim against the dark trees. Patrice raised her hand to the salute, and then let it fall to her side with a queer little gasp. For, as she raised her eyes towards the bronze figure, she had distinctly seen it move.

Madame Campan from behind spoke sharply.

"What is the matter, Patrice?" she asked.

"Why have you stopped? We do not wish to linger here in the cold."

"I—I—oh, look, madame!" Patrice pointed towards the statue. "It moved; I saw it move!"

"The statue!" Madame had reached her side now, and taken her by the wrist. "What nonsense! Why, child, you are cold—you are shivering—it must be a chill."

"I have said that she looked ill all day," said Mrs. Dryden. "That is why she has these absurd fancies—it is a fever."

"Come to bed at once, my dear," Madame Campan said kindly. "It is not good for you to stand here in the cold any longer."

Patrice still felt dazed and perplexed, uncertain whether it had been real or fanciful,

whether she was ill—delirious—as the mistresses said. Once more she looked towards the statue and a cry broke from her.

"Look—look! It is not fancy—it is—oh, Sire, Your Majesty!"

For, with a laugh, the statue had moved again, had descended, rather awkwardly, from the pedestal, and stepped from the shadows. Seen now by the light from the terrace it was the Emperor himself most unmistakably.

"I could not let that poor child be accused of madness or lying, madame," he said. "And, in any case, I meant to reveal myself. But it was a good joke, eh—I took you all in! My faith, what a difficulty we had, Victor and I, to lift down the real statue from the pedestal—'tis a heavy thing."

He chuckled delightedly, for anything dramatic or in the nature of dressing-up always appealed to the Emperor. As for Madame Campan, she was almost as much amazed as the girls—and that is saying a great deal.

"But—we did not even know that Your Majesty was in Paris—in France!" she cried. "We thought you were still in Russia."

"So did other folk!" the Emperor chuckled again and twirled round on his heel. "Oh, I was not expected in the least, and the surprise was not welcome to some—eh, Victor?" He broke off, glancing towards Patrice. "So it was you who recognized me, my child!" he said. "Well, I have something to say to you, but not here; it is too cold. Let us go into the house, madame—Victor, give your arm to Mademoiselle de Vernon."

The young man obeyed, and Patrice, independent as she usually was, felt rather glad to lean on it, for she still felt sick and faint.

"It's all right, Mademoiselle Patrice," the boy whispered as they followed the Emperor and Madame Campan along the terrace. "I gave your message to the Emperor, and we were in time, just in time. He left the army next day, posted across Europe in a light coach, arrived in the nick—oh, he is marvellous, wonderful! It was all settled in a few hours, and the conspirators caught, red-handed. . . . Some of them were men very high in power, too, men one would never have expected to be traitors. Perhaps we should not have discovered so much, but one of them rattled—a cur of a fellow!—and gave away his accomplices. That way we learnt all that we wanted, and though he has saved his skin, the wretch will be imprisoned for life—but here we are in the hall."

Amongst the torn crackers, the empty ice-cream saucers and all the other remains of the feast, the Emperor seated himself and looked round laughing.

"So you have been celebrating Austerlitz—and I, too!" he chuckled once more, his eyes alight. "I have celebrated it so successfully also, that is why I am in such good spirits!" He turned to Madame Campan with almost boyish triumph. "I have routed my enemies

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again, madame," he said. "And one of them tells me that he is a friend of yours!"

Madame Campan had grown very white, but she answered bravely and quietly—

"Who is that, Sire?"

"An ill-favoured fellow who bought his own life by betraying his friends and their plots—an ugly scoundrel, with eyes that do not match—ah, madame, I see that you recognize the description!"

"I do, Your Majesty, but I have not seen him very lately."

"Not since he tried to involve you in a plot to place the grandson of Louis XVI on the throne, eh? Oh, yes, he told me about that, and he told me something else, too. He was very frank, this delightful gentleman—I suppose he hoped to curry favour with me—the dog! A liar, too—would it surprise you to know, madame, that he lied to you as well, and deceived you?"

"How, Sire?"

"Why, you believed that this little boy was really royal, really a Bourbon, and the grandson of your late mistress. Well, that was a lie. The child was just a gutter-urchin from Paris, a foundling from an orphan asylum, who happened to have fair curls and blue eyes and a touch of the Bourbon underlip! Oh, 'tis a fact; the rogue confessed it all himself!"

"Thank Heaven!" Madame Campan spoke in a low voice. "I am glad—glad to hear it, Sire, something of what this man told you was true. I did take charge of the child; I would have done my best to help him, even against you, if he had truly been the grandson of my queen. And I think—I think even you would scarcely blame me."

For a moment the Emperor was silent, his face pale, a little frown puckering his forehead. Then suddenly he looked up and smiled in the fashion that no man or woman could resist.

"No, madame, I don't blame you," he said.

"But—I hope that your loyalty will not need to be tested again. And there is another point I wish to clear up. The scoundrel believes that at the last moment your loyalty towards the Bourbons failed—that you spirited away the boy that he might not be used as a tool in the fashion they had planned. Did you do me this service?"

"No, Your Majesty," Madame Campan answered. "But—I guessed who had. I think

Patrice de Vernon can tell you where the child is."

"What! My little friend again! Well, child?"

Patrice, curtsying low, found it was not quite so difficult to talk as she had expected.

"Yes, it was I who hid little Louise," she said. "I took him to a farm—the home of my old nurse. And oh, Your Majesty, if the poor little thing is only an orphan, a foundling, I am sure Madame Grumont would be glad to keep him and bring him up as her own grandchild. She seems to be really fond of him, although he *was* such a naughty, disagreeable little thing!"

"Well, well!" the Emperor laughed. "I expect that can be arranged! But there is something else that I want to arrange, too, something which concerns you yourself, to prove that I am not ungrateful."

"Sire—you know—" Patrice felt an odd choking feeling in her throat. "I do not want gratitude."

"Very likely not, but I always pay my debts. Madame, I must now tell you, for I don't suppose you have heard what this pupil of yours did. She sent me a message to Russia, by Captain Victor here, and that message, telling me that trouble was brewing, brought me home to Paris in time—but only just in time. So you see that she is a very worthy child of mine—a true Daughter of the Legion!"

Patrice stood motionless, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on the ground. She felt that it was all too much, that she could not look up and meet the Emperor's smile, Maman's kind look, her schoolfellows' interest and excitement, or—or Captain Victor's eyes.

But the Emperor was speaking again.

"So I have decided to make her the best gift in my power, and that is, a dower and a good husband. Mademoiselle de Vernon, it is my wish and command that you marry Captain Victor. He wants it, and you will, also, when you have learned what a good lad he is, and so—there couldn't be a better arrangement. You consent—eh?"

Patrice looked up at last, but, strangely enough, she did not even see the Emperor—only Captain Victor's honest eyes, a little anxious and wistful, as he stood waiting. She spoke shyly and gravely.

"Later on, when we are both a little older—yes, I think so!"

(The End)



Moving House

WE have just "moved house." For more than a year we have been living in other people's houses. Furnished ones, no linen or plate; you know the sort—the handle falls off the front door when you first go in, you break the sitting-room window trying to push back the catch which has rusted through long disuse, the last tenants, apparently, not believing much in fresh air. The hot-water system is out of order, and it takes the best part of a ton of coals to get a hot bath. The furniture is of the description that breaks if you breathe too heavily in its vicinity—it seems to be of a rare and valuable kind, extremely difficult to replace, judging by the agent's charges whenever any piece of it is damaged.

No More Furnished Houses

But other people's furnished houses are now for us things of the past. We have tracked down a house, run the owner to earth, bargained for it and bought it. No longer are we homeless sojourners in unfriendly houses, no longer are we surrounded by hostile furniture that takes a malicious delight in falling to bits if we so much as look at it. We possess a house of our own at last! Plumbers, gasfitters, electricians, painters and carpenters were set to work, messages were dispatched to the warehousemen who had our belongings in store; and on a given date we packed up our linen and plate and all the numerous other things we had gathered around us during our year's exile, and, having seen them safely off by van, we shut a loudly-protesting cat into a cardboard hat-box, handed the keys of the furnished house to the young man engaged in checking the inventory, and joyfully departed for our new abode.

When you move house you *expect* a few annoying things to happen. You expect to fall off the steps when you are putting up curtains, to hammer your thumb when you're nailing down carpets, to knock a hole or two in your newly distempered walls when you're putting the pictures up. You are not

The Unpleasantness of Upheaval

By

Christine Chaundler

altogether surprised when the furniture won't fit, and when some of the larger pieces refuse utterly to go upstairs; and you bear with fortitude the discovery that the dining-room is frightfully draughty and the rain comes in through the roof of the bedroom on the third floor back. I am willing to grant that we moved at the worst possible time of the year; that we got the house at a bargain price, having only paid about three times its real value; that it was only to be expected that the expert workmen of all the firms we employed should be down with mumps or measles or influenza, and only the second best should be available. I grant all this, but, even so, I think we might, without undue optimism, have hoped for a little better luck than fell to our share!

The Vans go Astray

The furniture vans with one accord lost their way and arrived two days late. One of them—naturally it was the one that contained all the things we most needed—developed engine trouble as well and did not make its appearance until the third day was well advanced. The electric light company, having run out of cable, had not made our connexion; the geyser we had ordered was damaged in transit and flooded the bathroom—newly decorated—when the man came to fit it up. The kitchen floor developed dry rot and let the carpenter through up to his knees when he stood upon it, with the result that we dared not go near certain parts of the kitchen for fear of sustaining broken legs or other injuries. The kitchen range fell to pieces in the hands of the sweep; the second best plumber did something to the cistern which caused the water to roar and race through all the pipes in the house and necessitated our having the water cut off at the main and being without a supply for nearly a week.

The Plumbers at their Worst

For three days plumbers, carpenters and warehousemen did their worst. At the end of the third day we and the house and the

THE QUIVER

garden and all our belongings, the bit of waste ground at the back and the lane outside were in a state of confusion impossible to describe. When the last van had taken its departure; when the tramps and children and unemployed of the village, who had watched with apathetic interest the details of our moving in, had scattered; when even the ladies touting for subscriptions and the tradesmen soliciting orders had ceased to call, we sat down and gazed at each other in hopeless despair and counted up our woes. No kitchen floor, no geyser, no water, no light, half our belongings sitting outside on the lawn, night coming on fast, and not a single bed ready to be slept in or a single room in anything approaching the faintest semblance of order.

The Courage of Despair

But we did not sit long with folded hands. We had got to sleep in the house that night. We had given up our lodgings—besides, we felt it would be issuing a free invitation to burglars if we went away leaving the place empty with all the silver and plate unpacked in the hall. So, with courage born of desperation, we rose up and set once more to work. We put up beds, lighted fires in all the rooms, sorted out a sufficiency of mattresses, blankets, pillows and sheets, and put them to air. We rigged up screens and dust-sheets to afford us some measure of privacy; made a desperate raid on the village store for candles and things to eat.

All but the Cat

Then we gathered round the brightest and biggest of our fires and fried sausages for supper, trying to speak cheerfully and hopefully of the future and the charming home our house would make when we were "really settled in." The only member of the company who declined to do her part in cheering up the drooping spirits of the rest, was the cat. She behaved with the most selfish disregard for our feelings, and sat gloomily and reproachfully in front of the fire, uttering dismal squawks, entirely refusing to be comforted—a course of behaviour which, as we had fared forth

to the butcher's especially on her behalf to bring her back a dainty feast of liver and lights, showed the basest ingratitude.

A Week of Ceaseless Toil

Followed thereafter a week of ceaseless toil! From early morn till frosty eve we laboured. Even when darkness fell we did not give up, but worked on far into the night by the light of candles and one small paraffin lamp. Bit by bit the furniture, recovering from its first attitude of outraged dignity, was coaxed and petted into a better humour and persuaded at last to make a niche for itself in some corner of a room. Pictures and books and ornaments were gradually sorted out. Curtains were hung, carpets laid down, each hour some improvement was made towards our comfort, some familiar household god rediscovered and hailed as a long-lost friend. And oh, the delight of seeing the rooms gradually assuming the appearance of home, the joy of renewing acquaintance with favourite books and pictures, the pleasure of meeting again some familiar table or chair.

Settling down by Candle-light

We are still without a kitchen range; the electric cable has not yet put in an appearance; the geyser is not repaired. But the kitchen floor has been made safe; we are growing used to candles; a gas-oven renders us, for the time being, independent of the kitchen fire. With a hip-bath and a big kettle of hot water it is possible to keep clean; and—the comfort of it!—we can throw ourselves back in arm-chairs without fear of their giving way beneath us: we can open cupboards and drawers without risk of incurring a heavy bill for damages; we can even bang doors if we want to without danger of the house falling down.

"It's *home*, anyway," we say to ourselves with satisfaction. And as we gather round the fire in the evening, hemming curtains by candle-light for rooms not yet quite fitted up, we feel a glow of happiness and contentment stealing over us as we reflect that, with all its disadvantages, we really have a *home of our own* again at last!



THE IDEAL HOME



WASHING UP SHOULD BE DONE
WITH THE GARDEN HOSE
FIDO AND BABY CAN BE DONE
AT THE SAME TIME.



GOING TO BED
BECOMES A PLEASURE



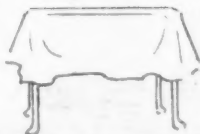
PORTABLE
PATHS FOR THE
GARDEN LEND VARIETY
AND CHARM



HADDOCK
EGGS & BACON
COFFEE
MUSHROOMS
TOASTED
SCONES



BETTER
THAN
THE
ALARM
CLOCK



Will Owen

Will Owen's Idea of the Ideal Home

The Sorties of Suisse

by

H. Mortimer
Batten



THE wind blew as it knows how to blow only in the rugged northern heights, two thousand feet or more above sea-level. The firs and the jack-pines that filled the glen seemed to be hurling themselves back and forth against the invisible fury, then to shake with laughter at their unvanquished foe, clapping each other on the shoulders and hurling themselves into it again. Now and then a ghostly glimmer of moonlight shone out upon the ghostly, struggling army, and upon the troubled sea of heather of the higher slopes, then immediately vanished, as though shocked at what it had revealed.

A fox bounded over the wall enclosing the wood and dropped to earth, flattened out like a wet cloth, but the wind in his ears was too much for him, and he returned, shaking his head and cursing.

Even at the glen foot, where the trees were closely packed, the roar of the gale drowned the roar of the river, which, in turn, swallowed up the thin-edged scream of a rabbit invisible in the gloom at the forest edge. Here there was one tree more ghost-like than the rest, for it was bleached and branchless, and it was motionless. It overhung the river at a perilous angle—the hollow trunk of a defunct ash, its roots undermined. This was the home of Suisse, the red squirrel.

Suisse was one of the squirrel colony that dwelt in this wooded portion of the glen—over two thousand feet up, as I say, and the curious part about it was that there was no other forest within eight miles—nothing but bleak uplands and bleaker tablelands. Some there are who maintain that the whole lower slopes were once thickly timbered, and if that theory be true, the presence of Suisse and his clansmen was easily explained. They were the sole survivors of the ancient forest strain, stranded high and dry in the very heart of the hills with the receding of the forest!

But to return to the night, and the wind, and the hollow tree overhanging the river; suddenly there was a crash, and the tree was gone! It fell into the river with a splash, and Suisse, peacefully sleeping within it, also "ra..."

Now, house-boating may be all right, but one needs to select one's own boat and one's own water. Still in the throes of a nightmare, Suisse scrambled for the exit hole, engineered years ago by a woodpecker, but the hole was not in its usual position, and persisted in performing full-moon circuits over his head. At length Suisse caught it and held it, then things began to happen. The keel of the house boat, travelling at a good five knots per hour, struck a submerged

THE SORTIES OF SUISSE

rock, and the whole vessel turned turtle about half a dozen times with Suisse half in and half out of the hole.

This, like everything else, came to an end, and the squirrel saw the bank skipping towards him like the little hills of another chapter. He scrambled to the prow and leapt—goodness, how he leapt! He leapt with an energy that carried him fully a yard down a rabbit burrow, where he sat, wheezing and gasping, and staring indignantly at the stream; then, guided by a truly excellent bump of locality, he started to bound off through the darkness towards the wood.

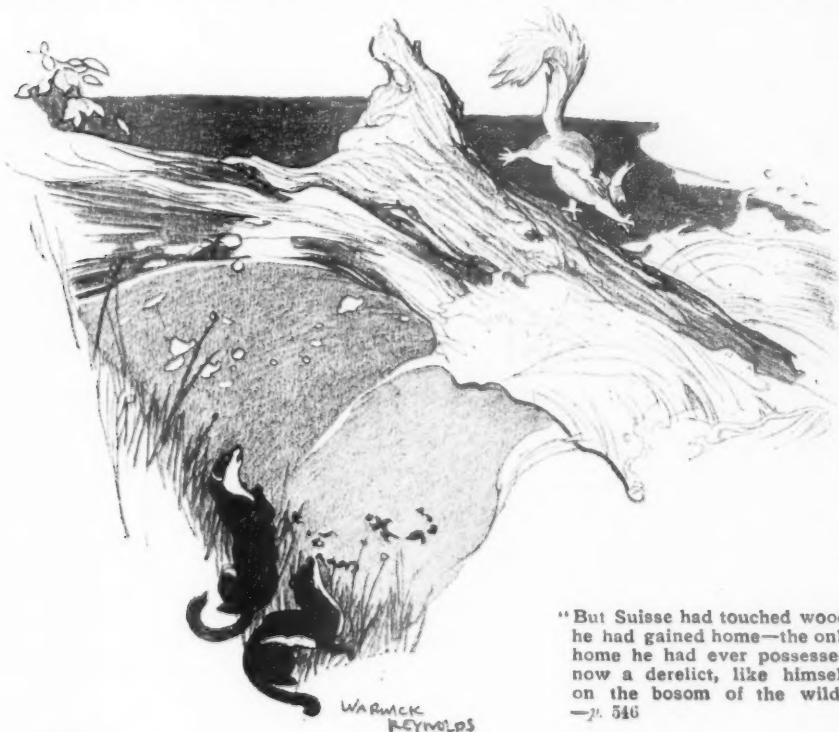
But Suisse had not gone a dozen paces when there was borne down the gale a scent—or, rather, a stink—which sent him shuddering into the heather as though someone had hit him with a plank. Had there been a tree near he would have rocketed into it, and gibbered abuse, but the wood was still nowhere in sight, and Suisse, deprived of the only sanctuary he knew, became a shuddering morsel of terror. Again the scent came, seeming to pass like an electric wave through all his limbs.

Then he saw a flash of white, and eyes—yes, eyes! Many eyes there were, like many electric flashlamps, green and red, coming towards him, followed by a death-like coughing and hissing.

With a "churr" Suisse fled, back the way he had come, running as though ten devils were after him, as truly they were. The stoats saw him, and now the little pack of death-hounds bunched together, making horrible sounds as they ran.

Suisse knew that he was running for his life, but he kept to the river bank, still looking for a tree, while slowly, surely, his pursuers gained. A rabbit got up and collided with him, then deliberately collided with the stoats, but they took no notice. They were after Suisse, and were not to be diverted. Suisse cursed the rabbit, and ran on, wondering vaguely at the bigness of the world.

The river took a sharp turn to the right, to swerve ultimately to the left again, and this was just what the stoats were waiting for. Instantly, as Suisse followed the bend, they fanned out, and two of them took the



"But Suisse had touched wood, he had gained home—the only home he had ever possessed, now a derelict, like himself, on the bosom of the wild"

—p. 516

THE QUIVER

short cut across the neck, so that they would be ready and waiting when Suisse had completed the circuit.

But Suisse was resourceful. He knew that the stoats behind him were gaining, that there was nowhere to go, and that his strength was giving out, yet his courage never wavered. His bounds began to lack their buoyancy, for that awful stench of musk acted like a drug, and seemed surely to be intoxicating him. And then—oh, horror!—he saw red lights ahead, four twin points, bounding towards him, and for once he hesitated and was almost lost. He doubled, he twisted, he side-stepped, then as quickly corrected the swerve, for ahead of him in the darkness he saw something else—something half familiar.

Suisse doubled on, straight towards the two approaching stoats, till they crouched ready to receive him. Then he shot into the air—a clean leap, a yard in height and three yards in length. Straight over their heads he sailed, and the gale bore him on. He tapped a boulder with his tiny feet, and sailed out across the water, to land, lightly as a leaf, on that bleached object careering madly with the current. And there he flattened, became a scrap of bark, while the stoats collided with each other and swore, and finally swam across the river fully five yards in the wake of the drifting log.

But Suisse had touched wood, he had gained home—the only home he had ever possessed, now a derelict, like himself, on the bosom of the wild.

II

OLD McDiarmid's cottage, nestling at the burn edge, fully a mile below the Glen Head Wood where Suisse was born, is sheltered from the gale by a fringe of lordly pines, gaunt and crooked limbed, yet beautiful as pines always are, and in these trees one autumn morning a solitary little squirrel made his appearance. "Lost," thought McDiarmid, yet he and his wife welcomed the little russet stranger in the midst of their bleak environment, though for the time they merely regarded him as one of those ships that pass in the night.

Thus from the topmost limb of the topmost pine, towering high above the little white-walled homestead, Suisse looked out upon the morning—a weary, troubled morning, as though worn out by its own debauchery, billowed and fissured, cloud-

capped and red, straggling with sullen splendour across the hills. That blue shimmer away up the glen, where the silver braid of the river was swallowed up in a mystery of shadow, he knew to be his home—how many weary miles away he could not guess. It was not the distance that troubled him; it was the stench of musk and the suffocating roar of the river, inseparably blended in his mind with that stretch of treeless moor, and never so long as he lived would Suisse attempt that awful journey again!

So he thought that morning after the night before, yet his position here was not so full of rosy promise. The fringe of pines afforded no shelter from the roaring gales, and winter was near. Moreover, all his winter food supply, so carefully and industriously garnered in the hollow log, had gone west with that universal piece of furniture, so that Suisse was in the position of a prospector hitting the winter trail without grub or blankets.

Moreover, Suisse was not quite sure of the man, nor of his dog, nor of the shining bucket in the yard below, though he was quite prepared to regard these things as natural features of the landscape for so long as they left him alone. He spent the whole of that day in the pines thinking over it, but night forced him to wander off in search of warmth.

Next morning when McDiarmid went out he saw the wretched little squirrel cuddling the leeward side of the chimney-pot for such warmth as it imparted. The chimney, indeed, was never cold, for the hind's wife burned peat, and banked up her fire every night so as to keep the temperature of their living, eating, and sleeping room at the same unhealthy level.

McDiarmid, like most shepherds of the hills, was a man of kindly sentiments, and forthwith he produced a wooden box, filled it with hay, nailed on half the lid, and essayed the perilous climb to the roof, where he firmly attached the box to the chimney-pot, its entrance facing south.

This simple and kindly act was the salvation of Suisse, and forthwith he proceeded to become a part of the household. Most of the time he spent on the roof, showering bits of plaster on to the ears of the shepherd's dog that basked on the grimy old sack which served as a mat by the door below. From the roof he could run along the yard wall, across the gate, and so into

THE SORTIES OF SUISSSE

the pines without touching ground, and usually he decided to make the trip when the hens were arrayed along the wall top in goggle-eyed stupidity. But the hens soon became used to him and kept him in his place, though more than once the hind laughed till his sides ached when witnessing those daily struggles between Suisse and the old rooster for morsels of food thrown into the yard. Food! Suisse was literally surrounded by food, and because he was a squirrel, and because winter was at hand, he daily stored in his nesting-box what he could not eat. Eventually the box became so full that there was hardly room for Suisse himself, and one morning the woman, looking out, saw a cascade of crusts, and bones, and old potatoes somersaulting out of the nesting-box on to the chimney, to trickle and bounce down the tiles, while after each avalanche the head of the squirrel appeared, to chatter maledictions at the descending cascade. This mid-week cleaning-up procedure was repeated for so long as Suisse remained, yet he could never quite resist the desire to hoard, especially when the articles hoarded belonged to someone else. So when the guid wife complained that the gutter spouts were becoming choked, her husband cheerfully replied: "Och, Jessie, but he keeps us young. Just like another wain in our ode age!"

Thus that wild and windy winter Suisse remained a guest on a poor man's charity, but the first breath of spring, ere even the curlews had arrived, while the hills were still white-fissured and radiantly wonderful in the growing light, a new restlessness began to dawn upon him. He was young, you see, and knew little of life's pleasures, and had he been able to analyse his feelings he would have said: "I want to go home, to the gay social whirl of my own land. I want to see other squirrels."

One day he began to wander off up the burn, but so thinly formed were his notions that he forgot where he was going, and fell into a sudden panic on finding himself so far away from any tree. A second time he set out with the real intention of going home, for the old terror of the journey had faded, and was swallowed up by his new restlessness. But a branch, borne by the wind, fell across his path, and he fled back to the pine fringe, his nerves noisily on edge again.

But the deciding factor came and dealt its measure with no mean hand. One even-



"Swinging perilously, Suisse watched her fall, spinning and clawing, and heard her strike the earth with a sullen thud"—p. 549

THE QUIVER

ing he was perched high up in the pines watching the rampant fires of sunset over the rugged sea of peaks, when a pine cone dropped through the branches of the tree next to him. It was deadly still, and the sound made him start, and Suisse, looking up, saw a creature watching him from the adjoining tree—such a creature as he had never before beheld! It was a squirrel, a huge squirrel, a beautiful squirrel! A squirrel that possessed a flaming orange front and a coat of shining chocolate! Its tail was long, its eyes were soft, only there was something—just a something—outside its striking beauty which seemed to suggest the weasel, the killer, the creature designed to master and destroy.

Thus Suisse and the pine marten looked into each other's eyes, and then—Suisse fled! He fled, as well he might, for to-day he was face to face with the most terribly and perfectly equipped little demon of murder God has seen fit to camouflage as an ornament to the woods. He fled to the end of the limb, dropped a sheer four feet, scuttled head downwards round the trunk, and flattened himself out on the underside of another limb.

The pine marten came on—that was all there was to it—he just *came on*! His legs moved at invisible speed as he flashed along the limb, he took the trunk head downwards—the *sine qua non* of the pukka climbers—and in an instant Suisse had to drop again.

Then the race began, but here was the difference. Suisse dodged, and turned, and scrambled, and looped, but the marten ran straight—ran like a streak of quicksilver, always dead at its mark. It ascended the vertical trunk at the same speed as it descended it; it floated from limb to limb as though suspended by an invisible wire from above, and it was clear that, running thus without effort, it was swifter than Suisse, already straining every muscle, though the chase had scarcely started.

But Suisse, as we have already seen, was no fool. He decided where he was going, and proceeded forthwith to go. Descending he was as swift as the marten; it was only in climbing that he was bested. He came down from tree to tree at a steady slant, tapped the wall, ricocheted to earth within an inch of the sleeping canine curled up by the door, and thence rocketed into the open cottage window, by which the woman of the house sat sewing.

Suisse alighted on her knees, and would

probably have darted into the stocking she was darning but that she leapt up with a scream, and the stocking, bristling needles, fell to the flags. Another sky hop and Suisse was among the oatcakes drying on a horse before the fire, and yet another and he was safely ambushed on top of the side of bacon suspended from the roof.

The woman of the house, really incensed at such audacity, had no idea as to what had taken place outside. She got a stick and poked him out, then she buffeted him with the oven cloth till poor Suisse was literally ejected by the way he had come.

The pine marten had feared to follow, but now she was waiting—waiting on the eaves—and Suisse, with no choice, fled back into the pines with the terror at his heels.

The fury of the pine marten increased with every second, for never had she met a squirrel so nimble and obstinate. Suisse knew every leap and bridge of her tiny home range, just as a rabbit knows every cranny and creep around its burrow, and in that he was lighter than the marten he could leap earlier and land later. Instinctively, therefore, he chose the most perilous bridges, and the pine marten, unable to leap from twig tip to twig tip, had to exert herself unduly to stick the pace.

Up and down the pine grove they had flashed, back and forth, with never a misstep, never a halt, but now the marten was a foot above, always a foot above, forcing Suisse downwards, steadily downwards, till soon he would have to drop to the green-sward, and then—then the chase would end!

Yet wait! Suisse has another card to play! He is dropping earthwards—down, steadily down, faster than he need—risking everything on a last desperate venture, down and still down, till there comes a leap longer than the rest.

Suisse has never tried it before, though he has looked at it and wondered, realizing, perhaps, that some day it might prove his last card. Now he has to play it, and to play it well, or he is lost. He is tottering and trembling with fear—not fear that robs him of his strength, for with the beautiful tree weasel there is no stench of musk—only the fear of a losing game, of a swift and terrible pursuer at his heels, with life or death on the turning of that card.

With the marten at his very tail Suisse leapt, and steel jaws clashed behind him. Upwards and outwards from tree to tree, a

THE SORTIES OF SUISSE

clean span of three yards, with forty feet of nothingness below! Suisse leapt and—*landed!* He caught the tips of the pine needles in his forepaws and clung there, swinging, watching over his shoulder—swinging helpless, the race concluded, his life suspended, as it were, not by a thread, but by a pine needle!

And the marten, blind with blood lust, fearful of being fooled with the prize so near—also leapt—leapt with a chattering fury from the slenderest tips with that easy, gliding spring. Had she succeeded, had she won? Her long curved claws raked the squirrel's back from brow to tail, and a wisp of russet fur floated away on the evening calm. But that was all, and Suisse, swinging perilously, watched her fall, spinning and clawing, and heard her strike the earth with a sullen thud.

She landed where another pine once had stood, a pine that had fallen to the wintry upland blast, and now all that remained of it was a row of sabre teeth, pointing lustfully skywards. On to these teeth the marten fell, and a hissing snarl went up to the fairy castles above. She looked at little Suisse, still swinging in mid-air, and there was hatred and defeat in that parting glance. Yet the hatred faded, as the moonlight fades from the burn with a passing

cloud, and limp and lifeless lay the one designed to slay!

The sun was gone, and there remained only the breathless whisper of the mice millions in the grass. A lank, lone mountain fox who had just slain a blue hare and feasted, and therefore was in idle mood, sat on a sand hill high above the burn and grinned indulgently when he saw a solitary little squirrel bounding along the sheep track by the burn as though the terrors of the night were after him—grinned again when he heard that squirrel's "churr" of mockery and triumph as he gained the mountain coppice where lived the squirrel clan.



Over a fortnight passed, and the box on the roof was empty. But one day when the kind came back from the hill his wife was waiting for him at the door.

"Ronald," she said, pointing upwards, "the squirrel is back, and he's brought his missus with him. She's been cleaning out the box and carrying in fresh straw from the missel! Such a mess on the step you never saw, and all the gutter full of it!"

"Och!" muttered McDiarmid. And again and again he smiled to himself as he ate his porridge. "Och!" he muttered. "Och, woman, Och!"

Grand Doll-Dressing Competition

By the Editor

The closing date of the Doll-Dressing Competition is April 29. Dolls may be sent in as soon as possible now. Please see that they are carefully packed, with the coupon (given in the advertisement section of this issue) securely affixed. *Be sure to read the conditions below, and address the packages properly.*

The Prizes

As previously announced, the First Prize will be a magnificent "Victor" Easy Chair, specially upholstered, manufactured by Messrs. C. Downing and Sons, Limited.

The Second Prize will be a "Whirlwind" Suction Sweeper.

The Third Prize is to be a Butcher Watch-Pocket Carbine Camera.

The Fourth Prize will be an "Otterburn" Baby Rug.

There will also be a dozen Consolation Prizes in the shape of the "Eversharp" Pencil, made by the Wahl Eversharp Company, Limited.

Conditions

1. The total cost of doll and materials bought is not to exceed 5s. It is, however, not necessary to worry about the cost of odds and ends the competitor may have by.

2. Each entry must have attached the coupon to be found in the advertisement section, with full name and address of competitor.

3. All dolls sent in for competition will be forwarded to children's hospitals or similar institutions. No entry can be returned to readers, but if competitors wish their entries to go to a particular institution, and will put a note to that effect on the coupon, their wishes will, as far as possible, be carried out.

4. Dolls must be addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, in time to reach the office by April 29. The package must be marked "Doll-Dressing Competition."

5. The decision of the Editor is final.



THE IDEAL HOUSE

We Decide to Move

MRS. EDITOR thought it was about time we moved. It was all very well living in delightful surroundings in a little country village, but occasionally one felt cut off from the great world. One needed a change.

"It is well never to get into a rut," agreed your Editor. "Let us go and find the ideal house and move into it forthwith."

"Not the *ideal* house," objected Mrs. Editor. "Of course, one can't expect that, especially these days, but surely we could find something where there is a little society, a little intellectual recreation, a little . . ."

"Just so, just so," agreed your Editor. "Suppose before starting out we put down the points about the house we should like and the points we must have. It will save a lot of trouble and search."

Mrs. Editor agreed. "It would be nice to be in some bracing spot—high up: you remember how hot the weather was last summer."

"'High, bracing situation,'" wrote the Editor.

"But it must not be awkward to get at: no long climb up a steep hill."

"'No steep hill,'" wrote your Editor. "'Top of a plateau.' Facing south, of course?"

"I really don't think we can better what we have at present as far as that goes," said Mrs. Editor. "Facing south, with only the pantry and the morning-room facing north, and the rest of the rooms to the west."

"And now," said I, "for train service;

a very important matter for a business man. I would prefer to be on a main line, with non-stop trains just bringing me into the City at the right time—not too early or too late."

An Exciting Volume

We spent two exciting hours poring over "Casell's Time Tables." It is a fascinating book—or rather a new and remarkable game of patience, wherein the evening or the morning trains will not come right. We crossed out a remarkable number of places. A. had a splendid evening service that landed you home just when the soup was being heated up and the joint was frizzling; but the morning train dug you out of bed at cock-crow and landed you at the office before the fires were lighted. B. was all right if you did not mind changing once or twice and waiting at a draughty junction. C. had a splendid non-stop train—that got you into the office at eleven in the morning; and D. didn't give you a chance to read your morning paper. However, there were a few possibles, and these were noted down.

The question of educational facilities was an important one: our village grows principally old people who cannot be taught, and therefore schools are unheard of. We must live near a good school—and another item was added to our list of essentials.

"Must be within fifteen minutes of a main-line station, good train service, near good school, high and bracing, not up a long hill, facing south, with windows to the west. What next: garden?"

"If a place has all those advantages it is sure to have a moderately good garden,"

BETWEEN OURSELVES

remarked Mrs. Editor wisely. "We really must be willing to give and take on some points; leave that out, and——"

"And put 'room for garage,'" said I. "One of these days we shall be having a car, and it is much better to keep the thing on the premises."

Written accordingly.

More Requirements

"About the house," pursued Mrs. Editor. "It couldn't be better than our present house—with rooms a trifle larger, if anything."

Noted.

"And the kitchener?"

"There will be no kitchener," replied the lady firmly. "An up-to-date contrivance to heat the water; central heating; latest labour-saving devices; modern house, of course—but no kitchener; never again will I burn myself up in the endeavour to get roast beef done to a turn."

"The neighbourhood," I said, taking up the parable, "must be pleasant, the society congenial, open country quite near, a decent church, and a——"

"And a few poorer houses near at hand——"

"A few poor cottages?"

"Where one can always rely on getting extra domestic help when needed," added the lady sapiently.

"Sand or gravel soil—or chalk; near a river, golf . . ."

"Oh, leave those out and take our chances: we must be reasonable."

A Rainy Search

I agreed. We again looked up the time tables, also the map, and found a pleasantly situated town built on the southern slopes of a pretty range of hills, with a good train service, and evidently the centre of interesting country. We promptly took train to the desirable spot. It was raining, but the forecast said "Showery; bright sunshine at intervals." We thought it would be showery whilst we were in the train and sunshiny when we viewed the houses.

The rain had not left off when we reached M—. We, however, searched out the principal agent, whom we found to be a man of remarkable cheerfulness and optimism. He searched his register diligently and found he had at least half a dozen properties in the market, any one of which ought to suit us nicely. Questioned, he ad-

mitted to being not quite certain of the situation of several, but, though each seemed to be in a different part of the town, they were all worth seeing.

He prepared lists and orders to view. He also informed us of the prices the lucky owners wished to receive for their favoured properties. The prices staggered us at first; they seemed at least twice as much as the houses could be worth, plus a reasonable sum added in view of doubts. However, we argued that times were hard, money tight, and doubtless these owners willing to sell would be glad of a reasonable offer some way removed from the figure of their hopes.

The rain re-asserted itself when we left the agent's office. It came down with a pitiless severity that offered little prospect of the sunny intervals promised by the meteorologist.

We tramped. We viewed house after house; mostly we viewed them from the outside. That, generally, happened to be enough. We more and more marvelled at the cheerful optimism of the agent; he was born in a land of sunny intervals with never a war in the background, and a fertile imagination that a novelist might have envied. He had narrated eloquently on "large, sunny rooms," but forgot to mention the sixteen steps that led to the old-fashioned mansion above. His description of a "choice locality" omitted reference to blank spaces with a view of brickbats and empty tins: miles of mean streets could not depress his sanguine soul.

We went to the four corners of that town. It rained all the while. It occurred to us that we had better have hired some vehicle for conveyance; but you cannot get a proper idea of distance and situation unless you walk—and we were wet through as it was: a little more would make no difference.

Then it snowed.

The House of Fancy

We had one more property to view. The order said: "Messrs. — have inspected this property and can strongly recommend this pretty little semi-detached house. It is well arranged, light and nicely situated; the view alone is worth going to see," etc.

We went. It snowed more and more. We asked the way. No one seemed to have seen or heard of the property. We persevered.

At last, after climbing a very long and

THE QUIVER

very steep hill, we reached the ideal house. The view, no doubt, was superb—when you could see it. All we saw was a hurricane of snow. We knocked and were admitted, apologizing profusely for our sodden condition.

And then we viewed the ideal house. We were struck first, foremost, and all the time with the marvellous facility with which that auctioneer had transformed a woe-begotten hovel into a mansion of glorious aspect. It was tiny—and choked. It seemed as if a houseful of mid-Victorian furniture had been dumped down into an army hut with ludicrous results. The furniture bulged about. What could not go into the tiny living-room went into the tiny kitchen—and what remained (which seemed the principal part of the whole) had been wedged upstairs into the attic. It was a conglomeration.

We preserved our passive hue and asked the regulation questions. Mine host named the price he was asking without a blush. He admitted that the house was rated ridiculously low—certainly that and the view would be the only advantages. We made haste to see the view, and carefully examined the same as soon as we could make a decent exit. The worthy man was asking about four times as much as the house would have fetched in those blissful pre-war days: and may he find a suitable purchaser!

Cured

We left M—, wet through and tired, went home, admired the view from our own humble domicile, and mixed some mustard with a hot bath as a propitiation to the goddess of 'flu. . . . We tried T., and B., and X. on successive days, with similar results.

Finally we retired home once more, and once more admired the view. We agreed that there was nothing like it in any of the places we had visited. We went into the drawing-room and admired its walls and

fireplaces; we wandered up and down the stairs revelling in their spaciousness; we even put our ears to the draught blowing through the cracks in the dining-room door and admired the soothing zephyrs that reminded one of "home, sweet home." Our wanderings had brought us back home with a mind of content. We will stay where we are awhile.



Looking Forward

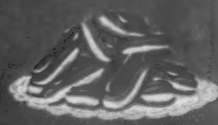
This, I realize, is quite the wrong touch for a Home-Makers' Number; but, alas! the times are awry. The High Cost of Living, we are told, is going down. But the house shortage, judged by our experience, still obtains. The ordinary man, not a war profiteer, finds that, for the moment, he cannot beat the little home he struggled to get into being in pre-war days. *But the tide is on the turn.* Truth compels the admission that we did come across some very nice new houses (not of the Addison Government order, but real new houses, built by the speculative builder). The price of these, of course, is, for the moment, high, but it will come down. And the standard is good, the ideas new and appealing. Soon it will be possible for the earnest young Home Maker to sally forth, as in the old days, and choose him the house of his dreams. The war has had a revolutionary effect on everything—houses as well as other things. The post-war home will be different from that of other days, and better. The furniture will be simpler, more comfortable, better; the house will be fitted to ensure home-making being an easier thing; the home will be made for the family, not the family for the home.

Good luck to the Home Makers of the future, and may they, in the old historic words, make England a fit country for heroes!

The Editor



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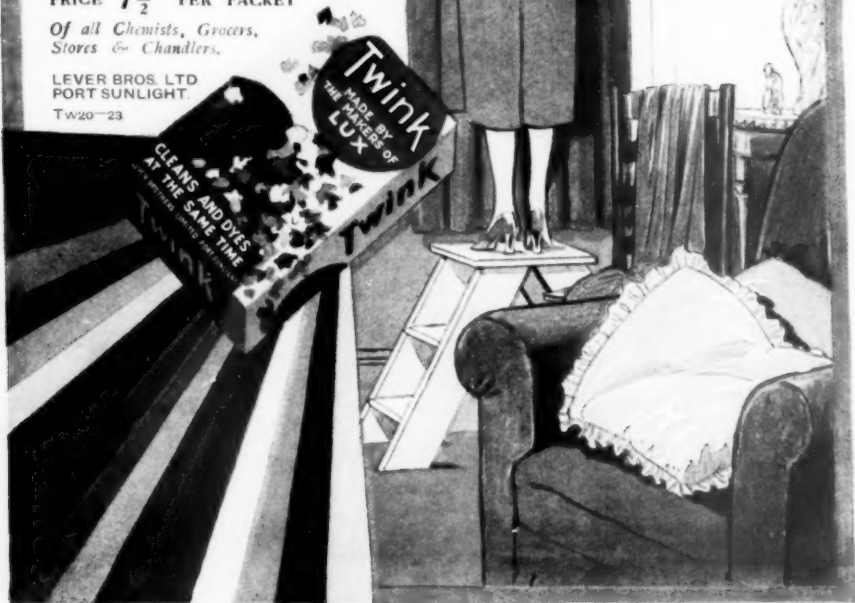
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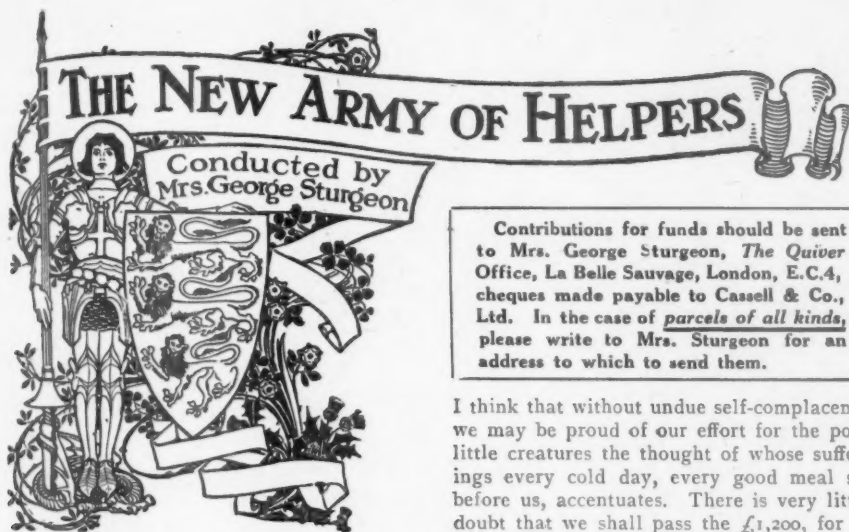
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Fine Figures

MY DEAR READERS,—Last month I gave a general résumé of our Christmas work; this month I am able to give definite figures with regard to several of our undertakings, which I think are undoubtedly satisfactory. I have had a sheaf of letters of thanks, many of which I cannot do better than quote.

Far and away top of our financial successes is the Save the Children Fund. This fund was started in November, 1920, so that it has been running just eighteen months. We registered 101 adopters, of whom up to the present thirteen have undertaken to subscribe for a second year or half-year. Apart from subscriptions, donations have continuously flowed in, and side by side with the money gifts, an anything but negligible stream of parcels of clothing and comforts. £1,175 odd is the handsome amount which THE QUIVER is credited with having added to the coffers of the Save the Children Fund up to the time at which I am writing. Of this amount £925 passed through my hands, and the remainder was sent in response to the advertisement appeals direct to Lord Weardale. Of course, as the Secretary of the Fund points out, this may not yet include all the gifts from readers of THE QUIVER, for probably some did not name the source of their inspiration in sending their contributions, and these would be merged in the general fund. But, as it is,

Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

I think that without undue self-complacency we may be proud of our effort for the poor little creatures the thought of whose sufferings every cold day, every good meal set before us, accentuates. There is very little doubt that we shall pass the £1,200, for of the thirteen second-year subscribers eleven are paying in weekly or monthly instalments, so that the bulk of their subscriptions is still to come, and I am still receiving donations as well.

With regard to the promised letters from godchildren—will those who have not yet received them write to the General Secretary, Save the Children Fund, 42 Langham Street, Great Portland Street, London, W.1, asking for information? He tells me that in most cases they have found it advisable for adopters to write direct to their adopted children, as this greatly increases the children's interest and speeds up the arrival of promised letters. In writing to him, please quote name, *number* and nationality of your godchild. I am grieved to hear from him that there are still many thousands of children in the greatest distress.

Also extremely popular with readers of THE QUIVER are Dr. Barnardo's Homes. They have not far to go to find needy children to shelter and feed and clothe, but it is much more difficult to find the means on which to bring up their large family. I have the following letter from the General Secretary:

"I have to acknowledge with many thanks your letter to hand to-day, enclosing cheque for £100, for which I send herewith official receipt. It is with especial pleasure that we note that this amount represents contributions from members of THE QUIVER Army of Helpers towards our Garden City Home, and on behalf

THE QUIVER

of our Director and Council I desire most heartily to thank all who have contributed towards this sum. The gift is a truly generous one, and we much appreciate the sympathy and interest of which it is the outcome."

I was very sorry to be prevented by illness from being present at the Annual Fête held at the Albert Hall on January 21, when for over two hours the arena and orchestra were occupied by boys and girls from various branches of the Homes, and a remarkably interesting and varied programme was carried out by them. The Duke of Somerset presided, and the Duchess of Somerset received purses for the benefit of the Young Helpers' League Funds. I hope some of my helpers were there.

Our activities certainly run in the direction of helping the children, and we are not likely to be blamed for that. Here is a letter from the secretary of The Reedham Orphanage which tells of a timely gift:

"I beg to hand you herewith official receipt for £19 os. 6d., representing subscriptions from the Army of Helpers, and I am instructed to ask you if it is possible to convey to that body the very grateful thanks of the board for this gift. It comes at a most opportune time, as, owing to an outbreak of scarlet fever among the children, very great additional expense has been thrown on the funds by reason of the extra nursing staff required, and also the fact that no children were able to leave the home at Christmas, and so the housekeeping bill was very greatly enlarged."

The Fund for Sunshine House—the home for blind babies—is still open, and has passed £30. I hope it is going a long way further still. I must mention a particularly splendid effort on the part of the school-children of Newton Valence, near Alton, who, under the supervision of Mrs. Chandler and her helpers, gave a most successful entertainment which realized £2 8s. I wish I had space to say more about it. The blind babies found champions also amongst some school-children in Yorkshire:

"This small contribution comes from a Sunday school class of girls of twelve years of age. They were very much interested in your blind babies, but unfortunately they have only pennies to send instead of pounds. So I enclose for them a postal order for 1s. 6d. It is very small, but times are hard. We may be able to do more another time. Meanwhile we shall remember them in our prayers.—I am, yours faithfully,

"A S.S. TEACHER FROM YORKSHIRE.

I want to assure the kind subscribers that the value of their gift is unaffected by the amount. They have given in pounds of sympathy and practical interest, and as

many pennies besides as they could afford—truly noble help for which I thank them most heartily.

The Church Army also adds a vote of thanks in acknowledging £1 1s. received from a reader of THE QUIVER. Its work is far reaching and very useful.

St. Dunstan's, whose work needs no advertisement, is still, I am glad to say, supported by us, and Captain Ian Fraser tells us that our help is much appreciated:

"I am most grateful to you and to the members of THE QUIVER Army of Helpers for the generous contributions of £41 2s. 6d. In these days, when appeals to charitable impulse are being made on every side to relieve the great distress prevalent throughout Europe, we fully appreciate the generosity of those who support our funds. This donation is very welcome, and I thank you and the members of THE QUIVER Army of Helpers very sincerely and cordially on behalf of our blinded soldiers and sailors."

I have refrained out of modesty from mentioning the S.O.S. Fund until the end, because it is in a very special sense my own fund, but I must honestly confess that I am horribly proud of it! Only started in September, it has received £129 14s. 6d., of which £44 4s. 6d. was earmarked for the lighting of fires in cold rooms. I can assure all those who have contributed to it that they have had full value for their money in the warmth and happiness and comfort of those who needed it; and I can conscientiously ask readers to continue to support this fund. As a matter of fact, there are one or two cases just now for which a little financial help is most necessary. Miss S. has suffered for years from an internal complaint, and is a chronic invalid. She worked as long as it was possible, but it is now quite impossible, and she has no one to support her except a sister, who has recently been out of work. Her mother is very delicate. Miss S. is most anxious to go into a home both for her own comfort and to relieve the burdens of the little household, and I believe she could be got into a home if 14s. 6d. a week were forthcoming. 7s. 6d. of this is assured, and I should very much like to be able to guarantee the deficit, or most of it, for a time at least. I feel that we should be doing real good. Miss S.'s home is in one of the black Midland towns, not at all a suitable place for an invalid.

Seamen's Hostel Started

Readers will be interested to hear that the

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

building of the hostel for seamen was to begin at the end of January. This news makes it all the more imperative for us to complete our collection for THE QUIVER Room in it as soon as possible. I cannot give you the exact figure at which it stands this month, as we are accumulating parcels of jewellery, etc., before having them valued. Please remember that I shall not leave you in peace until we have the £250, and send along everything you can possibly spare in money or in kind. Two letters received lately bear valuable testimony to the need for the hostel. One is from a reader, personally known to me, who lived for years in Copenhagen. She writes:

"My sisters and I are looking up some odds and ends for the Silver Thimble Fund; we were all pretty well cleared out during the war, you know, but if we can help even in a small way to get that QUIVER Room in the Seamen's Hostel, I shall be glad. I know what a boon the Seamen's Home was to the sailors going to Denmark; I have spent many happy hours and helped with many teas given to the English sailors over there."

The other says:

"I enclose 10s. donation to the collection for the Seamen's Hostel as a small token of gratitude for my son's safe return to me; he was a sailor for the war, and appreciated to the full many kindnesses shown him in hostels at various ports."

The Colonial QUIVER

More and more copies of THE QUIVER, having spent a period of usefulness in the home country, set forth to continue the good work overseas. There was an excellent response to my appeal for offers to send regularly to lonely settlers, whose needs are again vividly described by the Hon. Sec. of the Colonial Correspondence League:

"Thank you so much for offers of THE QUIVER you have so kindly sent on. They are most acceptable, especially now I am hearing from a good many of the settlers to whom I wrote for Christmas. The Canadian offer is going to a poor fellow up in the North of Alberta who lost his wife last year, and is evidently having a struggle to get on (the farmers are having a very hard time just now, as after four years of drought and bad crops they got a fair harvest, only to have to sell almost at a loss as prices have been so much lowered; I am told many of them are going bankrupt, others are having a great struggle to keep going). The above man writes that he is terribly lonely; his papers had stopped and he was anxious for some nice reading. I have received several sad letters telling of losses, sorrows and privations. One New Zealand woman thought she was being hoaxed at first, she could not believe anyone would write to her or send her literature out of

pure love and kindness; when she found it was genuine she just opened her heart out to us."

S.O.S. Call of the Month

"Will you please try to help me to get orders for babies' woollen wear? I am an invalid, and my sole income is £20 a year. I am too weak and ill to do anything but a little knitting with large pins. The articles I make are dainty and pretty and would make charming and useful christening presents. I have, ready for sale, a lovely peacock blue woollen jumper, skirt, hat and gaiters to three years, £2 17s. 6d. This set I cannot repeat as the making exhausted me. Six very dainty white woollen jackets, 7s. 3d. each, suitable for babies from birth to twelve months for indoor or night wear. Of these I could take orders for more. I am so desperate and anxious.—A. H. Y."

This appeal is warmly supported by a clergyman who has known A. H. Y. and her circumstances for years, and I hope for many requests for the address of one whom it will be a real kindness to help.

Last month I was able to print a most happy and cheering letter from Ethel W., whom we had been instrumental in sending to her brother at Weymouth, where we hoped she would soon be restored to health. I am extremely sorry to have to report that her visit was brought to a sudden end by the death of her mother. The loss is a terrible one, for they were most devoted. And it is very sad that the cure had to be terminated so abruptly. I hope that later on it may be possible for it to be resumed, but she writes:

"At present I cannot see any possible chance of returning to my brother's, as you see my dad and eldest sister could not be left alone. . . . Will you please accept my best thanks for cheque, which is a great help to me, as I have not been at all well again lately, and it takes so much to get necessary things when one is not strong. Please thank for me very kindly the reader who sent the cheque. It is indeed kind. I do sincerely hope that in the future I may have good health and be able to resume my business and help to cheer some of the lonely ones, as I have been cheered and helped by THE QUIVER friends."

A sheaf of touchingly thankful letters acknowledging Christmas gifts to empty graves was enclosed by the vicar of the poor parish in the Midlands with this note:

"I enclose some letters acknowledging your most kind and generous gifts. I wish you could have seen the joy they brought to the recipients."

Stop Press S.O.S. Call

I had already printed the S.O.S. call of the month when I received a letter which

THE QUIVER

makes me ask my kind helpers to lend me both ears, for there are two calls of equal urgency. The second is from an old friend, the "lady with a delicate husband and several children," to whom many readers have shown kindness, but who still has a terrible struggle:

"I was hoping to be able to write a cheerful letter and tell you all my news, but I know you will be sorry to hear that my husband is very ill, worse than he has ever been. . . . I had to stop away from work last week, and, of course, my pay stopped too; but to-morrow I must go, and as I have to leave before eight and don't get back till nearly six, it is a long time to be away. . . . My great piece of news was that we have a prospect of a house in April. It seems almost too good to be true, and it will make such a difference. I shall still have to struggle and work just as hard, but it will be working for my own home. I don't know how I am going to get into it, but I mustn't let the opportunity slip, and we shall not need anything more than beds and chairs and tables. Would you think I was taking too great a liberty if I asked if you thought any of THE QUIVER helpers might have any worn linen—household linen, I mean—to spare? I should be so grateful, for I shall have to get the furniture on the 'out of income' system, and I shan't have any money to spend, so any 'done with' things would be a real help to me."

For a long time Mrs. A. has had to live in one room, far from her work, and to board some of the children out. I am delighted to hear of the prospect of a house at last, and it would be a real joy to make the moving in easier for her. She deserves much. Luckily, her letter arrives just in time to appear in the April number, and I am sure some of my helpers will be able to supply her need, while perhaps others will find that they have duplicates of useful things which they can spare for the furnishing. *Please do not hesitate to offer anything so long as it is useful.* I shall gladly supply the address.

Anonymous Gifts

The following kind gifts are acknowledged with many thanks:

Seamen's Hostel.—B. E. J. (sale of camera), £2 2s.

Sunshine House.—Anon., 12s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "For the Blind Babies at Sunshine House," 7s.; Anon., £1.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—F. W. H. (Birmingham), 10s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; G. N., 10s.; A. B., Ipswich, 5s.

Save the Children Fund.—A Grey Cat, 2s.; Anon., 2s.

S.O.S. Fund.—A. N. L. (for G. H.), 5s.; C. T., 10s.

Also my best thanks to the following for letters and gifts:

Miss Thompson, Mrs. Mileham, Mr. Watchous, Mrs. Jennings, Alfred Martin, Mrs. Haworth, Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Graham Gillespie, Mrs. Nathan, "Elsie," Miss Hunt, Miss Walker, Miss Connell, Miss Plummer, Mrs. Haynes, Miss Hargreaves, the Hon. Mrs. W. Feilding, Miss Lizzie Kistlingbury, Miss Fulton, Mrs. Fingland, Miss Howes, Miss Winifred Bull, Miss M. A. Walker, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Lilian Nichols, Mrs. Wesley, Miss Minnie Allan, Miss M. Hamilton, Miss Woodham, Mrs. Cranstoun, Miss E. Roe, Mrs. Young, Miss L. A. Robinson, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss M. Smith, John Procter, Esq., Miss Grace Holskamp, Miss Anderson, Mrs. Roe, Miss Bound, Miss Dorothy Wilson, Mrs. Heep, Miss Alice Long, Miss Vernall, Miss Joan M. Burt, "Rainworth," "Bobby," Edgeworth, Miss Shirley, Miss Hinton, Miss Clough, Miss Rose Johnson, Miss A. Robbins, Miss Preson, Miss Shann, Mrs. Judson, Miss Kaye, Mrs. Caudwell, Miss Crouch, M. A. W. S., Miss Isa Watson, Miss Whiles, Miss C. Elwin, Misses Bates and Male, Mrs. Walden, A. G. Paterson, Miss Rogers, Miss Ronsley, Mrs. Procter, Mrs. Hickson, Miss E. Henderson, A. L. Coghlan, Miss Alice Reid, Miss Winnifred Kirkham, Mrs. Day, Miss L. K. Baker, Miss Evans, Mrs. Jones, Miss Ethel Wharrton, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Drewitt, Miss Mabel Griffin, Mrs. Turner, Miss Standford, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Southern, Mrs. Highfield, Mrs. Tansley, Miss Brett, Mr. George Dalton, Miss de Bary Rubeck, Mrs. Paterson, Miss A. Ruby Taylor, Mrs. Chandler and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: MRS. GEORGE STURGEON, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

With best wishes for a happy Easter,

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.



Beside the Still Waters

"Proverbs and a Proverb"

By

Rev. J. A. Hutton, D.D.

PROVERBS represent the hard-won wisdom of the human race. And so it is always at our peril that we flout any wise saying which has come to us from remote times. For it was always a serious thing to live. In this uprooted time of ours, when the human race is on its feet watching for something—it knows not what—we are aware as our fathers had no need to be aware how very serious a thing life is, and what delicate arrangements are needed to evade disasters.

From Primitive Times

All primitive peoples were rich in proverbs. Small nations or nations which had a rather grim and precarious experience, contending year by year with a poor soil and a sour climate, were always peculiarly rich in proverbs. For proverbs are the result of thinking, and the tendency to think is apt to become strong in people who are having a hard time. Rich, opulent peoples, to whom things come easily, are for the most part without proverbs. They did not need that nimbleness and patience of the spirit which are the breath of this particular kind of wisdom. And so it comes to pass that whenever life in general seems once again to be becoming difficult and even dangerous we are in the mood to listen to any wise old observation, and not to think the less of it because it has come from far-off days when people had not, indeed, our wonderful civilization, but when it would seem they had time to think about life and about things beneath the surface.

There is a note in most of those old proverbs which is apt to offend us in these days. It is what you might call their leisureliness. They will not promise you anything while you wait, or even next day. They make much of the influence of time. Perhaps they err on the side of caution; but even if that be so they are of value for an age which is nervous and in a hurry. Certainly they will hold out no promise of a swift return for any pains you take. They will assure you, indeed, that what you honestly put into life you will get out of it, and perhaps with interest. But the transaction takes time. Anything that comes easily, goes easily; and a really good thing is worth working for and waiting for. The fact is, proverbs belong to the stone age; whereas we were born into the age of steam and electricity.

The consequence is we are apt to be impatient of the slowness of proverbs. They always seem to be walking on foot; whereas we think walking on foot a waste of time. And so it might seem that this old wisdom has no value for people like ourselves: we live in a different world.

Eternal Dangers

Anything that was ever true of man is still true. Any danger which once upon a time beset him, besets him still. This danger may take a new form and may approach us from a new covert; it may also have different consequences. But beneath the surface it is the same. This is true of bright and reassuring things; and it is true of things that are sinister. We can read an old story from the Bible, let us say, or from Homer,—a story embodying some poignant human emotion—the story of Joseph making himself known to his brethren, in Genesis; or the story of the parting of Hector and Andromache, in the Iliad. And, although long centuries of time separate us and deep gulfs of change intervene, as we read, behold time and space fall away, and we shed tears as though it were the very hour and we near by when Judah is interceding for his young brother, and Joseph can no longer restrain himself. Man is the child of God in this—that like his father he is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever.

"Train Up a Child"

And now let us look for a moment at this old-fashioned instruction: "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." The words are spoken, of course, in the first instance to parents. There can be no doubt that it is God's arrangement for the human race that parents should teach their children. I can believe that there is something which children can get only from those who begat them; something of such a kind that if children do not get it from their parents they never get it: they have to live and they have to die without it.

Now there is no creature of God, I can believe, down to the very level of the jelly-fish, which does not acknowledge this responsibility. I have seen a hen step out in front of her large family of helpless birds and stand ready to defend them against a great brute of a dog. She might have run

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away leaving her silly brood to scuttle and take their chance. But no, there she stands, with a heroism which makes the strutting of armed knights in days of chivalry a rather ridiculous thing. She can do no other. It is the law of her being, the ordinance of God written in her member, that she shall give her life if need be that her off-spring may be spared. And more than that and in its way quite as fine as that; I have seen, and we have all seen, a hen taking her brood about, first for a little distance, then for a distance slightly greater, to teach them to look for food; showing them what their food is, taking into her own beak a crumb, a seed of corn, and dropping it to the ground with a gurgling chatty sound as though she were saying: "That was a nice bit indeed, and I should have liked to keep it for myself if it were not that I have such a crowd of you troublesome darlings to cater for."

Our blessed Lord, Who in His short life seems to have seen everything that is beautiful in this world, must have noticed the fidelity of a hen. He likened His own love, His own willingness to care for us and to shelter us; He likened it to the bravery and recklessness of a hen. And at the last He interposed His own precious body to ward off from the human race some fell enemy; even as a hen in the agony of her motherhood flings herself in the way of danger for her brood's sake, obeying some divine impulse in her puzzled little brain.

Yes; you may search nature from the lowliest creature to the highest, and you look in vain for any godless lapse in the mighty bond of love and carefulness which links the generations. There is no species in which the parents do not equip their off-spring for their peculiar tasks in life, warning them of the dangers and acquainting them with the appropriate strategy by which to ward off disease and to keep back death until death is due.

It is only when we come to man that the repudiation of nature becomes possible. For man alone of all God's creatures can use his reason as his accomplice rather than his guide. Man alone can use his intelligence to frustrate his instincts, and can work up into activity certain poorer and later desires that take the very life-blood from his deep and fundamental pieties.

The Childless Mother

But though this Proverb is addressed in the first instance to those who have children of their own, it need not be confined to these. We should all see to it that *in spirit* we have children of our own. It is not the modern Church of Rome only, it was the undivided Christian Church to which we all belong, that was ready to receive vows of consecrated chastity and consecrated vir-

ginity. It was her way of asking all, and especially such as were without children of their own, to assume a share of the general responsibility. And so, the unwedded and the childless were encouraged to believe that as all children belong to God, as Christ in symbol and in truth had taken all children upon His heart, it was given to them also to seek out and to fulfil some portion of the great task.

Perhaps the minds that have laboured most thoughtfully for the health and safeguarding of the weak, who have given themselves with the utmost detachment and persistence to some saving or alleviating ministry, have been those that took their task not from nature but from God. Indeed, wherever this grace is found in man or woman, enabling them to bear burdens not their own, and to assume responsibilities that were not imposed by a physical decree, there is apt to appear in the face or voice or general manner a sweetness and beauty which suggests to others something of the holiness of Jesus, and that life which has permitted us to see such things cannot in the end be in vain.



The Quotation

*"Ere thou wert born into this breathing world
God wrote some characters upon thy heart.
Oh, let them not like beads of dew impearl'd
On morning blades before the noon depart!
But morning drops before the noon exhale,
And yet those drops appear again at even,
So childish innocence on earth must fail,
Yet may return to usher thee to heav'n."*

H. COLERIDGE.



PRAYER

O SAVIOUR of the world, Who didst invite us to speak of Thy Father as Our Father, give us Thine assistance that we may in some measure fulfil that mighty faith as Thou didst fulfil it.

Forbid that we should take shelter merely within God's Fatherly love, dismissing thereafter from our minds all natural and proper fears. Forbid that we rush back into that shelter only when fears return. Grant rather that out of the immeasurable gratitude which this great faith provokes, we set ourselves to fulfil the tasks which life discloses to such as name God, Father; lest in an hour when we think not He meet us on the way, and say, "If I be a Father where is mine honour?" Hear us, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

THE DARK HOUSE

by
I·A·R
WYLIE

PART III (*continued*)

CHAPTER III

PROBABLY she had expected him. It must have seemed to her, so Stonehouse reflected as he followed the shrivelled old woman down a passage dim and gorgeous with an expensive and impossible Orientalism, a natural sequel to his enmity. Men did not hate her, or they did so at their peril. Then she would be most dangerous. The luckless Frederick, so the story ran, had snubbed her at a charity bazaar, and had made fun of her dancing. And he had stolen and finally shot himself for her sake. Perhaps she thought there was a sort of inevitability in this programme.

He had to wonder at and even admire the mad splendour of the place. Her taste was as crude and flamboyant as herself, but it, too, had escaped vulgarity, which at its worst is imitative of the best, a stupid second-handness, an aggressive, insolent self-distrust. She was not ashamed of what she was. She was herself all through, and she trusted herself absolutely. She wanted colour, and there was colour. She wanted Greek columns in a Chinese pagoda, and they were there. The house was like a temple built by a crazy architect to a crazy god, and every stick and stone in it was a fanatic's offering.

The old woman jerked her head and stood aside. Her toil-worn face with the melancholy monkey eyes was inscrutable, but Stonehouse guessed at the swift analysis he was undergoing. In his iron temper he could afford to be amused.

"Mademoiselle is within."

The room was a huge square. To make it two floors at least of the respectable Kensington house must have been sacrificed. The walls were decorated with Egyptian frescoes and Chinese embroideries, and silk divans which might have figured in a cinema producer's ideal of a Turkish harem were set haphazard on the mosaic floor. In the centre a stone fountain of the modern primitive school and banked with flowers splashed noisily. Somehow it offered Kensington the final insult. But she had

wanted it, just as she had wanted the Greek columns. There was even a certain magnificence about the room's absurdity. It was so hopelessly wrong that it attained a kind of perfection.

She herself sat on the edge of her fountain and fed a gorgeous macaw, who from his gilded perch received her offerings with a lofty friendliness. But as Stonehouse entered she sprang up and ran to him, feeling through his pockets like an excited child.

"The poison—the poison!" she demanded.

He had to laugh.

"I forgot it," he said.

"C'est dommage. You 'ave not taken it yourself by any chance?"

"No; I wouldn't do that, at any rate."

"C'est vrai. I ask—you 'ave an air un peu souffrant. Well, never mind. It's droll, though. I think about you just when you ring up. I 'ave a pain—and I say, 'Le pauvre jeune homme, 'ere is a chance for 'im to pay me out for kissing 'im when 'e don't want to be kissed.' You remember—I say I send for you one day. But ze old pain—it 'as gone now. You—'ow do you say?—you conjure it away."

"Your pains don't interest me," he said. "For one thing, I don't believe you ever had any. I suppose you think a pain is the best entertainment to offer a doctor. It's thoughtful of you, but I didn't come here to be amused."

"Then I wonder what you want of me," she remarked. She went back to her place on the fountain's edge, sitting amidst the flowers and crushing them under her hands. The pose appealed to him as expressively callous, and yet it was innocent, too, the pose of a child or an animal who destroys without knowledge or ill-will.

"Do people usually want things from you?" he asked.

"Always—all ze time."

"And you give so much."

She eyed him seriously.

"I give what I 'ave to give."

"And take what you can get."

"Like you, Monsieur le docteur."

The absoluteness of his hatred made it possible for him to laugh with her.

THE QUIVER

"My fees are fairly reasonable, at any rate. I've helped some people for nothing."

"Because you love them?"

"No."

"C'est dommage aussi. You should love someone. It is much 'ealthier. I love everyone. Per'aps I love too much. I make experiments. You make experiments—and sometimes leetle mistakes. Comme nous autres. 'Ze operation was a *grand success*, but ze patient die.' I know. Some of mine die, too."

"Prince Frederick, for instance?"

She lifted the row of pearls about her neck, and considered them dispassionately.

"That canard! You think 'e give me these? Ce pauvre Fredi! 'E couldn't 'ave given me a chain of pink coral. I could 'ave bought 'im and 'is funny little kingdom with my dress-money. As to ze old pearls, my agent 'e set that story going—pour encourager les autres."

"Cosgrave among them?" he suggested.

"Monsieur Cosgrave? We won't talk about 'im just now, if you please. 'E make me ver' cross. I 'ate to be cross. You think me a bad woman. But I am not a bad woman at all. I make things seem jolly that are not jolly at all—ze woman who sit next you at dinner—ze food—ze bills who wait for you at 'ome—life. If you take too much of me you 'ave ze 'eadache. Enfin, ce n'est pas ma faute. I 'ave so much to give. I 'ave so much life. One life, one country, one 'usband is not enough. But I am not bad. If there was any sense in things they would give me an order and a nice long title—Grande Maitresse de la Vie, Princesse de Joie."

She paused, then lifted her eyebrows at him to see whether he appreciated the joke. "Ah, well—no. I talk too much about myself. Tell me instead what you think of my leetle 'ome. C'est joli, n'est-ce pas?" She waved towards the Chinese embroideries, and added, with a child's absolute content, "I like it."

"I suppose you do," he retorted. "It reminds me of a quaint old custom I read about somewhere. When our early ancestors were building a particularly important house they buried a few of the less important citizens alive under the foundations. It seemed to have a beneficial influence on the building process."

She offered him her cigarette-case. She seemed to be considering his remark carefully. Suddenly she laughed out with an unfeigned enjoyment.

"I see. My victims, hein? You can make leetle jokes, too. But why so ver' serious? I'm not burying you, am I?"

"No. You couldn't. And you're not going to bury Cosgrave. Oh, I don't want to waste my time and yours making accusations or appealing to what doesn't exist. I only want to point out to you—your business instinct that Cosgrave isn't worth burying. He's poor and he's unlucky. He won't bring you luck or anything else. Much better to let him go."

"Let 'im go? But I want 'im to go! Yes—

terday. I would not see 'im. I didn't want to see 'im."

"That was a good reason. It's all rather late in the day, though. Two months ago Cosgrave came to England with about £3,000. I know because he told me. And now that's gone. You know where."

"I make a guess, my friend."

"He bought you presents—outrageous for a man in his position."

"Someone 'ave to buy them," she explained good-humouredly. "I don't ask about positions. It's not polite."

"Now he's at the end of his tether. He's got to go back to his job. Last night he came to my rooms for the first time for weeks. He was—was almost mad. When he first came to England he was very ill. That does not concern you. But what may concern you is that he has become dangerous. He threatened to shoot you."

"Well, before 'e know me 'e threaten to shoot 'imself. Decidedly, 'e is getting better, that young man."

Her shameless infectious laughter caught him by the throat. He wanted to laugh too, and then thrust her empty laughing face down into the water of her comic fountain till she died. There were people who were better dead. He had said so, and it was true for all Frances Wilmot and her childish sentimentality. Suddenly the woman in the hospital and this riotous houri were definitely merged into one composite figure of a mindless greed and viciousness. He clenched his hands behind his back, hiding them.

"If you would only sit down we should talk so much 'appier," she said regretfully. "You seem so far off—so 'igh up. Please sit down."

"I don't want to."

"Because you're afraid we might get jolly together, hein? Well, you stand up there, then, and tell me something. Tell me. You don't love nobody. You are a very big, 'ard young man, who 'ave made 'is way in ze world and know 'ow rotten everybody else is. You 'ave 'ad 'ard times, and 'ard times is ver' bad for everyone, for either they go under and are broken, un'appy people, or they come out on top and then zey are 'arder than anyone else. Well, you are ze big, 'ard young man. But you run after this leetle Monsieur Rufus as though 'e was your baby brother. Well, 'e is a nice leetle fellow, but 'e is just a leetle fellow, with a soft 'eart and a soft 'ead. Not your sort. And you're not 'is sort. 'E's frightened of you. 'E want someone who pat 'is 'ead and let 'im cry on 'is shoulder. You can't 'elp 'im, and you fuss over 'im; you come 'ere and try to put 'is 'eart affaires in order, and it's no use at all. C'est ridicule enfin."

He looked away from her, so that she should not see that this time she had struck home. She had knocked the weapon out of his hand, and for the moment, in his astonishment and pain, he could not even hate her. It was true.



"She sat on the edge of her fountain
and fed a gorgeous macaw"—p. 559

Drawn by
W. S. Bagdatopulos

THE QUIVER

He couldn't help Cosgrave any more. His strength and ability were, as she said, of no use. That was what Cosgrave had meant when he had laughed about the adenoids. He had failed Cosgrave from the moment that Cosgrave had demanded love for himself and human tenderness. He had no tenderness to give. He was a hard young man. He said slowly and with a curious humility:

"I used to back him up when he was a kid. He trusted me, too; and it's got to be a sort of habit. I want him to be happy."

"Because you are so un'appy yourself?" she asked him.

"I'm all right," he said stubbornly. And then he added, still not looking at her: "Please give him up—so—so that he won't break his heart over it. I'm not a rich man either, but I'll make it worth your while."

She sprang up with a gesture of amused exasperation.

"Ow stupid you are, my clever friend. You are like ze old father in ze 'Dame aux Camellias.' You make me quite cross. This Rufus—I can't give 'im up. 'E don't belong to me. I never ask for 'im. 'E come into my dressing-room, and I like 'im for 'is cheek and I give 'im a good time. Now he is ennuyeux. 'E want to marry me and make an honest woman of me." She patted Stonehouse on the shoulder with so droll a grimace that he bit his lip to avoid a gust of ribald, incredible laughter. It was as though by some trick she changed the whole aspect of things so that they became simply comic. "And now I 'ope you see 'ow funny that is. And please take Monsieur Cosgrave away and keep 'im away. I don't ask no better."

His anger revived against her. And it was a thing apart from Cosgrave altogether—a bitter, personal anger.

"It can't be done like that. You can't take drugs away from a drug-fiend at one swoop. Let him down gently; treat him as a friend until he has to go; get him to see reason."

"No," she said. "You don't understand. You 'ave not 'ad my experience. If I let 'im 'ang on 'e get much worse. If I push 'im off—poof!—an explosion! Then 'e find a nice little girl who is not like me at all and marry—ver' respectable, and 'ave 'eaps of babies. That is what 'e want. But it is not my affaire, and I won't be bothered. I tell you 'e is too ennuyeux."

He stared at her in a perfect white-hot detestation.

"I see, I've just wasted my time. You're—you're as infamous as they say. You're taking everything he has, and now he can go and hang himself. You're worse than a woman of the streets because you're more clever."

She kissed her fingers at him in good-humoured farewell.

"I like you ver' much—quand même," she said. "Next time I will come and call on you, per'aps!"

2

That same night Cosgrave, frustrated at the theatre, tried to force an entrance to the Kensington house, and the old woman, seconded by a Japanese manservant, flung him out again and into the arms of a policeman, who promptly arrested him. Stonehouse went bail for him, and there was a strange, frantic scene in his own rooms.

For this was not the gentle young man who had met Connie Edwards' infidelity with an apathetic resignation. He was violent and indignant. His sense of outrage was a sort of intoxication, which gave an extraordinary forcefulness to his whole bearing. He stormed and threatened, the misery that stared out of his haggard blue eyes shrivelling in the heat of an almost animal fury. (And yet he stammered, too, which was comically what the other Rufus Cosgrave would have done.)

"I—I love her. I've never loved anyone else. That Connie business, a b-boy and girl affair, a silly flirtation—this the real thing; I—I'm a m-man now. N-no one's going to play fast and loose with me. No, by Jove. I'll see her; she's got to have it out with me. I've a right to an explanation at least, and I'll have one."

"For what?" Stonehouse asked.

"She loved me," Cosgrave retorted.

"I don't believe it."

"You d-don't believe it? W-what do you know about it? Didn't she behave as though she did? Didn't she go about with me? Didn't she take things from me no decent woman would have taken unless she loved me?"

"She doesn't happen to be a decent woman," Stonehouse observed. "To do her justice, she doesn't pretend to be one."

Cosgrave advanced upon him as though he would have struck him across the face. But he stopped in time, not from remorse, but as though pulled up by a revelation of maddening absurdity.

"Oli—you—you! You don't understand. You aren't capable of understanding. You're a block, a machine, you don't feel; you g-go about rolling over p-people and things like—like a rotten steam-roller. You're not a man at all. You don't love anyone, not even yourself. What do you know about anything?"

He was grotesque in his scorn, and yet Stonehouse, leaning with an apparent negligence against the mantelshelf, felt himself go dead white under the attack. He had lost Cosgrave. And he knew now that he needed him desperately—more now than even in his desolate childhood; that unconsciously he had hugged the knowledge of that boyish affection and dependence to him with a secret pride as a talisman against he hardly knew what—utter isolation, a terrifying hardness. He made up his mind to have done now with reserve, to show before it was too late at least some of that dwarfed and suffocated feeling. But he faltered over his first sentence. He had trained

himself too long and too carefully to speak with that cold, ironic inflexion. He sounded in his own ears formal, unconvincing.

"You're wrong. I do care. I care for you. You're my friend. I do understand—in part, at any rate. I can prove it. When I saw how unhappy you were I went to her, I tried to reason with her—"

He broke off altogether under the amazed stare that greeted his statement. The next instant Cosgrave had tossed his hands to heaven, shouting with a ribald laughter.

"Oh, heaven, you poor fish! You think you can cure everything. I can imagine what you said—I suggest, mademoiselle, that you reduce the doses gradually."

It was so nearly what he had said that Stonehouse flinched, and suddenly Cosgrave seemed to feel an impatient compassion for him. "Oh, I'm a beast. It is jolly decent of you. You meant well. But you can't help—"

And *that* was what she had said. Stonehouse made no answer. He saw himself as ridiculous and futile. He was sick with disgust at his own pain. If he had lost Cosgrave he wanted to have done with the whole business now—quickly and once and for all.

There was a sense of finality in the shabby room. The invisible bond that had held them through eight years of separation and silence had given way. It was almost a physical thing. It checked and damped down Cosgrave's excitement so that he said almost calmly:

"Well, I shan't attempt to see her again. You'll have that satisfaction. I'll get out of here, back to my jolly old swamp, where there aren't any beastly women, decent or indecent—only mosquitoes."

He waited a moment, as though trying hard to finish on a warmer, more generous note. Perhaps some faint flicker of recollection revived in him. But it could only illuminate a horrifying indifference. He went out without so much as a "good night."

The morning papers gave the Kensington



"There was no doubt that Mr. Ricardo knew where he was going"—p 561

house incident due prominence. It was one more feather in Mademoiselle Labelle's outrageous headgear. The Olympic had not so much as standing room for weeks after.

Cosgrave kept his word. He did not see her again, and within a week he had sailed for West Africa—to die. But ten days later Stonehouse received a wireless, and a month later a letter and a photograph of a fair-haired, tender-eyed, slightly bovine-looking girl in evening-dress. It appeared that she was a good woman and the daughter of wealthy and doting parents, and that in all probability West Africa would see Rufus Cosgrave no more.

Stonehouse kept the photograph on the table of his consulting-room. He believed that it amused him.

3

Still he could not work at night. He resumed his haunted prowlings through the streets. But he took care that he did not pass Frances Wilmot's house again. He knew now

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that he was afraid. He was ill, too, with a secret, causeless malady that baffled him. There were nights when he suffered the unspeakable torture of a man who feels that the absolute control over all his faculties, which he has taken for granted, is slipping from him, and that his whole personality stands on the verge of disintegration as on the edge of a bottomless pit.

For some weeks he hunted for Mr. Ricardo in vain. He tried all the favoured spots which a considerate country sets aside for its detractors and its lunatics, so that they may express themselves freely, without success. Mr. Ricardo seemed to have taken fright and vanished. But one afternoon, returning from the hospital, Stonehouse met him by accident and followed him. He made no attempt to speak. He meant this time to find out where the old man lived, and, if possible, to come to his assistance, and his experience had taught him the danger and futility of a direct approach. He followed, therefore, at a cautious distance that it was not always possible to maintain. Although it was early in the afternoon, a dense but drifting fog wrapped the city in its dank folds, and the figure in front of him sometimes loomed up like a distorted shadow, and then in a moment plunged into a yellow pocket of obscurity.

Mr. Ricardo had evidently been speaking, for he carried the soap-box slung over his shoulder. It was extraordinary how fast the lame, half-starved old man could walk.

They crossed the park and over to Grosvenor Place. There was no doubt that Mr. Ricardo knew where he was going, but it flashed upon Stonehouse that he was not going home. There was something pressed and sternly in earnest about the way he hurried, as though he had some important appointment to keep and knew that he was already late. Once Stonehouse had to run to keep him within hearing.

They went the whole length of Victoria Street. Stonehouse had been physically tired out when he had started. Now he was not aware of being tired at all. A gradually rising excitement carried him on, unconscious of himself. He had no idea what he expected, but he knew definitely that something deeply significant was about to happen to them both, that they were running into some crisis.

Outside the Abbey the fog became impenetrable. The traffic had stopped, and the lights, patches of opaque rayless crimson, added to the confusion. There were people moving, however, faceless ghosts with loud footfalls, feeling their way hesitatingly, and among them Mr. Ricardo vanished. Almost at once Stonehouse lost his own bearings. In the complete paralysis of all sense of direction which only fog can produce he crossed the wide street twice without knowing it. Then he came up suddenly under the spread statue of Boadicea and into little knots of people. A policeman was trying to move them on without much success. They hung about hopefully, like children who cannot be convinced that a show is really over.

"It's no good messing round here. You aren't helping anyone. Better be getting home."

Stonehouse knew what had happened. It was extraordinary how sure he was. It was almost as though he had known all along. But he said mechanically to one slouching shadow:

"What is it?"

A face, dripping and livid in the fog, like the face of a dead man, gaped at him.

"Some old fellow gone over. No, he didn't tumble, I tell yer. You cawn't tumble over a four-foot-parapet. Chucked 'isself, and I don't blame 'im. One of them police launches 'as gone out to fish 'im out. But they won't get 'im. Not now anyway. Yer can't see two feet in front of yer, and the tide running out fast."

Stonehouse felt his way to the parapet and peered over. Above the water the fog was pitch-black and moving. It looked a solid mass. He could almost hear it slapping softly against the pillars of the bridge as it flowed seawards. By now Mr. Ricardo had travelled with it a long way. His death did not seem to Stonehouse tragic but only inevitable and ironical. It was as though someone had played a grave and significant, not unkindly joke at Mr. Ricardo's expense. Nor did Stonehouse feel remorse, for he knew that he could have done nothing. As Mr. Ricardo had said, it was not material things that had mattered. He had not killed himself because he was starving but because the long struggle of his spirit with the enigma of life had reached its crisis. He had gone out to meet it with a superb gesture of defiance which had also been the signal of surrender and acknowledgment.

The crowd had moved on at last. In the muffled silence and darkness Stonehouse's thoughts became shadowy and fantastic. Though he did not grieve, he knew that a stone had shifted under the foundations of his mental security. Death took on a new aspect. It seemed unlikely that it was so simply the end.

He found himself wondering how far Mr. Ricardo had travelled on his journey and whether he had met his enemy, and, face to face with him, had become reconciled.

CHAPTER IV

1

HE did not know why he had consented to receive her, unless it was because he knew that they would meet inevitably sooner or later. He felt very able to meet her—cool and hard and clear-thinking. It was early yet. A wintry sunlight rested on his neatly ordered table, and he could smile at the idea that in a few hours he would begin to be afraid again.

She had made no appointment. Urged by some caprice or other she had driven up to his door and sent up her card with the pencilled

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inscription, "Me voila!" Standing at his window he could just see the long graceful lines of her Rolls-Royce, painted an amazing blue—pale-blue was notoriously her colour—and the pale-blue-clad figure of her chauffeur. It occurred to him that she had chosen the uniform simply to make the man ridiculous, to show that there were no limits to her audacity and power. She was, he thought, stronger than the men who thought they were ruling the destinies of nations. For she could ride rough-shod over convention and prejudice and human dignity. She was perhaps the last representative of an autocratic egotism in a world in which the individual will had almost ceased to exist. She seemed to him the survival of an eternal evil.

And yet when he saw her he laughed. She was so magnificently impossible. It seemed that she had put on every jewel that she could carry. She was painted more profusely than usual, and her dress was one of those fantastic creations with which producers endeavour to bluff through a peculiarly idiotic revue. But she carried it all without self-consciousness. It was as natural to her as gay plumage to a bird-of-paradise.

She gave him her hand to kiss, and then laughed and shook hands instead with an exaggerated manliness.

"I forget," she said. "It is a bad 'abit. You see, I keep my promise. I make ze return call. And 'ow kind of you to see me."

"It didn't occur to you that I might refuse," he told her.

"No, that's true. I never thought about it. You 'ave a leetle time for me, hein?"

"About ten minutes," he said.

He assumed a very professional attitude on the other side of his table. He wanted to non-plus and disconcert her, if such a thing were possible. Now that his first involuntary amusement was over he felt a return of the old malignant dislike. She had cost him Cosgrave's friendship and he wanted to hurt her, to get underneath that armour of soulless good-humour. "I knew that you'd turn up one day or other," he said.

She looked at him with a rather wistful surprise.

"'Ow clever of you! You knew? Don't I look well, hein? I feel well, quite all right. But I say to myself, 'Voyons, 'alf an hour with nothing to do. I pay that cross doctor a visit.' I would 'ave come before, but I 'ave been so busy. We re'earse 'Mademoiselle Pantalonne,' ze first night to-morrow. You come? I send you a ticket."

"Thanks. That form of entertainment wouldn't entertain me—except pathologically. And if I went to the theatre I'd rather leave my profession outside."

"Path-pathologically," she echoed. "That sounds 'orrid, rather rude. You don't like me still, hein, doctor?"

"Does that surprise you?"

"It surprise me ver' much," she admitted frankly. She picked up the photograph on the table and examined it with an unconscious

impertinence. "You like 'er?" she asked. "That sort of woman?"

"I don't know," he said. "I've never met her."

"She is not your wife?"

"She is Cosgrave's wife."

It was evident that although the episode had been concluded less than three months before she had already almost forgotten it.

"Cosgrave? Ah, oui, le cher petit Rufus? There now, did I not tell you? Didn't I 'ave reason? Tell me, 'ow many babies 'ave 'e got?"

"They were married last month," Stonehouse observed.

"Ah, la la! But 'ow glad I am! I can see she is the right sort for 'im. A nice leetle girl. I would write and tell 'im 'ow glad I am—but per'aps better not, hein?"

She winked, and there was an irresistible drollery in the grimace that made his lips twitch. And yet she was shameless—abominable.

"The ten minutes are almost up," he said, "and I suppose you came here to consult me."

He knew that she had not. She had come because he was a tantalizing object, because she could not credit his invincibility which was a challenge to her. She laughed, shrugging her shoulders.

"You are an 'orrible fellow! You think of nothing but diseases and wickedness. I wonder if you 'ave ever 'ad a good time yourself, ever laughed, like I do, from ze 'eart?"

He looked away from her. He felt for a moment oddly uneasy and distressed.

"No, I don't suppose I have."

"Ah, c'est dommage, mon pauvre jeune homme. But you don't like me. What can I do?"

"I don't expect you to do anything."

"Not my business, hein? No one 'ave any business 'ere who 'ave not got an illness. Ver' well. I will 'ave an illness—a ver' leetle one. No, not ze tummy-ache. But a leetle sore throat now. You know about throats, hein?"

"My speciality," he said.

"Bien, I 'ave a leetle sore throat, fatigué plutôt, 'e come and 'e go. I smoke too much. But I 'ave to smoke. It's no good what you say."

"I'm sure of that," he said.

He made her sit down in the white iron chair behind the screen and, adjusting his speculum, switched on the light. He was bitterly angry because she had forced this farce upon him. He felt that she was laughing all over. The pretty pinkness of her open mouth nauseated him. He thought of all the men who had kissed her and had been ruined by her as though by the touch of a deadly plague. He pressed her tongue down with a deliberate roughness.

"You 'urt," she muttered. But her eyes were still amused.

"A great many people get hurt here," he said contemptuously, "and don't whine about it."

(To be concluded)

The Garden Beautiful

No. 2.—Summer Flowers from Seeds

By

H. H. Thomas

(Editor, "Popular Gardening")

"It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

FLOWER-GROWING from seed is a recreation to be recommended to those who seek relief from the vexations of everyday life. It is a fascinating occupation, full of delight from the moment the seeds are covered with soil until the plants blossom forth in perfect beauty, as the pageant of the garden progresses towards high summer. None who watch the birth of the flowers can fail to be impressed by the miracle of resurgent life which unfolds in all its majesty and splendour as the season advances. Seeds sprout to seedlings, seedlings grow to plants, and, under the gracious influence of sunshine and showers, the plants yield up their enchanting blossoms.

The Sunshine of Flowers

Every gardener, whether a beginner or one versed in the secrets of the soil, feels a glow of pride and a quickening of the pulses as, in response to his tender care and solicitude for their welfare, the baby plants grow lusty and strong; he dreams of a garden filled to overflowing with gay and fragrant bloom, and the problems of the workaday world are seen through rose-coloured spectacles, which, as spring advances, every garden lover

wears. Little troubles vanish like mists in the morning sunshine as he contemplates the magical development of the seeds from the sleep of the winter to the sunshine of summer flowers.

Some people are born gardeners; they have intuitively the correct touch that coaxes the sleeping seeds to life, that stimulates the growth of the seedlings and helps them through to blossoming time with comforting and tender care.

Love for the flowers is one of the essentials of successful gardening. Dean Hole wrote that "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden must have beautiful roses in his heart," and so it is with all kinds of flowers. True affection counts care a pleasure, and the observance of prosaic details more or less a holiday task.



Perennial Cornflower



Blue Annual Larkspur

566

Why Seeds Fail

It is an easy matter to induce most seeds to germinate, and it is easier still to fail. They will not sprout unless they have sufficient warmth, moisture and air, and these conditions are provided only when the seeds are sown at the correct depth. If they are covered too deeply they will naturally lack air; if not covered deeply enough they will likewise perish on account of not having sufficient moisture.

SUMMER FLOWERS FROM SEEDS

Cover

Lightly

Most amateur gardeners sow seeds too deeply. The merest sprinkling of fine soil or sand is sufficient covering for the smallest seeds, such as those of poppy; larger seeds as, for instance, those of candytuft, should be covered from a quarter to half an inch deep, while those larger still, like sweet peas, ought to be put an inch or so down. There is no need to be mathematically precise in this matter; common sense and a little judgment alone are required. In practice, it suffices if poppyseeds, for example, are scattered on finely broken soil, this being subsequently raked over.

A Common Error

Another common error is the practice of sowing too thickly. One has only to take notice of the vigour and beauty of self-sown plants, which have full room for development, to realize how important it is to allow seedlings as much space as they need. If they are cramped for room they become weak and spindling, and their blossoming season is short. If, on the contrary, they

are not crowded by neighbouring plants, they become lusty and well branched and blossom freely throughout many weeks.

Blue Flowers are General Favourites

Blue is a comparatively rare colour in gardens and the most fascinating of all. One of the loveliest blue flowers is the annual anchusa, or alkanet; the plant is of graceful growth and bears flowers of the most brilliant blue. Cornflowers, though



Hardy Herbaceous Flowers in a Formal Garden

THE QUIVER

plebeian, are scarcely surpassed for intense blue colouring, and as they are among the most easily grown of all they should be included in every collection. Love-in-a-mist, or nigella, and those two low-growing flowers, nemophila and phacelia, are other blue flowers that no garden can afford to dispense with.

Pink Flowers to Grow from Seed

Of pink flowers to raise from seed in spring, the mallow, godetia, larkspur, aster, stock, sweet peas, snapdragon, cosmea, hawkweed, the pink annual gypsophila and poppies should be chosen. Some of these names may be unfamiliar, but they denote charming flowers that are easily grown from seed sown out of doors in April.

Georgous flowers are found among those of various shades of red, such, for instance, as the scarlet tassel flower (cacalia), sweet peas Royal Scot and Charity, poppies, candytuft, the annual valerian, collomia, nemesia, stock, zinnia, and the red sunflower.

Yellow is well represented by marigold, coreopsis, annual chrysanthemum, snapdragon, the Californian poppy, star of the veldt, fairy wallflower, gaillardia, and toadflax.

Of white flowers, alyssum, sweet peas Constance Hinton and King White, candytuft, aster, stock, and tobacco flower ought not to be forgotten. All these flowers are classed as annuals; that is to say, from seed sown in spring they will bloom in the summer of the same year.

Charming Colour Schemes

Delightful colour schemes can be arranged by the exercise of a little fore-

thought. How exquisite, for example, is the golden coreopsis when rising from a groundwork of blue love-in-a-mist, or the blue larkspur from a soil covering of white alyssum! Sweet peas in

themselves comprise so many dainty shades that beautiful colour schemes can be arranged with them alone. How delightful it is to see together pale yellow and pale blue, crimson and maroon, blue and white, rose and mauve! A glance through a catalogue will show which varieties are of these colours.

If a row of sweet peas is grown, the flowers at each end should be white and lead up through lavender, pale blue, and pink to the stronger shades of red and crimson in the centre. If sweet peas are grown in clumps each clump may be of one colour or of two colours that blend well together.

Annual flowers are so valuable because they come into bloom in a few months from seed sowing, but at this, the great seed-sowing time of year, a selection ought also to be made of perennial flowers that can be raised from seed. The seedlings will not bloom during the coming summer, but then they will add greatly to the gaiety of the garden, and will continue to increase in size and splendour for many years. Chief among them are carnation, pink, delphinium or larkspur, lupin, oriental poppy, scarlet geum, potentilla, Michaelmas daisy, chrysanthemum, bellflower in many sorts, blue and yellow flaxes, valerian, hollyhock, pansies and violas. If seed is sown in boxes of soil in a frame or greenhouse, the seedlings being planted out of doors for the summer, they may be put out permanently in autumn.



The Creeping Gypsophila



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ALL THE FAMILY



TAKE

Beecham's Pills.

The "Axe" in the Home

Cutting Down Useless
Labour

By the Editor

THE air is full of the "Geddes axe," and we all know the necessity of a vigorous pruning of Governmental expenditure if the country is to be saved from ruin.

But is it not time that a Geddes Committee went through the expenditure of the home? By that I do not mean the cash expenditure of the housewife, but, what is really far more important, the expenditure of labour—the labour which is the chief asset of the home woman, her chief but very limited and precious capital!

The ordinary man of the place does not realize what limited stock of reserves in labour his domestic partner possesses, nor how near bankruptcy his labour department sometimes is.

A New Geddes Committee

The fact of the matter is that servants are few and precious, and too often the health and strength of the mistress of the house is taxed almost beyond endurance.

Appoint a Geddes Committee to examine into the running of your house.

For example, if the scullery is in the basement, away from the kitchen, count the number of steps involved in the course of the day in the getting of meals, washing up, etc.

Reckon up exactly what a fire in the upstairs morning room means—in carrying coals from an outside shed, in lighting the fire, dusting, etc. Ascertain how much time is involved in (a) carrying dirty water from room to room, (b) cleaning knives, (c) washing up, then apply the "Geddes axe" ruthlessly, efficiently.

Domestic work can be made easier.

Arrangement is the first thing. Eliminate the "basement" business. Concentrate the "works" side of your business so as to avoid tiresome trudging. Do away with awkward angles. Burn or break or give away useless knock-knacks.

Experiment. See what you can do with—out—in the shape of ornaments, old clothes, discarded implements, etc. Simplify. Then reconstruct.

Labour-saving devices cost money. But, oh, they are worth it in an office—and doubly worth it in a home.

One can only mention a few in these pages.

Stainless Steel

Somebody has said that stainless steel is one of the greatest discoveries of the last decade. Certainly there is no more tiresome job than cleaning knives, and this tedious process is certainly abolished by the aid of stainless steel. The man of the house can really enjoy a green salad knowing that his poor little wife will not have to break her heart out afterwards removing the vinegar stains.

The trouble with stainless knives hitherto has been, to put it frankly, they won't cut! This trouble, my readers will be glad to know, has been got over. A little contrivance for sharpening stainless knives has been put on the market, and by passing your knives through the little machine once a month or so they will be kept just as sharp as ever the old style ones could be made, and the "stainless" finish is not interfered with at all.

Next to knife-cleaning one of the most laborious jobs of the day's work is "washing up." Most people hate it, and it has a way of repeating itself three, four times a day with the most appalling monotony.

Try to reduce this hard labour as much as possible by seeing that the scullery sink is the right height (most of them involve perpetual posture to tall people), that the drying board is spacious, and that a good-sized drying rack is installed. These, with a plentiful provision of hot water, will lessen the terrors of the daily grind.

But the trouble may be entirely abolished. I saw at Harrods the other day the neatest of contrivances in the shape of a kitchen table, which, by lifting up the "lid," discloses a kind of tank. In this tank are provided slots for all the dishes, spoons, cups, etc., of an ordinary full-size meal. The housewife simply sweeps all the dirty dishes into this handy receptacle, puts the lid on,

THE QUIVER

touches a button, and—hey, presto!—a flood of boiling water does the work, even to the drying process. What a relief to the servantless mistress!

Peeling Potatoes

I have "washed up" many a time, but must confess to being beaten by the job of peeling potatoes. I tried it once; it seems simple enough, just like peeling an apple. But, alas, in actual operation it is a heart-breaking job. Yet women do it every day, week in and week out, year after year.

Yet it is possible to get a small, inexpensive machine—the size of a large saucepan—into which one drops the unruly potatoes, turnips, etc., presses a button—and they come out shaven and clean! Another blessing to the overworked housewife. No, the machine isn't expensive—33s., I think—and it will peel three pounds of potatoes in about three minutes, with the aid of the kitchen tap.

Lives have been lost over the family wash. I could give instances where women, unused to such hard labour, have attempted to do the family washing themselves, have become overheated by the exertion and the steam, have caught a chill—and died. Isn't it worth spending a few pounds to avoid this?

The Family Wash

There are various contrivances on the market to rob the family wash of its terrors. There is the wonderful electrical contrivance, costing £50 or £75, that will eat up sheets and blankets for a large establishment. But for the more modest household such a little contrivance as the "Swiftsure" vacuum washer will make washing day more a pastime than a day to be dreaded. The makers of this are so confident of its powers that they offer to send a washer on approval for fourteen days.

There are various other washing machines obtainable costing more than this. A typical Canadian washing machine—worked by hand—costs £6 6s. or £8 8s., with wringer complete.

The orthodox way of cleaning a carpet is to get a hard broom, apply it violently to the surface of the offending floor, beat all

the dirt and dust up into the air—and let it settle down again (possibly on the lungs of the unfortunate operator). The better way is to extract the dust—draw it up into a vacuum cleaner, and then bury it in the dust-bin. There are many vacuum cleaners on the market, some worked by means of electricity and some by hand. Of the latter class a very useful example is the British Queen Suction Cleaner, which only costs 49s. 6d. and only weighs 3½ lb. Here again the makers are so confident of its merits that they are willing to send it for a free fourteen days' trial.

Glass for Baking

Do you know what a trouble it is to clean out an old-fashioned baking-dish after cooking a pudding? Also the extra work involved in cooking fruit, etc., in one utensil and having to transfer it to another before serving? It is now possible actually to put glass dishes in the oven, to cook the food in them (as hot as you please), and then serve in the same dishes—a great saving of labour, with the assurance of added cleanliness. Casseroles, tart dishes, cake bakers, meat platters, can all be obtained in glass that will not crack in the oven.

These are a few of the many labour-saving devices that have recently been invented by people who realize that to economize women's labour is a great service to the home and to the State.

Do not lose heart or break your back on the old-fashioned methods. Install labour-saving devices.

One simple job has always held terrors for me—that is, the "simple" job of knocking a nail in the wall. As a matter of fact, I understand that it was not entirely my inexperience that was to blame. In order to knock a nail in a plaster wall one ought to cut a hole, plug it, and knock the nail in the wooden plug—a carpenter's job.

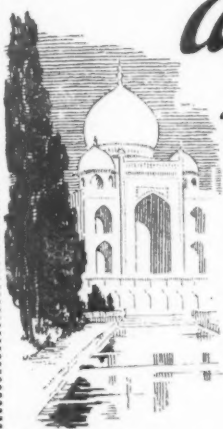
The other day I bought a "rawlplug" set. This, I find to my great satisfaction, enables the simplest person to knock a nail in plaster, brick, cement, etc., without trouble. Since then I have been fixing "rawlplugs" all over the house.



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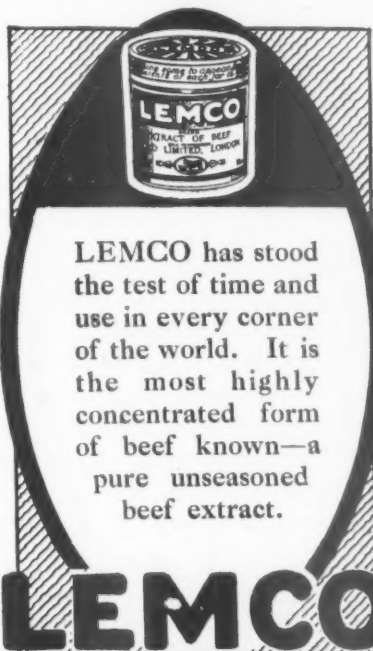
No woman who has any sense of beauty will deny that superfluous hair is one of the greatest drawbacks to good looks.

Realising this, women of all times have put themselves to any expense, and have endured considerable pain and discomfort in order to rid themselves of this great disfigurement.

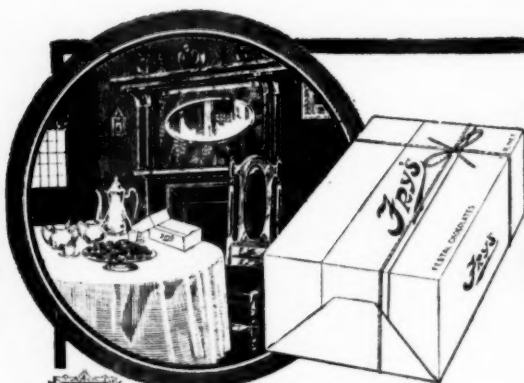
Nowadays electrolysis is a prevalent "cure" for this evil, but in reality this process involves a great deal of unnecessary expense, waste of time and pain.

The simplest, quickest, and most effective treatment can easily be carried out by any sufferer, in the privacy of her home. This is the recipe:—

Procure about 1 oz. powdered pheminal from your chemist; mix a sufficient quantity with a few drops of water into a stiff paste. Apply this carefully and thoroughly to the hair you wish to remove, and allow the paste to dry. In a few minutes it can be gently scraped away. The skin is left absolutely free from hair, and should then be carefully washed in warm water, and if desired, lightly dusted with a little talcum powder.



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The Order of the Bath

The Cinderella of the House
By
Herbert D. Williams

REAMS have been written about furnishing—the dining-room and the drawing-room, the lounge and the library, the sitting-room and the bedroom have been described by the novelist, pictured by the artist, planned by the architect; the home-maker of all ages has exercised his wits and strained his purse on them. I wish to put in a plea for the Cinderella of the Household—the Bathroom.

Why is it that so little attention is given to the bathroom? The architect when planning a house usually overlooks it till the last, when he cuts an odd-shaped bit out of the corner of another room, squeezes a bath into it and a wash-basin, and then leaves the plumber to do his best—or his worst—with the job.

I ask, in all seriousness, why should we not pay more attention to the bathroom?

If I were planning a house I should concentrate first on the scullery and pantry, then on the kitchen, and then on the bathroom. You smile. *What about the dining-room?*

The dining-room will look after itself. There is always a great hollow space for it; you could forget the walls as soon as you could forget the dining-room. The drawing-room (with french windows opening out on to the garden) unfortunately will not let you forget it; it follows you about from suburb to suburb like the Old Man of the Sea.

Try to forget the drawing-room (the builder will tell you the french windows are necessary to hold up the house), leave the dining-room to take care of itself—but see that you get a scullery and a kitchen—and a bathroom. That done, you shall have domestic peace and felicity.

The modern Englishman is supposed to be the cleanest person in the world; if so, native virtue always triumphs in spite of difficulties. The old Romans may not have understood sanitation as we do, they may have neglected to cleanse their teeth with antiseptic tooth-powder—but they realized the importance of the bath—and their Im-

perial greatness rested on the solid foundation of the Bathroom.

Perhaps in these economical days we may sigh in vain for the magnificent marble baths that formed an everyday luxury for our Roman predecessors, but at least in our homes we may make the way of life a little easier and pleasanter by common-sense arrangements and decent plumbing.

A friend of mine, none too liberally endowed, has at last succeeded in buying a house of her own. She was tired to death of furnished houses and other people's rooms, and at considerable sacrifice has at last achieved the tiniest of cottages in a distant suburb. She has furnished it frugally if tastefully, but the first thing she



Economy of Labour

A new little wash-basin fitted into the bedroom. Note the shampoo syringe.

THE QUIVER



An Ideal Bathroom (The "Colwyn")

Note that every fitting (even the taps, towel-rack, etc.) is in white enamelled ware.

had done to the house was to install permanent washstands, hot and cold water, in the bedrooms.

This she did on the score of economy. She cannot afford a maid, and cannot afford the time and energy to carry clean water into the bedrooms and dirty water out of them.

Can you?

If you cannot, why do you do it day after day, week after week, year in and year out?

But perhaps in your case the whole family washes in the bathroom. Do you know the exasperations of the bathroom queue? We were a large family at home in the old days, and then, as now, I regularly, winter and summer, indulged in the luxury of the morning cold bath. So did also some of my brothers.

Boys will be boys, and unfortunately do not learn to take their turn in the queue as philosophically as the theatre-goer. At

any rate, on one occasion a younger brother, getting impatient at the length of my ablutions, and angry at his being locked out, burst the door down.

I forget exactly the sequel. But it occurs to me now that my father spent £100 on building a veranda to that house. If he had instead spent that sum of money on providing a second bathroom some people would have thought him mad—yet should we not, each and all, have obtained six times the service and pleasure from an additional bathroom that we should have used every day than from a cold, tiled veranda we could look up and down once a week?

If, therefore, you do not choose to have your bedrooms fitted with the proper apparatus for washing, see that you have two bathrooms—or at least an additional anteroom where one can wash one's hands even if the bathroom is engaged.

The ideal bathroom is a medium-sized

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ENGLISH BEAUTY

ARE WE LOSING IT?

English girls were once famous for their hair. One has only to look at old tapestries, to read old romances to realise this.

To-day there seems a sad falling off from this national pride. Certainly we cannot all boast the plaits of Rapunzel or Lady Godiva, nor can it be said of most of us what Chaucer said of "Emelye":

"Hir yelow heer was broyded in a tress
Bihynde hir bak, a yerde long, I gesse."

But with a little trouble every girl could have a thick, shining head of hair to add incomparably to her charm. The colour matters little. The "mermaid's yellow pride of hair" is no more beautiful than the bronze or chestnut.

Like everything worth having, beautiful hair involves the sacrifice of a little time and trouble. Twice daily it must be brushed for ten or fifteen minutes with a stiff, clean brush. The most lovely hair in the world would look dull and lifeless after two or three days' neglect.

In London and other smoky towns, the hair needs to be washed frequently to keep it clean and bright. It is necessary not only to choose a good shampoo, but to keep the scalp moist and well-nourished against the injurious effects of hard water.

For the shampoo, there is, of course, nothing to beat pure stallax. You can buy this at any chemists, but I do not think you can buy less than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. This, however, lasts so long that it is really a very satisfactory way of buying it. It cleanses the hair as nothing else does, and puts life and brilliancy into the most mouse-coloured locks that ever made a girl despair of beauty.

Half the poor, straggly-looking hair is due to neglecting the simple rules of hair culture. Plenty of brushing, a really good shampoo, will keep the hair of every girl looking its best, and help to revive a national glory.

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CREAM CUSTARD

THE ORDER OF THE BATH

room, near the principal bedrooms, facing east so as to get the morning's sun. It should not be too large, otherwise it takes too long to get warm, but, please, it must not be a box-cupboard or an odd-shaped space squeezed into the side of another room.

It is amazing what people will put up with in the way of bathrooms—but the most amazing thing is that in the average bathroom nowadays about the last thing you can obtain is hot water! True, there are four taps, two labelled "cold" and two "hot." In practice, you may rely on two of them always being cold, and you can hope that sometimes the chill will be off the other two. In the good old days there was always a big roaring fire in the kitchen. (The maids used to get up at six a.m. and light the kitchen fire first thing, before taking up the morning cups of tea.) Consequently, in the morning, what time it pleased you to stir, the water in the hot tap was fairly warm. If you wished for a hot bath at night you just hinted the matter to the cook, who put roast beef on the menu, left the boiler damper out a half-inch more after washing up, and you were boiled red and blue.

Nowadays the average housekeeper counts the lumps of coal as she counts the silver in her housekeeping money—and the bathroom tap is rarely hot, especially first thing in the morning.

Yet it is the simplest thing in the world to have hot water in the bathroom. Apart from special contrivances, and purely as an auxiliary, why not a simple gas-ring in the bathroom and an ordinary domestic kettle? I have known people boil bathfuls of water on the gas stove in the kitchen and regularly and painfully carry them upstairs every time the baby wanted a bath, when they could just as easily have saved themselves the labour by the expenditure of five shillings all told!

But the true home-maker will not be content with makeshifts. The bathroom will be tiled all round (no peeling wall-paper to be sodden with the steam from the hot bath). The floor will be solid and waterproof, so that it will not matter if you splash. (How uncomfortable it always makes me feel when staying in a friend's house to observe the

water trickling through the dining-room ceiling after I have had my morning's bath!) There will be provision for a shower-bath, also a hot-piped towel-rack, so that the mistress of the house does not have to carry the bath-sheet downstairs to dry by the dining-room fire every time you have a cold bath.

There will be a conveniently arranged wash-basin. Also there will be proper soap and brush racks, where everything can be kept neatly. (Tablets of soap must fall into the water every day in millions of homes, and millions of tempers must be lost in consequence.)

There must be a mirror so arranged that one can shave in comfort, and a nice little waterproof chest where one can keep one's razors.

Have I asked too much? Will the architect, the house furnisher, grudge me this?

The Proper Way to Take a Cold Bath

And having achieved our simple ideal, may I not plead for the proper usage of the bathroom? May I not advocate the Order of the Bath?

Some people cannot take cold baths. It will turn their feet red, their lips blue, their hands white. It will make their hearts palpitate violently and their digestive apparatus go out on strike. If that be so they had better by far leave the cold bath alone. But for the average person a cold bath in the morning is a tonic and a stimulant. It keeps the body fit, it wards off colds and other ailments. Of course, it should be administered rationally. Some people's idea of a cold bath is to undress slowly, tip one toe in the cold water, then another, and then gradually try the effect of more immersion. Ugh!

Try a wash down in hot water—hot as you can stand it; a quick plunge into the cold bath, a speedy rub down, and a brisk drying with a big bath-sheet that envelops you. Is there anything dreadful about the ordeal?

Do you not feel wide awake, vigorous, warm?

Come, then, and join the Order of the Bath. But see, first, that the groundwork is there. Treat yourself to a decent bathroom, use it, and you shall know health of body and content of mind.





The "Electric" Sitting Room
Without a Coal Box and requiring the minimum of dusting

Domesticity by Electricity

More Comfort, Less Labour
By
Alan Sullivan

THE whole trend of things domestic nowadays is towards simplicity and the avoidance of labour. In the old days when there were plenty of servants and coals were cheap, huge fires fed by hand, intricate brass work that needed daily polishing, plenty of spare rooms and staircases afforded scope for house pride, and occupation for retainers. Nowadays different conditions obtain.

We are rapidly reaching the position existing in America where servants are few and far between, and where the good housewife, aided by the members of her own family, must rely on native resource to carry on the daily work. Therefore, any system of running the house that involves extra labour, extra dirt and dust, extra fatigue, is being discarded in favour of

newer, quieter, brighter methods. One notices, for instance, in the post-war houses, that the old kitchen range, with its dampers, flues, oven, etc., is being largely discarded, and more workable arrangements installed.

We have been told that this is the age of electricity. How far can electricity help us to solve the vexed question of domesticity with the minimum of labour?

Now, in the first place, it is generally admitted that, as an illuminant, electricity has certain advantages which recommend it above other methods to the housewife who is anxious for the ideal home. Any effect may be secured, any degree of light, any method of control and distribution. There are no matches to fumble for in the dark. It is safe, too; as now installed it reduces risk of fire to a minimum, and it has no



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Mercolized Wax from any chemist and apply it evenly all over the face and neck. It is not necessary to rub it into the skin—simply spread it over the face, the wax will do the rest. Gradually, imperceptibly, the dull old, worn skin, with all its lines, wrinkles, and "sags," will be shed, leaving in its place the fresh, clear young skin beneath free from every blemish, and with all the peach-like bloom of earliest youth. Try it and see for yourself. A few applications will convince you of its unrivalled merits; but, remember, it must be Mercolized.

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DOMESTICITY BY ELECTRICITY

poisonous fumes. One can read in bed by its aid if one chooses, without incurring the risk of falling asleep and setting fire to oneself; one can switch it on and off from any point with equal facility.

But more than that, it does actually save labour and health. This can be tested in a simple way. Put cut flowers in a room lighted by electricity and they will last twice as long as in the same room lighted by any other illuminant.

These facts are, of course, apparent in regard to lighting. As to heating, the position is not so generally known.

Many rooms in every house are only used for a short time in the day. The dining-room, say, for two and a half hours. The bedroom—for dressing purposes—say for an hour or so. Eliminating these, there is left but a small part of the house that needs to be maintained at an even temperature throughout the day. Halls, living- and drawing-rooms are best heated by a small plant in the basement, placed next the coals, and one that will consume but little fuel. This plant will also provide ample and constant hot water more cheaply than any other means. It consumes household rubbish that otherwise would have to be sent away.

But for all those rooms which require only intermittent heating the electric radiator offers advantages that commend it to the modern housewife. It is portable and instantaneous. It does not vitiate the air. It is cleaner than anything in the house, and, what is more important, it keeps other things clean and does away with that grimy touch which so soon rests upon wall and curtains where a coal fire is kept burning. No matches. No wood. No cinders. No dirt. And when one leaves the room the fire is ready to leave too. These surely are very real considerations, especially in the servantless house.

To lighting and heating add the matter of cooking. It is an interesting fact that some supply companies have so developed the art of electric cooking that nearly half the electricity they sell is used for this purpose. Our readers may remember that some years ago there sprang up a fad for cooking meat

and game in paper bags. It was argued, and quite rightly, that this method prevented the escape of the natural juices of the food, and not only saved weight which would otherwise be lost, but also gave the joint a better flavour. This was quite true. But when the first interest began to wane, the housekeeper found it was not possible to persuade her cook to keep up the practice, and that the cost of bags was rather more than she anticipated.

Now if you will imagine all these benefits multiplied and the bags dispensed with, it will be apparent why so much electricity is being used for cooking. To have a fire only when you need it, to extinguish it the moment cooking is finished, to save something over ten per cent. of the joint, to preserve all the natural juices, to do away with all smell of cooking, even in the kitchen itself, to avoid having the taste of one dish blended mysteriously with that of another, to be able to leave the house and consign the dinner to the care of the oven—these are some of the advantages that are claimed for the electric stove, and which have led



The Electric Washing Machine



Cooking by Electricity

to its adoption so widely in the modern kitchen.

But to go one step further: consider the matter of cleaning. The first thing to remember is that the electric house will need less cleaning than any other, but sweeping and dusting are always necessary. To remove dust is the only way to really clean. Most housekeepers will admit this. To remove it means to get it out of the house. The ideal way is to put it in a bag, and empty the bag into a fire. There is only one method to get dust into a bag. It cannot be driven and must be drawn. The only thing that will draw it is electricity, draw

it from carpets, walls, curtains, pictures and clothes. The vacuum cleaner is light, portable, and has a knack of reaching places and corners beyond the reach of brush or broom, and, what is very important, there is no wear on the thing being cleaned.

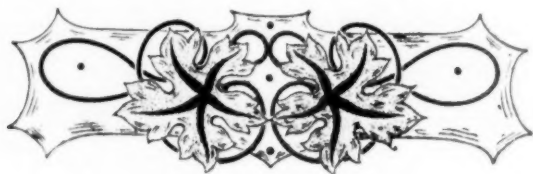
Coming now to the countless small duties of everyday life, the kettle of hot water, the half hour's sewing, the half-dozen slices of toast, the Tuesday ironing, the Monday washing,—the bed warming, the knife cleaning, all these may be turned over to some electrical appliance with complete confidence that they will be done quickly, quietly and efficiently.

These are some of the reasons why the coming of electricity has been—and will be—a real boon to the housewife in search of domestic happiness with minimum of labour.

Of course, the question of expense has to be studied—but one must always attack the broadest aspect: get the price for the new appliances, fittings, etc., by all means, get an estimate of what it will cost to do cooking, lighting, heating, etc., by electricity—but also put down fairly and faithfully the amount that will be saved in domestic assistance, wear

and tear, food values, etc., and it will be found that the electric method has little to fear by comparison. Of course, it must always be remembered that electricity for cooking and heating is supplied at a much lower rate than for lighting. The various supply companies will always give particulars.

To sum up: no one seeking to achieve that ideal of a home—efficiency, economy, the power to meet and surmount emergencies—can afford to pass over the claims of electricity. It undoubtedly will solve many of the harassing problems of the housewife of the future



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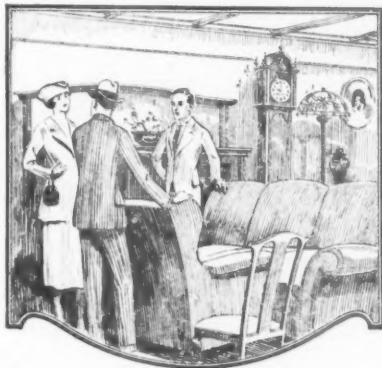
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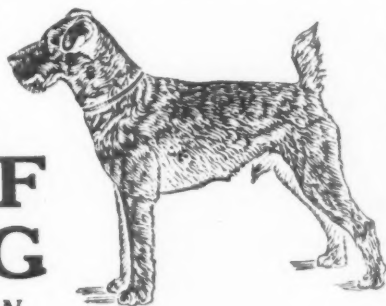
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